

BEAUTIFUL ART STUDIES .40 PAGES PRINTED IN COLORS

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

NOV., 1905

10 CENTS



Published

LARGEST ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME No. I

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WARNING. Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally.
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under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Money

And How It Can Be Made In The Advertising Business

By **GEORGE H. POWELL**

Ability to earn a large salary or income in the constantly growing field of advertising is simply a question of training.

The old way was for the young man or woman, fortunate enough to be employed in a business where sufficient advertising was done to warrant an advertising department, to get an occasional chance to practice ad writing and submit it to the expert manager for criticism and advice.

One of the greatest and highest priced advertising managers in America to-day began in just this way. He was one of my stenographers fourteen years ago, and I had the hardest sort of work in trying to get him to study and learn. His idea was that ad writers are "born, not made," but he knows better now.

The great trouble with such instruction was that both expert and student made it a sort of side issue when pressure of regular duties permitted—and many were the lapses.

A little thinking will convince any one that all the benefits of personal instruction can be obtained by the correct correspondence system, for they must result from the study and analysis of certain models, followed by actual practice in ad writing.

The Powell System as a matter of fact gives in a few months from four to ten times the expert training that any one could possibly obtain in a year on the old, unsatisfactory personal-contact plan.

A good many people have thought that correspondence instruction in advertising is a makeshift—a kind of substitute for personal-contact instruction.

But the opposite is a proven fact. The Powell System qualifies scores of bright people

to fill positions worth from \$25 a week up in less than six months, while the old plan of monkeying around the advertising department has seldom qualified in a year, and more often not at all.

The Powell System calls for an hour or so practice daily, and if this steady work under my personal direction isn't of the sort that makes experts, then all the boasted science of mental training ever known since the world began is a fallacy.

Only two things are necessary on the part of the student at the start—a good common school education, plus willingness to work. No inborn talent, no precociousness, no handiness with the pen, no artistic ability, but simply the two essentials previously mentioned.

Of course mentality counts in advertising as in everything else, and I never advise any but those who are properly fortified to take up this great work.

But I do urge the right young men and women to become Powell students, for there is a constantly growing demand for their services at salaries and incomes ranging from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year—and even more.

Graduates from our public schools, seminaries, academies and colleges will find advertising the greatest money-making business in the world, and the Powell System of mail instruction will cut off years of hard servitude, because it concentrates the efforts and produces original, snappy ad writers.

I have two free books to mail those desiring to investigate—my elegant Prospectus and "Net Results," the most explanatory ever published. Those in doubt can also seek my advice without charge. Merely address me

GEORGE H. POWELL, 1567 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY

Prize Winner at 14th Lesson

Although my fourteenth is but just completed, your thoroughness and ability to teach advertising has already been proven to me. I enclose clippings from local paper announcing me as winner of the Langley Advertising Writing Contest.

This demonstrates your ability to successfully teach the student possessing a mere common school education—in my case a machinist at that. The working of the master mind is shown in your personal criticisms, and I look to them with as much interest as the regular lessons.

C. B. BROWN, Waterbury, Conn

Boomed His Business

Previous to taking up the Powell System last October, I had made repeated efforts to write presentable advertising matter, but was handicapped. Since completing your instruction I have written the ads for our firm—Allen & Miller—with the best results, and am much gratified. We also use circular letters, mailing cards, etc., a batch of which I am now sending you.

To those who contemplate taking up advertising, either as a vocation or in connection with business, I most heartily recommend the Powell System.

WALTER MILLER,
Sewal, Ia.



When writing to advertisers, please mention **SMITH'S MAGAZINE**

SURE PROFITS

At this time, SMITH'S MAGAZINE has a circulation of 125,000 and is growing very fast. We solicited no advertising for it during the early part of its career, preferring that it reach a steady stable basis—be able to stand on its own bottom as a medium before we asked for business for it.

The time has now come to go out after the business that SMITH'S deserves. It offers you an established circulation of 125,000 at the very low page rate of \$112.50. The circulation is composed very largely of Smiths, and, as you know, the Smith family is usually prosperous.

A Beautiful Art Study Free

Owing to the great enthusiasm of art connoisseurs over the August cover of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE, which has been conceded to be one of the most attractive drawings of the season, we have made up a limited number of copies of this art study on fine plate paper, in colors, with no printing whatever on the picture, and mounted same on heavy paneled mat board, ready for framing or *passe-partouting*, and will send the picture to any address on



receipt of only Fifty Cents for a three months' subscription to AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. The regular price of the three copies of the magazine is 45 cents—the extra nickel merely pays the cost of mailing the picture. All who appreciate a work of art should send at once for this study by Florence England Nosworthy, as it is a picture that pleases every eye and is an adornment to any room. The size of picture, including mat, is $9\frac{3}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

AINSLEE MAGAZINE CO., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Ainslee's

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

FOR SEPTEMBER

We are getting all sorts of pleasant messages about AINSLEE'S from all sorts of people, and it is needless to say that they are very welcome, for we have none of the false modesty that deprecates the receiving of praise. Furthermore, we have no idea of depreciating our work in putting together a good magazine every month. We know it is good, and we feel pretty sure that it is getting better all the time; our readers think so too, and when they have seen the September number they will talk about it more than ever.

One thing we have to regret and that is that *David Graham Phillips'* really great story, "*The Deluge*," will come to an end in this number. *Mr. Phillips*, as every novel reader knows, ranks among the most gifted writers of fiction of the day, and in this story he has surpassed himself.

The novelette, "*The Maintenance of Jane*," is by *Margaret G. Fawcett*, in whom readers of AINSLEE'S will find a new and very charming acquaintance. The story is a bright, witty, sparkling piece of fiction, the reading of which will be a delight.

What will probably be considered a special feature of the September number is a new story by *Agnes and Egerton Castle*, called "*The Golden Apple*." It is written in the *Castles'* best style and is full of the peculiar interest and charm that distinguish their work.

In the August number was published the first of a series of "*Conversations With Egeria*," on what women like to read, by *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow*. The September number will have the second of these charming talks on "*Woman's Trump Card*."

Joseph C. Lincoln will have a characteristic story, "*The Dog Star*." *Mrs. John Van Vorst* and *Marie Van Vorst*, authors of "*The Woman Who Toils*," will have a powerful tale in "*Mrs. Evremond*." *William J. Locke*, who has recently made a success with a very striking book, "*The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*," will have a unique story in "*The Princess' Kingdom*." Other well-known contributors will be *Edith Macvane*, *Elizabeth Duer*, *Robert Adger Bowen* and *Anna Yeaman Condit*.

There will be two striking essays on "*Mis-Mated Americans*," by *Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger*, and "*The Most Exclusive City in America*."

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

♥ ♥ ♥ FOR NOVEMBER ♥ ♥ ♥

• • • • •

YOU know already that *Smith's* is the biggest ten-cent illustrated magazine published, and that you are sure of finding variety and interest in it. You don't know, however, how good a number the November issue will be. It is worth hearing about.

• • • • •

IN the first place there is a series of eighteen art studies. We have been improving these in the past. Next month's will surpass anything we have done yet—more beautiful pictures, finer photos, better printing by a two-color process.

• • • • •

THERE is an article on "The Adulteration of Food" that everyone who is not engaged in a forty-day fast should read. It is important for you to know how much of your daily bread is genuine, how much harm the adulteration is likely to do you, and how to tell pure food from adulterated. You will find that information in *Smith's*.

• • • • •

"WHY Men Remain Bachelors" is a problem that the girls have been pondering for a good many years. Lillian Bell has something to say on the subject in the November *Smith's*. She knows what she is talking about, and she will tell you some reasons why that may surprise you.

• • • • •

IF you like really good short stories—not the mechanical handling of a plot that passes muster in so many magazines—but *real* stories giving you a new, fresh and vivid interest in some phase of life—by all means get the November *Smith's*. "The Snobs," by George Bronson-Howard, will interest you and at the same time show you that attempts to freeze people out of society meet with failure. "The Honorable James Martin," by Frederick Walworth, gives a vivid picture of political life as it is to-day. There are many others just as good that we can't stop to tell you about here.

• • • • •

IN addition to these things there are three splendid serials running in *Smith's*: by Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes and Sir William Magnay, Bart. There is a delightful series of Southern sketches by Vincent Harper. There is a big up-to-date fashion department, and a host of other special features that you will discover when you get the magazine.



Cutcliffe Hyne, the author of "Captain Kettle," whose new series of stories, "THE TRIALS OF COMMANDER McTURK," commences in the September number of THE POPULAR MAGAZINE. Mr. Hyne is the creator of Captain Kettle, than whom no character in fiction ever achieved a greater popularity. We think it no exaggeration to say, however, that in this series the author has surpassed all his previous efforts, and that his ultra-patriotic American character, Commander McTurk, will find even greater favor with the reading public than did the doughty English captain.

Here are some other features of the September POPULAR.

The Ship Owner, by Morgan Robertson; A Campaign of Conquest, by W. Bert Foster; In Defense of Honor, by Captain Hector Orme Blanding; The Ghost of La Moissine, by Clinton Dangerfield; Annabel's Wager, by Rafael Sabatini; The Honor of the Ambassador, by George Bronson-Howard; and The Club-House Contingent, by Charles Steinfort Pearson.

The September POPULAR MAGAZINE is now on sale everywhere. Price, Ten Cents.

STREET & SMITH, 79 to 89 Seventh Avenue, NEW YORK.

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

What the Editor has to say

AT this time of the year, when everyone is getting back into harness again for a winter's work, magazine publishers, as well as other people, feel that they ought to make a special effort and show more than the usual amount of energy and enterprise. There has been no midsummer idleness on the part of SMITH'S MAGAZINE. It has been busy making new friends and piling up a larger and larger circulation through the hot weather; but, in spite of that fact, we feel that now is the time to make a bigger effort than we have made yet.

SMITH'S MAGAZINE is starting its second half year of life with this number. When we compare it with the number which appeared just six months ago to-day, we feel that we have made a good deal of progress. No one had heard of SMITH'S MAGAZINE then. There were no other magazines like it. It was altogether new and planned on lines utterly untried. Since that time we have seen our theories worked out in practice with a success far greater than we had expected. We have seen our circulation go up by leaps and bounds. We know that we have won an assured place in the world of magazines. If you have read the magazine from the first you know that we have

gained ground in other ways. You know that the magazine is a better one to-day than it was six months ago.

WE are not waiting for applause at the present moment, however. When a man rests on the laurels already won, he is beginning to lose ground then and there. We have only started on our upward course. SMITH'S is too young, too vigorous, growing too fast, to pause for an instant on its upward course.

WE promised last month a serial from the pen of Mary J. Holmes, which starts in this number. We also promised you a better magazine than was ever given you before. When you lay aside this number of SMITH'S you will admit that we have kept our promise.

THERE are a few things about any number of SMITH'S that are obvious at the first glance, and about which we need say nothing. You can see at a glance what a big, well-illustrated magazine it is and how varied are its contents. You realize in a moment the excellence of the art studies with which the magazine opens, and you know, by glancing at the names of the authors

WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY—Continued.

in the table of contents, that the magazine is interesting and up-to-date all the way through. Read any of the short stories in this number—the one entitled “Louie Greenlaw’s Husband,” for instance—and you will see that everything in the magazine is exceptional in quality.



IN an early number we promised that we would publish, from time to time, articles of vital interest and importance to you, on subjects which had a direct bearing upon your daily lives and well-being. The article in this issue, entitled “The Public and the Post Office,” is one of this series. It handles, in a way in which you can all understand, a subject which has hitherto been somewhat of a mystery to the average man. We have no favorite doctrines to back up in this magazine. All we want to do is to tell you the truth about topics in which there is a public interest.

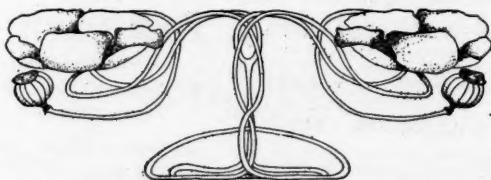


IN next month’s issue of the magazine will appear an article on the adulteration of food that everyone

should read. You have a real curiosity to know what sort of provender is being fed you, and if it is not what it purports to be, you have a right to know all about it. Few people, save the government experts, know the extent to which staple articles of diet are adulterated in this country. In next month’s SMITH’S you will get the results of their investigations.



WE could go on at some length about the things you will find in the next number of the magazine, but we would rather have you wait and find them out for yourself. We could fill a large part of the magazine telling about the plans we have for the future, but we want the magazine for stories and pictures and articles. These two pages are all we can spare for our talk with you. We hope that you have all had a pleasant summer, and that you feel well and strong for your winter’s work. We want your co-operation and support for our own work this winter. If you like the magazine, tell your friends about it. If you don’t like it, tell us about it.





LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Hit the Bull's-Eye of Success

by
Edward T. Page

THE business world is a great practice ground. Before you are rows of targets, some not worth a draw of the bow and some offering the highest rewards. It takes as much practice and skill to hit the bull's-eye of one as of another. Then use common-sense and aim at the one that holds out the greatest inducements—the advertising target. Every circle upon it pays for the attempt, and when you hit the bull's-eye of success, it will mean a \$100 a week position.

The very highest rewards offered in other lines are hardly equal to the smallest rewards which fall to the advertising man.

WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS.

One of our graduates, S. B. Fahnestock, secretary of McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas, has found this knowledge of the greatest practical value to him. He wrote us recently:

"In your course of advertising, I have received information worth many times the price of the course. It has been a wonderful help to me, and also to McPherson College."

He finds himself better qualified for his present work, and any time he wants to make a change, the advertising business is open to him.

Another of our successful students is F. M. Henry, of New Orleans, La., who was a clerk in a tea store when he began to study with us, but he is now a partner in the business, solely on account of his advertising knowledge.

We have a letter from Mr. S. H. Snyder, of Seattle, Washington, in which he says:

"My salary as advertising manager for the Holmes Furniture Co., is double what it was as a telegraph operator."

WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU.

The advertising department of the newspaper field has had many accessions from the ranks of Page-Davis men, among which may be mentioned Mr. H. J. E. Knotts, a young man who had not gotten into any business, after leaving school, until he took our course, and who is now advertising manager for the St. Joseph (Missouri) Leader; and there are hundreds of others, scattered here and there over the length and breadth of the United States.

Naturally you want to know what this study will do

for you and how it will affect your business career; and this is just the point made clear to you in our beautiful prospectus.

PAGE-DAVIS MEN ARE HIGH-GRADE.

You will observe that the men we draw to our school are those who are ambitious to get to the top either in their own line or in the advertising business. They are not the clowns of the earth, merely filling in time between acts, eating and sleeping being their chief occupation. When you examine our long list of successful graduates, earning up to \$100 a week, you will be led to exclaim as did C. N. Gillett, of the First National Bank, of Chicago:

"No one can look upon the marvelous work done by the Page-Davis School and not become enthusiastic. Such a list of employed students is prima-facie evidence of the opportunity for the man who will study advertising."

We will supply the factor that will enable you to realize your expectations. Space will not permit going into details here, so we have published a very beautiful prospectus setting forth the full advantages of an advertising education. We will send it to you free upon request, together with our late monthly list of graduates who are making daily use of this knowledge and earning from \$25 to \$100 a week.

Page-Davis Co.

Address Either Office:

90 Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

150 Nassau Street
NEW YORK

PAGE-
DAVIS
COMPANY

Chicago or
New York

Send me without cost
your prospectus and
all other information set-
ting forth a most profitable
profession for a person to enter

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2

OCTOBER, 1905

NUMBER 1



PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES

OF

MISS BLANCHE RING

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH

AND MANY OTHER

STAGE FAVORITES





Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE RING
When she appeared in vaudeville



Photo by
Armstrong, Boston

MISS BLANCHE RING

In "The Defender," at the Herald Square Theatre, N. Y., 1902



Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE RING
In "Tommyrot" at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, N. Y., 1902



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS BLANCHE RING
As "The Jersey Lily" at the Victoria Theater, N. Y., 1903



Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

MISS BLANCHE RING
In "Vivian's Papas" at Powers' Theater, Chicago, 1904



Photo by Harris-Ewing, Washington

MISS BLANCHE RING

In "Sargeant Brue" at the Knickerbocker Theater, N. Y., 1905



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH

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Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH

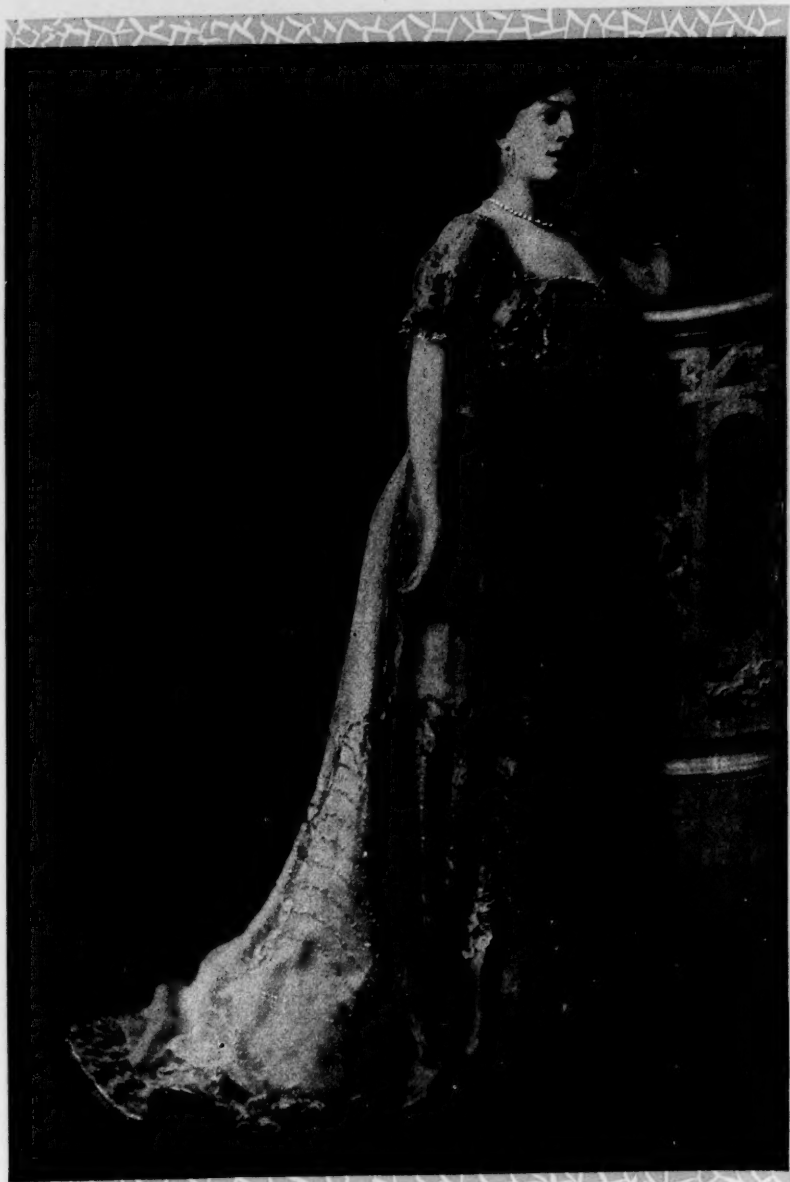


Photo by Hall, N. Y

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH ■



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS ANNA FITZHUGH

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MISS ALEXANDRA PHILLIPS

Will appear in an important dramatic production in New York this season

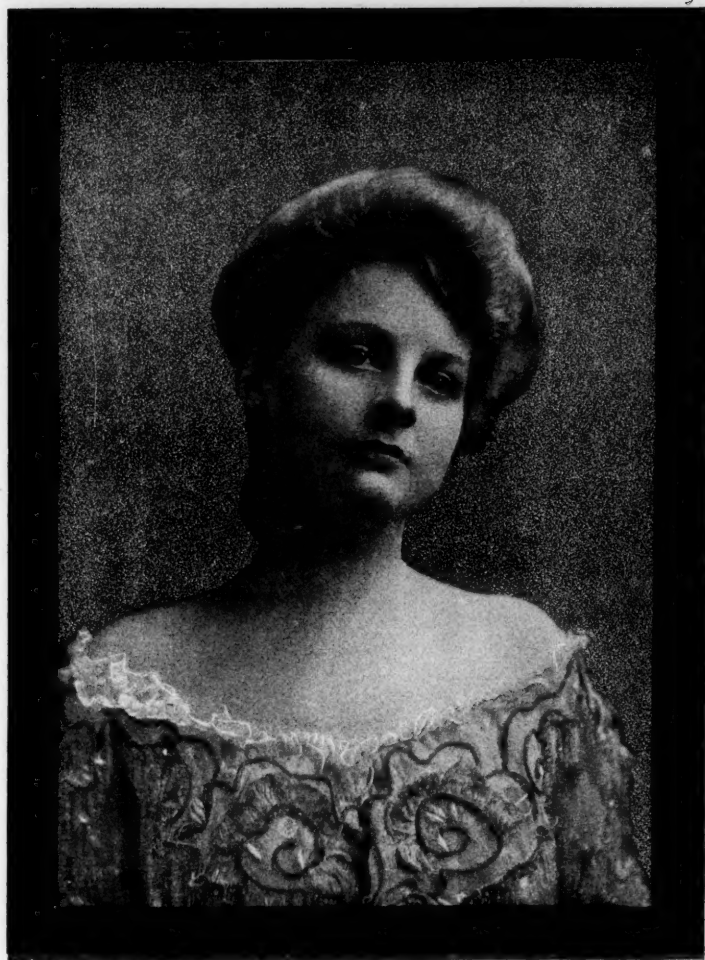


Photo by Morrison, Chicago

MISS KATHERYN HUTCHINSON

The "Fairy Queen" in Klaw & Erlanger's latest extravaganza, "The Pearl and the Pumpkin"

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Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS LOUISE LEBARON
With the Fritz Scheff Opera Company



Copyrighted Photo by
Burr McIntoch Studio, N. Y.

MISS SUE STUART

In "Lifting the Lid," New Amsterdam Aerial Theater, N. Y.

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Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS PAULA DESMOND

A member of Lew Field's "It Happened in Nordland" Company



WHAT SHALL WE READ?

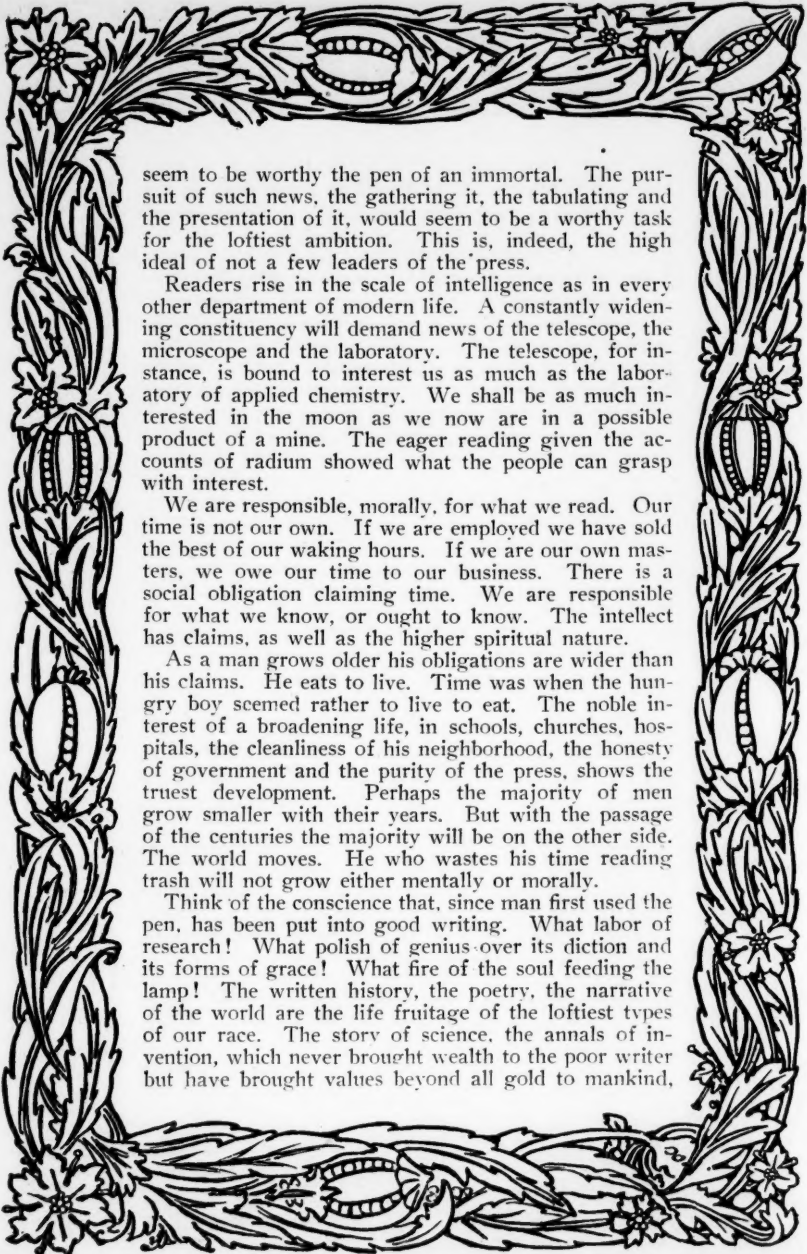
By Emory J. Haynes, D.D.

CHEAP, sensational news matches the empty mind. A mind that is not overinterested in its daily occupation is dulled by the routine. It becomes a mere machine, spirit, to be sure, yet a machine, with the inane mechanical motion. Men and women working in that way become miserably weary mentally. They may not realize it during the day. But when night comes and they are momentarily free from their uninteresting toil the mind stirs itself. "Oh, for something new! Anything to interest me!" is the language of mental hunger. But such minds are poor. They were small and weak to begin with or they would never have consented long to work merely mechanically.

What people read and then talk about may be called substantial reading. An unsavory narrative never forms the topic of conversation. Even the vicious would hardly command their shamefacedness enough to talk it over. Frightful events are avoided in conversation, except possible exclamations of pity or distressed inquiry after the latest news. The test of conversation is a very severe one on a book or journal.

A desire to know what others think, of course, shows thinking. Meditation always is awakened by masterly fiction, by history, by sincere comment on political events. Have you read what is being said by Blank in Blank? This challenge means much. As there is no advertising like that of the living voice, friend speaking to friend, so there is no other influence to promote a printed circulation that equals the talk of living men.

We have seen a generation of great editors, Horace Greely at the fore, men whose writing set discussion on the go all over the land. Are there any such editors now among the younger men? If not, surely it is not for lack of news. Millions of bright people are doing countless new things. The white light of thought turns night to one continuous day. Intense interest attaches to this vast mass of achievement. It is an age of miracles. The chronicle of these marvelous days would



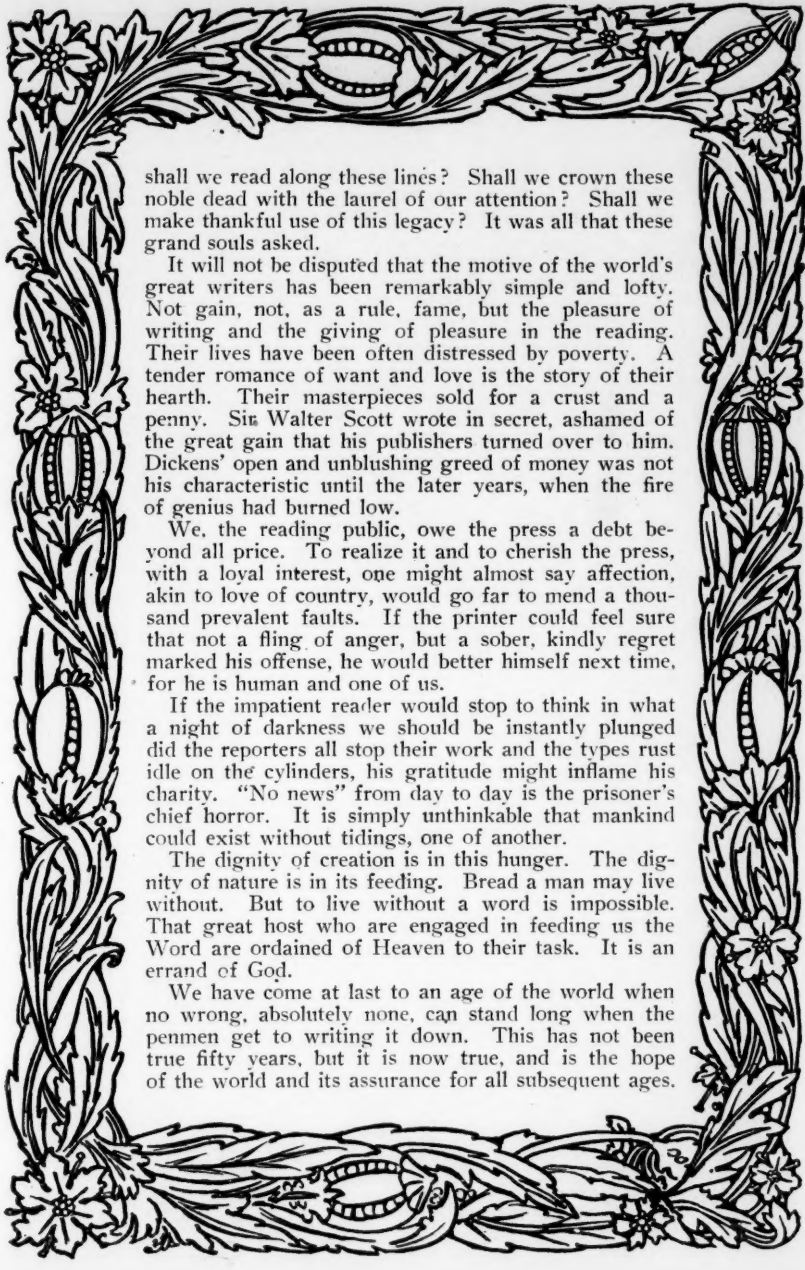
seem to be worthy the pen of an immortal. The pursuit of such news, the gathering it, the tabulating and the presentation of it, would seem to be a worthy task for the loftiest ambition. This is, indeed, the high ideal of not a few leaders of the press.

Readers rise in the scale of intelligence as in every other department of modern life. A constantly widening constituency will demand news of the telescope, the microscope and the laboratory. The telescope, for instance, is bound to interest us as much as the laboratory of applied chemistry. We shall be as much interested in the moon as we now are in a possible product of a mine. The eager reading given the accounts of radium showed what the people can grasp with interest.

We are responsible, morally, for what we read. Our time is not our own. If we are employed we have sold the best of our waking hours. If we are our own masters, we owe our time to our business. There is a social obligation claiming time. We are responsible for what we know, or ought to know. The intellect has claims, as well as the higher spiritual nature.

As a man grows older his obligations are wider than his claims. He eats to live. Time was when the hungry boy seemed rather to live to eat. The noble interest of a broadening life, in schools, churches, hospitals, the cleanliness of his neighborhood, the honesty of government and the purity of the press, shows the truest development. Perhaps the majority of men grow smaller with their years. But with the passage of the centuries the majority will be on the other side. The world moves. He who wastes his time reading trash will not grow either mentally or morally.

Think of the conscience that, since man first used the pen, has been put into good writing. What labor of research! What polish of genius over its diction and its forms of grace! What fire of the soul feeding the lamp! The written history, the poetry, the narrative of the world are the life fruitage of the loftiest types of our race. The story of science, the annals of invention, which never brought wealth to the poor writer but have brought values beyond all gold to mankind,



shall we read along these lines? Shall we crown these noble dead with the laurel of our attention? Shall we make thankful use of this legacy? It was all that these grand souls asked.

It will not be disputed that the motive of the world's great writers has been remarkably simple and lofty. Not gain, not, as a rule, fame, but the pleasure of writing and the giving of pleasure in the reading. Their lives have been often distressed by poverty. A tender romance of want and love is the story of their hearth. Their masterpieces sold for a crust and a penny. Sir Walter Scott wrote in secret, ashamed of the great gain that his publishers turned over to him. Dickens' open and unblushing greed of money was not his characteristic until the later years, when the fire of genius had burned low.

We, the reading public, owe the press a debt beyond all price. To realize it and to cherish the press, with a loyal interest, one might almost say affection, akin to love of country, would go far to mend a thousand prevalent faults. If the printer could feel sure that not a fling of anger, but a sober, kindly regret marked his offense, he would better himself next time, for he is human and one of us.

If the impatient reader would stop to think in what a night of darkness we should be instantly plunged did the reporters all stop their work and the types rust idle on the cylinders, his gratitude might inflame his charity. "No news" from day to day is the prisoner's chief horror. It is simply unthinkable that mankind could exist without tidings, one of another.

The dignity of creation is in this hunger. The dignity of nature is in its feeding. Bread a man may live without. But to live without a word is impossible. That great host who are engaged in feeding us the Word are ordained of Heaven to their task. It is an errand of God.

We have come at last to an age of the world when no wrong, absolutely none, can stand long when the penmen get to writing it down. This has not been true fifty years, but it is now true, and is the hope of the world and its assurance for all subsequent ages.



"NICOL PATOFF! DO YOU KNOW HIM? WHERE IS HE?"

AMONG THE NIHILISTS

BY MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," "The English Orphans,"
"The Homestead on the Hillside," Etc.

PART ONE

CHAPTER I.

NICOL PATOFF.

IN the summer of 1890—I was one of a party of tourists who were going to St. Petersburg. There were eight of us, all women, strong, fearless and self-reliant, and all natives of Massachusetts. Two were from Boston, three from its suburbs, and three, including myself, from Ridgefield, a pretty little inland town among the Worcester hills. We had a guide, of course, Henri Smeltz, a German, and if his credentials, which I now think he wrote himself, were to be believed, he was fully competent to take charge of eight women with opinions of their own, and as much knowledge of the country they were to visit as he had. It had been the dream of my life to see the water-soaked city, and when the opportunity came I accepted it eagerly, with, however, some dread of the fatigue of the long journey and the annoyances I might meet in the capital of the czar. I was not a good sailor, and I had a great dislike for the cars, and by the time we had crossed the Atlantic and the Continent and were on the Gulf of Finland, I was in a rather limp and collapsed condition. But I rallied as the bright July day wore on, and when the Russian officers came on board I was quite myself, and felt able to cope with them all if necessary. I had nothing to fear. I was an American citizen, and wore the colors of my country in a knot of ribbon on my dress. My

passport was all right, so far as I knew. But better than this was the fact that I could speak Russian with a tolerable degree of accuracy. I was fond of languages, and during my school days had mastered German and French to the extent of reading and writing them fluently. My teacher was Nicol Patoff, from St. Petersburg, who, outside of his school hours, had a class in Russian which I joined, and astonished both Nicol and myself by the readiness with which I acquired the difficult language which the most of my companions gave up in despair after a few weeks' trial, and in spite of the entreaties of Nicol, who assured them that with a little patience what seemed so hard would be very easy.

He was a tall, handsome young man, with large, dark eyes, which seemed always on the alert, as if watching for or expecting something which might come at any moment. All we knew of him was that he was from St. Petersburg; that his father, who was dead, had once been wealthy, in fact had belonged to the minor nobility, but had lost most of his money, and this necessitated his son's earning his own living, which he could do better in America than elsewhere. This was the story he told, and, although he brought no credentials, and only asked to be employed on trial, his frank, pleasing manners and magnetic personality won him favor at once, and for two years he discharged his duties as teacher of languages in the Ridgefield Academy,

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to the entire satisfaction of his employers. Many conjectured that he was a nihilist, but there was about him a quiet reserve which kept people from questioning him on the subject, and it was never mentioned to him but once. Then a young girl asked him, laughingly, if he had ever known a nihilist intimately.

"But of course you haven't," she added. "I suppose they only belong to the lower classes. You might see them without knowing them well."

For the moment the hot blood surged into Patoff's face, then left it deadly pale, as he replied: "I have seen and known hundreds of them. They belong to all classes, high and low, rich and poor—more to the rich, perhaps, than the very poor. They are as thick as those rain drops," and he pointed to a window against which a heavy shower was beating. "There is much to be said on both sides," he continued, after a few moments. "You are subjected to tyranny and surveillance, whichever party you belong to. It is a case of Scylla and Charybdis. Of the two, it is better to be with the government than to be hounded and watched wherever you go and suspected of crimes you never thought of committing. A nihilist is not safe anywhere. His best friend may betray him, and then the gendarmes, the police. You have no idea how sharp they are when once they are on your track."

This was a great deal for him to say, and he seemed to think so, for he stopped suddenly and, changing the conversation, began to

speak to me in German and to correct my pronunciation as he had never done before.

During the next few weeks he received several letters from Russia, and grew so abstracted in his manner that once when hearing our lesson in Russian he began to talk to us in French, then in German, and finally lapsed into English, saying, with a start: "I beg your pardon. My thoughts were very far away."

"Where?" the girl asked, who had questioned him on nihilism.

He looked at her a moment with a peculiar expression in his eyes, and then replied: "In Russia, my home, where I am going at the end of this quarter."

We were all sorry to lose him, and none more so than I, although I said



"Marry him! Marry a Russian! Never!"

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the least. There was something in his eyes when they rested upon me, and in his voice when he spoke to me, which told me I was his favorite pupil, but if he cared particularly for me he never showed it until the day before he left town, when he called to say good-by. I had been giving my hair a bath, and was brushing and drying it in the hot sun when he came up the walk. I disliked my hair, and always had. It was very heavy and long and soft and wavy, and I had the fair complexion which usually goes with its color, but it was red, not chestnut or auburn, but a decided red, which I hated, and fancied others must do the same, and when I saw Nicol coming up the walk I shrank back in my seat under the maple tree, hoping he would not see me. But he did, and came at once to me, laughing as I tried to gather up into a knot my heavy hair, which, being still damp, would not stay where I put it. I know he said something about Godiva, then checked himself with: "I beg your pardon," as he saw the color rising in my face, and lifting up a lock which had fallen down, he said: "I wish you would give me a bit of this as a souvenir."

"Are you crazy," I asked, "to want a lock of my hair? Why, it is red!"

"I know that," he said, "but it is beautiful, nevertheless, especially in the sunlight. I like red. Can I have a bit?"

He took from his vest pocket a small pair of scissors, and handed them to me. I was too confused for a moment to speak. No one before had praised my hair. I had made faces at it in the glass. My brother, who was a few years older than myself, called me "Carrots" and "Red-top," and when in a very teasing mood pretended to light a match on it. And Nicol called it beautiful and wanted a lock of it as a souvenir. My first impulse was to give him the whole, if I could, and be rid of it, but as I gathered the shining mass in my hand and saw how the sunlight made it brighter and glisten, I began to have a certain feeling of pride in it, it was so long and thick and glossy,

and curled around my fingers like a living thing.

"Yes, you can have some of the old red stuff, if you want it," I said, laughingly, and, taking his scissors, I cut a tress where it could not be missed and handed it to him.

He was my teacher, my friend; he was going away, and I felt I scarcely knew how toward him, as, with my hair still down my back, for it was not yet dry, I sat beside him, while he talked of Russia and the difference between life there and in America, appearing all the while as if there was something he wished to say, but could not, or dared not.

"Domestic life there is not what it is here. You would not like it," he said.

"I know I shouldn't," I answered, quickly, and he went on: "But it is home to me. My people are well-born and I must cast my lot with them, whether for good or bad."

"I hope not for bad," I said, with a little lump in my throat.

"That depends upon the standpoint from which you look," he replied. "If I join the nihilists, and you sympathize with them, you will think I go for good. If I side with the government and help hunt the nihilists down, and your sympathies are there, you will say I go for good."

"Never!" I answered, hotly, stamping my foot upon the ground. "Nihilism may be wrong, but I detest the government, with its iron heel upon the poor people, and in a way upon your czar, who is kept more in ignorance of what is taking place than I am. You are all slaves, every one of you, from the czar in his palace to the poor serf in his mud house on the barren plain. I wish I could give your grand dukes a piece of my mind."

Nicol laughed at my heat, and answered: "You didn't have that red hair given you for nothing, did you? I wish you might give them a piece of your mind, but I am afraid it would do no good. Russia is pretty firm in her opinion of herself. I wish she was different. I have learned many things

in your country which I shall not forget. My life has been very pleasant here, and my thoughts will often travel back to Ridgefield and the freedom such as we Russians do not know."

"Why not stay, then?" I asked, the lump in my throat growing larger and making my voice a kind of croak.

"That is impossible," he replied.

"Russia may be bad, but I can no more stay away from it than the bird can stay away from the nest where its young are clamoring for the food it is to bring them."

"You have friends to whom you are going?" I said, and he replied: "Friends? Yes, thick as the leaves on the trees in summer, and they are waiting for me. I am going into danger or honor. I have not quite made my choice."

"You are not a nihilist?" I exclaimed, starting to my feet, as if to get away from him.

With a low musical laugh, he put up his hand and drew me back upon the seat.

"I thought you sympathized with the nihilists?" he said.

"I do," I answered, "but it is hard to associate you with one. I think of them as a kind of desperadoes, made so by oppression."

"There you are mistaken," he re-

plied. "I told you once that the nihilists are found with the rich as often as with the poor. Some time you may, perhaps, read of a gang of people starting for Siberia, and I may be with them. If not, there will be others in it just as heartbroken at leaving their homes as I should be. Pray for them, but do not be troubled for me. I shall

escape. I was not born to be a slave, a prisoner; and there is not power enough in all Siberia to keep me if I chose not to stay."

He stood up tall and straight, and his eyes flashed with a fire I had never seen in them before. After a moment he resumed his seat and continued: "There is no doubt that Russia is hovering on the crater of a volcano, which may at any moment burst out like Vesuvius. But St. Pe-

tersburg is a right jolly place, after all, and it is my home. I hope you will go there some day. Your knowledge of the language will make it easy for you, and you will not find us a bad lot, or know a nihilist from a partisan of the government. They are all mixed in together. If you go, I may or may not be there, but find No. — Nevsky Prospect. It was once my home, where we kept forty servants falling over each other and doing less work than half a



"Are you crazy, to want a lock of my hair? Why, it's red!"

dozen do in America. It is part of the system. Here is my card. Good-by, and God bless you."

He passed his hand caressingly over my hair, and, stooping, kissed me on my forehead. Then he left me, and I put my head upon the back of the seat and cried, with a feeling that something had gone out of my life which had made it very pleasant.

For a long time I expected to hear from him, but no word had ever come, and years had gone by and I was a woman of nearly thirty-five, with my school days behind me, but with a vivid remembrance of that part of them when Nicol was my teacher. His card was all I had left of the handsome young Russian who had stirred my girl's heart as no other man had ever done. I had never forgotten what he said to me of the gang bound for Siberia, asking me to pray for them, and in imagination I had often seen that gang; and he was always in it, and when I prayed I am afraid it was for him—for Nicol alone. And now I was going to his country, and might possibly meet him, if he was there. He would be older and probably married. But that did not matter. The pain in my heart and the lump in my throat when he bade me good-by were gone. That chapter was closed, but I was thinking of it and of him when I had my first meeting with a Russian gendarme.

CHAPTER II.

THE GENDARME.

I had pictured them as old, or middle-aged, with gray or white hair, hard faces and fierce eyes, which could look through one and see if there was anything concealed. But this tall man, who bowed so deferentially and hesitated a little before speaking, as if he thought I would not understand, was quite different. He was neither very old nor grizzled, although his heavy beard, which covered the most of his face, was streaked with gray. I could not judge well with regard to his eyes,

as the lids were partially closed, the result of some chronic trouble with them, I afterward learned. I knew they were looking at me sharply—so sharply, indeed, that I felt my face growing red with resentment, and as he continued to scrutinize me, coming close to do so, all my dread of him and his craft vanished, and with a proud turn of my head I said: "Why do you stare at me as if you thought me a smuggler or a nihilist? I am neither."

Instantly there came upon all I could see of his face for the heavy beard, and into all I could see of eyes for the drooping lids, a smile which made my brain whirl, and for a moment I asked myself if theosophy were not true after all, and I had lived another life somewhere and been in the position in which I now found myself, face to face with a gendarme, who, as the smile disappeared under his heavy mustache, said: "Madame speaks Russian well."

"Thanks!" I replied. "I ought to, with so good a teacher as I had in Nicol Patoff."

I don't know what spirit possessed me to mention Nicol's name. I had never rid myself of an impression that he would rather I should not speak of him to strangers, and I had blurted it out to this gendarme, who started visibly and repeated: "Nicol Patoff! Do you know him? Where is he?" he asked, and with every sense alert lest my old teacher's safety was in danger, I answered: "The last time I saw him he was in America."

"In America. Yes, but what do you know of him *now*? Where is he?" was his next question.

"I know nothing of him except what is good, and if I did, I should keep it to myself, if the telling it would harm him. He was my teacher and friend, and a gentleman," I said, rather hotly.

I did not know what right he had to be asking me about Nicol Patoff, and was very angry as I confronted the gendarme, who, I fancied, was laughing at me.

"You don't know where he is now?"

he continued, in good English, and, to my look of surprise, continued: "You see, I can speak your language, though not as well as you speak mine. Nicol Patoff must have been a good teacher, and you an apt scholar."

I did not reply, but with a formal bow left him and joined my companions, who were curious to know what I had been saying to the gendarme. But I was noncommittal, and gave some evasive answer as I watched him in the distance with his staff, of which he seemed to be the head. Standing near the purser later on, I said to him, rather indifferently: "Who is that officer with the queer eyelids? He carries himself as if he owned the ship and all the passengers."

Glancing stealthily around, as if to make sure no one was listening—a habit I noticed in many of the Russians—he spoke very low, and said: "That? Oh, that is Michel Seguin, one of the very highest of the police. The suspects dread him as they would the plague. He's a regular sleuthhound, and can detect a criminal and unearth a plot when everyone else has failed. I don't know why he was sent here to-day, unless they had heard there was a suspect on board. You can't escape Michel Seguin, when once he is on your track."

He looked hard at me, as if he thought I might be the suspect Michel Seguin was sent to arrest. He had certainly talked with me longer than with anyone else, and I had been rather saucy to him. But I was not afraid of him, and had a feeling of quiet and safety just because I had talked with him. We were through with the police for the present, and were free to look upon the frowning fort of Cronstadt, bristling with guns and threatening destruction to any enemy's vessel which might venture near it.

From Cronstadt we could see in the distance the golden dome of St. Isaac's towering against the sky, and around it the turrets and spires and roofs of the city I had come so far to see, and where I was destined to meet with so many adventures. The sail up the Neva to the wharf was soon accomplished, and

we were in the whirl and hubbub of a great town, where Henri, our guide, nearly lost his wits in the confusion, and finally left the ordering of affairs to me, as I could speak the language so much better than he. Most of our party chose to take a large conveyance from the station to our hotel, but I preferred a *drosky*, as I had heard so much of them from Nicol Patoff, and wished to try one. Half a dozen were ready for me in a moment, and, after my choice was made, I said to the coachman, who looked like a small haystack, or, rather, like a feather bed with a rope tied around its center: "Don't drive fast. I shall fall out."

He nodded that he understood me, gathered up his reins, which looked like two narrow strips of leather, shook them at his horse, and we were off like the wind, jolting over the cobblestone pavement, now in one rut and now in another, while I tried in vain to find something to hold to. There was nothing; neither side nor back was of any use. To clutch the padded garment of the driver was impossible. It was like holding so much cotton wool in my hands. There was no alternative but



I put my head on the back of the seat and cried.

to pound him with my fists, which I did in imminent danger of being thrown from the *drosky*. At last the point of my umbrella reached him, and, slackening his speed, he asked: "What will little madame have?"

"Drive slower," I said. "You have nearly broken every bone in my body, and I have nothing to hold to."

"Very well," he replied, and started again; faster than before, it seemed to me, as I swayed from side to side.

A breeze had blown up from the Neva, and this, added to the motion of the *drosky*, took my hat from my head and carried it along with little swirls of dust and dirt, until it was some distance in front of us. The blows I dealt that padded figure in front were fast and furious, but of no avail. Nothing availed, not even my umbrella, till I sprang to my feet and clutched him around his neck, as if about to garrote him. Stopping his horse with a suddenness which drew the beast upon his haunches, he gasped: "In Heaven's name what will little madame have now!"

"I'll have my hat," I cried, pointing to my crumpled headgear, which some little girls had picked up and were examining; one of them trying it on and turning her head airily.

I think the driver swore, but am not sure.

"Madame shall have her hat," he said, and was about to plunge on when I stopped him again, by saying: "Let me out. I will walk the rest of the way. We are almost there," and I pointed to what I was sure was our hotel, for I had studied St. Petersburg so carefully before coming that it seemed to me I knew every street and alley and public building.

"As the little madame likes," was his polite rejoinder, followed by a call to the girl who was still sporting my hat, to the evident admiration of her companions.

"Drop it, or it will be the worse for you!" he cried, with a flourish of his whip. "It is madame's."

But I did not need his interference,

for as I came up to the girl, breathless and panting, a tall gendarme crossed from the other side of the street, and at sight of him the children fled in haste, leaving my hat behind them. Picking it up and brushing some particles of dust from it, and straightening the crushed flower with a deftness I hardly expected in a man, he handed it to me, and said: "You will not wear it again after it has been on her head," and he motioned toward the girl, who, with her two companions, was scampering away as fast as her little bare legs and feet could carry her. I had another hat in my trunk, and, remembering what I had heard of the condition of Russian heads, I answered, emphatically: "Never! She can have it. Here, girl, come back!" I screamed, to the child just disappearing in the distance.

I doubt if my call would have reached her if the gendarme had not sent after her a short, shrill, peremptory whistle, which brought her to a standstill as quickly as if she had been shot. Turning round, she saw me beckoning to her, and holding at arm's length my hat, as if there was contagion in it. In a few moments she had it, or rather the three had it, pulling and fighting over it, until the last I saw of it, one little girl was dangling a long ribbon, a second appropriating the bunch of forget-me-nots, while the eldest was wearing the poor shorn thing as proudly as if it were a great acquisition.

I had scarcely realized till then, in my excitement, that the gendarme who had come to my aid was the one who on the boat had questioned me of Nicol Patoff. Would he ask me about him again, I wondered, and was relieved that he did not even act as if we had met before. Glancing at my hair, which I was beginning to rearrange, he said: "Madame must go bareheaded."

"Only from here to the hotel. I have another hat," I answered, thinking of the day Nicol Patoff had found me drying my hair, and complimented its beauty.

It was darker now, with a wonderful sheen upon it in the sunlight, and

I could not help feeling that the man was admiring it through his half-closed eyes and scanning me very closely. He had certainly been going in the opposite direction when I first saw him across the street, but he turned now and went with me to the hotel, where my friends gathered round me, asking what had happened, and why I had come on foot and without my hat. While I was explaining to them, the gendarme was speaking to the clerk about me, I was sure, as he glanced toward me and nodded that he understood. Then, with a bow in my direction, which included those of my party standing near me, the gendarme walked away.

I had learned by this time that our German conductor, Henri, was of very little use except to smoke and take a glass of beer when he could get it, and if I wanted a thing done, I must do it myself. I could speak Russian much better than he could, and as I wished to ask some questions, and was particular about my room, I went to the desk to register. After I had written my name, "Miss Lucy Harding, Ridgefield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.," the clerk called a young boy, whom he designated Boots, and bade him show Miss *Gard- ing* and her friend, who was to room with her, to a certain number. If there is in the English alphabet one letter which puzzles a Russian more than another, it is the letter "H," and he usually ends by putting "G" in its place. Consequently, I became Miss or Madame Garding, developing finally into a Garden, and remaining so during my stay in St. Petersburg. From what we had heard of Russian hotels, we were not prepared for palatial apartments, and I was surprised at the large, airy corner room into which I was ushered. Turning to Boots, I asked if there was not some mistake. Was he sure this room was intended for us, and if it were not the best in the house?

When he found I could speak his language, Boots became communicative and familiar, although evidently he had no intention to be pert. It was one of the best rooms, he said, and tourists did

not often get it, as it was reserved for Russian gentry when they came to town from the country.

"I heard Monsieur Seguin ask the clerk to do his best by you. I guess he thinks you are some great lady at home."

Just then there was a hurried call for Boots, and he left me wondering what possible interest Michel Seguin could have in me. I had been rude to him on the boat, and had not shown myself very friendly since. Probably any special attention he might pay me was prompted by a wish to learn something of Nicol Patoff. But forewarned was forearmed, and Nicol, who undoubtedly was under some ban and in hiding, was safe so far as I was concerned.

"I'll take the good the gods provide," I thought, as I unpacked my trunk in my spacious, airy room, and then went down to dinner, where I found several tourists, all eagerly discussing what they had seen and what they expected to see.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOG CHANCE.

As the sun was not down—for we were in the midst of the long northern days, when darkness and daylight almost kiss each other in a parting embrace—I suggested that we take a little stroll and look at St. Isaac's and other points of interest. As we were leaving the hotel, we met the gendarme, Michel, who, I found, came often to the hotel, inquiring after passports and any newcomers, or those who had changed their quarters. A civil bow was all I awarded him as I hurried outside, where I found my friends crowded around a huge mastiff sitting upon his haunches, as if waiting for some one—his master, probably. He was of a species which, in America, we call a Russian collie, and esteemed for their fidelity and gentleness. He was the handsomest dog I had ever seen, with his fine, intelligent face and long silky mane, and, as I was fond of animals of all kinds, I stooped to caress him, while he beat his bushy

tail in token of appreciation and good will.

"You are a beauty," I said. "I wonder whose dog you are, and what is your name?"

"Chance, and he belongs to me," came in quick response, which made the dog start up, while I turned to meet the drooping eyes of the gendarme fixed on me with a quizzical expression.

"Chance," I repeated, still keeping my hand buried in the soft wool of the

animal, who was stamping his feet and shaking his head, as if ready for action of some kind, if he only knew what it was. "Chance," I said again. "It is a strange name for a Russian dog. I had a little poodle years ago which I called Chance. I've never heard the name since."

"No, it is not common, and it came to him from a friend," the man replied. "He is a noble fellow. His grandmother was from the royal kennels, so, you see, he has kingly blood in him. I was offered a thousand dollars for him by one of your countrymen, and would not take it. He is young, but is already my factotum on whom I depend."

"Do you mean he is like a bloodhound whom you put on the track of the poor wretches you are hired to run down?" I asked, thinking of Nicol Pattoff, and recoiling from the dog, who put up his big paw, as if to shake my hand and thus conciliate me.

The gendarme laughed, and replied: "I have little need of a dog except in case of a murder. If the czar were killed, for instance, and the assassin

were hiding, I might call in Chance's help, and he would find him, too, if he had ever seen him before, or anything belonging to him. You are not afraid of him?"

"No," I answered, and before I could say more, the officer continued to the dog: "Salute the lady!"

In an instant two great paws were on my shoulders, and Chance was looking into my face with an expression so human that I began to feel cold and

sick and tried to free myself from him, and in my effort dropped my handkerchief.

"Down, Chance! That will do," his master said, and then to me: "He will know you now wherever he meets you, especially after I have shown him this."

He had picked up my handkerchief, a soiled and torn one, I saw with a pang, and, handing it to the dog, bade him give it to Miss Harding. He mastered the "H," and I was not a "Garden" to him. Obediently Chance brought it to me, shaking his head

and holding it a while in his teeth, as if loath to let it go.

"It is all right," the gendarme said, taking it from the dog, but not returning it to me. "Chance has looked on your face," he continued, "and smelled an article of your wardrobe. I could track you now to Siberia, if necessary, if I had this handkerchief to show him."

I shuddered, and put out my hand to take my property, but with a kind of authoritative air I had never seen in him before, he put it in his pocket, saying, quietly: "Allow me to keep it as a means of safety to you and your



The blows I dealt that padded figure in front were fast and furious.

party. I have met many Americans; they are all alike; they wish to see everything, and go everywhere, and never think of danger, or if they do, it does not deter them. That Dutch guide of yours, lounging on a settee and smoking cigarettes, is no good. He will take to vodka next, and be more stupid than ever. Madame, with her knowledge of Russian, is a better guide than he. May as well give him up and run your own canoe. You see, I am up in Yankee slang. I have heard a good deal of it. But don't risk too much. St. Petersburg is as safe as most cities, but be a little cautious where you go and when you go. As a rule, our women are not often seen in the streets unattended. But we expect different things from tourists, particularly Americans, who dare anything to satisfy their curiosity. You are intending to go out this evening, and the sun is nearly down. Wait till to-morrow, and if Chance happens to join you, don't think it strange, either to-morrow or next day. In the summer, when the city is full of sight-seers and the court and nobility are away, there is frequently a set of impostors and marauders from the country who come into town for theft and spoil, thinking to find the visitors an easy prey. Chance knows them by instinct and will keep them at a distance. If he growls, you will know there is danger and the beggar a fraud."

He turned abruptly and was gone, followed by Chance, bounding at his side and occasionally picking up a stick or whatever he could find and taking it to his master, expecting it to be thrown for him to catch and take back. For a moment we watched him in silence; then the tongues of the party were loosened, and they began to wonder why this gendarme had seemingly taken us under his protection and given us the service of his dog. I offered no opinion. I was still morbidly jealous for the safety of Nicol Patoff, if he were alive and on Russian soil, as I thought probable, and Michel Seguin's interest in us was really centered in me, with a hope that he might yet learn something of his enemy. It was a part

of his method, which usually proved successful, but would fail for once.

It was beginning to get a little chilly, and I suggested that we should return to the hotel. We found our guide, Henri, snoring loudly, with his mouth open, his arms falling at his side and a half-burned cigarette held fast between his thumb and fingers.

"The lout! We ought to get rid of him; he is of no earthly use, except to draw his pay. We do not need him. You can do all he can, and more, too; and then we shall have Chance!" my companions said, as we went to our rooms.

As a result of this conversation, after a few days, during which Henri showed a greater liking for vodka than for attending to us, we separated by mutual consent, but not until he had done some pretty hard swearing, saying he was not hired to carry the satchels and shawl straps and wraps and umbrellas of eight old maids, no two of whom wished to see the same thing at the same time, or go to the same place, and who were the hardest-to-please women it had ever been his lot to conduct. "Red-head," as he called me, was the worst of all, and if she didn't look out, she would find herself in the clutches of the police, romping round as she did, looking into everything and talking to everybody.

We laughed and left him to his vodka and his pipe and cigarettes and his stupid sleep in the armchair of the office, from which he occasionally roused enough to inquire about the "eight old maids and what they were up to now."

CHAPTER IV.

NICOL PATOFF'S HOUSE.

We had been told that the time to visit St. Petersburg was in the winter, when the city is in its glory. The nobility have then returned from their summer homes. The czar is at his palace. The Nevsky Prospect is gay with equipages of every description, from the common sledge to the carriages of the aristocracy, while the Neva, frozen to

the thickness of three or four feet, rivals the Nevsky with its crowds of sledges and skates and lookers-on, its colored lights, its bazaars and booths filled with a laughing crowd till long after the coachmen and horses, who have stood for hours in the cold before the Winter Palace, when a ball was in progress, have gone home.

All this I saw later, and was a part of most of it during my second visit to St. Petersburg, but now, not knowing the difference, I was satisfied to be there in the summer, although the streets seemed deserted and most of the great houses were closed or left in charge of a few old domestics, who were faithful to their trust as watchdogs. The czar, with his family, was at Gatschina, in the great, gloomy palace where I was told that, although there were six hundred rooms, the royal family confined themselves to only six, as they could thus feel more secure from attacks of nihilists. Whether this was true or not I do not know. One hears many wonderful rumors in St. Petersburg of plots and counterplots, and prying gendarmes, and arrests and banishment to the fortress or Siberia, but these did not concern us. We were there to see, and we made good our time, going everywhere we could go, and pushing our way into some places which at first seemed impossible to enter.

And nearly always Chance was with us. Just where he came from I did not at first know. We usually found him outside the hotel waiting for us, and he attached himself to me as if I were his mistress. His master we did not see until the fifth day, when we met him in front of the house where Nicol Patoff had once lived. I remembered the number on the card Nicol had given me, and was anxious to visit it alone; to inspect it at my leisure, and possibly ring the bell boldly and ask if the Patoff family were at home. But this I could not do, for, as I was the only one who spoke the language, it seemed necessary that our party should keep together.

Still, I must see the house and give it more than a passing glance, and at last I took the ladies into my confidence,

telling them why I wished particularly to see the place. None of them had ever heard of Nicol except the girls from Ridgefield, and as these were much younger than myself, they only knew of him as some one who taught in the academy for a time and then disappeared. They were, however, ready to go with me, and on a sunny afternoon we started along the Nevsky on our tour of discovery, with our escort, Chance, who seemed to know just where we were going, and forged ahead at a rapid pace, until he reached the Patoff house, where he stopped and waited for us to come up.

It was very large and built of brick, as are most of the houses in St. Petersburg. In front was the inevitable porter, or servant of the proprietor, who keeps guard over the premises and over all who come in or go out. The one of our party most interested in Nicol Patoff, after myself, was Mary, my roommate, who was usually bubbling with enthusiasm, and who thought it would be great fun if we could get inside a real Russian house and see what it was like.

"Aren't you going to ask that porter if Mr. Patoff lives here? He looks harmless and sleepy," she said, while Chance was making various signs that he expected us to enter.

What I might have done I do not know, if upon the scene a new actor had not appeared in the person of the gendarme Michel, who came upon us rather suddenly as we stood huddled together on the sidewalk. There was no mistaking the pleasure on his face when he saw us.

"Good-afternoon," he said, speaking in English. "Sightseeing, I suppose? What place are you bound for now, if I may ask? I hope you find Chance a good escort. I tell him every morning to find Miss Harding, and he goes;" and he patted the head of the beautiful dog, who began to leap upon him with little cries of delight.

This, then, was the reason why Chance always came to me when he appeared at the hotel. My handkerchief, which the gendarme still kept, was the

clew which guided him, and I ought to have been flattered, but I was not, for I always felt as if there was something sinister behind the officer's attentions which I could not fathom. It was Mary who replied, in her breezy way:

"Chance is splendid; he goes with us everywhere, and just now we are looking at the house where Nicol Patoff used to live, and where, perhaps, he lives now."

I tried to catch her eyes and stop her, but she was turned partly from me and went on: "Do you know who lives here?"

"Not Patoff," the gendarme said, with the same expression I had seen on his face when I spoke of Nicol on the boat. Then he added, quickly: "Do you, too, know Nicol Patoff?"

"Oh, no," Mary replied. "I was a little girl when he taught in Ridgefield. Miss Harding was his favorite pupil, and that is why she speaks Russian so well. I have heard he was a splendid looking man, with an air of mystery about him. Some thought him a nihilist. Do you know him, and was he a nihilist?"

I gave a gasp as I waited for the answer, which was spoken very deliberately: "He was a nihilist; and has given me a great deal of trouble."

"Are you trying to find him?" was Mary's next remark. "Why don't you put Chance on his track?"

I was very fond of the girl, but I could have throttled her to hear her speaking thus of Nicol Patoff and suggesting that Chance be put to find him.

"Mary," I exclaimed, "are you crazy, to suggest so diabolical an act? Nicol Patoff was a gentleman! What has he done to you that you should wish to throw him into the hands of his foes and have him condemned, unheard, and sentenced either to the fortress or to Siberia, where every foot of the soil has been wet with the tears of exiles, some guilty, of course, but more innocent!"

"Madame is very eloquent in her defense of Nicol Patoff, and her tirade against our government," the gendarme said, and I answered:

"Eloquent for the right, you mean! Nicol Patoff was my friend, and incapable of crime, unless it was that of detesting your atrocious government, which I do most heartily. I am glad I am an American and not a Russian, subject to your laws."

Womanlike, I was half crying, and my voice sounded croaky, and I hated myself for it, and hated the gendarme, who was certainly laughing at me, while my companions stood aghast, wondering what would be the result of my outburst. We had nothing to fear, for, however stern and uncompromising the gendarme might be in the discharge of his duty, he was very kind to us, and, after I ceased speaking, he said: "If I ever find Patoff, and I may do so, I will tell him your opinion of him and our government. It will please him vastly, if all I know of him is true."

"What do you know of him?" I demanded. "You have questioned us about him, and now I ask you what has he done?"

"Nothing which I can tell you now," was the good-humored reply. "I can only tell you what you probably know—that this is the house you are looking for, but no Patoffs live here now." He hesitated a moment, then added: "It belongs to my family—to me. Would you like to go in?"

We had stood upon the sidewalk so long that the few passers-by began to look at us curiously and with suspicion, as if the presence in our midst of a gendarme boded evil to some of us, and one or two stopped to see what would follow. It was to me that Michel had addressed his invitation, and before I could answer and decline, as I meant to do, although I wished very much to see Nicol's old home, he said: "It is perfectly proper for you to do so. Tourists not infrequently visit private houses when the owner is gone—for a compensation, of course. In this case there is no compensation. The owner is here, and invites you to enter. Will you come?"

"Yes, Miss Lucy, do. It will be something to tell at home," Mary entreated, while Chance leaped upon me and then

ran ahead, as if he were adding his invitation to his master's.

I could not well resist, and gave a rather unwilling assent, wondering whom we should meet inside—what woman, I mean. This question was soon settled by the gendarme, who said, as he ushered us into a long reception room, which to my Yankee eyes looked untidy and uncared for: "You must excuse whatever is amiss, and I am afraid there is a great deal out of order, according to your code of housekeeping. I am just now living a bachelor's life, as my mother has gone into the country for the summer, and Russian servants are not like the Yankees. I don't suppose the house has all been swept since she went away. Now, what would you like to see most?" he asked, as we stood looking around us rather awkwardly.

"Oh, everything," Mary replied—"the bedrooms and the kitchen. I've heard the latter was awful; not yours, especially, but everybody's."

She was certainly irrepressible and rude, and I tried to stop her, but the gendarme, who seemed pleased with her sprightliness, laughed good-naturedly, and said: "You are right, I think, and a Russian kitchen is a terror, particularly when the mistress is gone, and Chance and I keep house. As to bedrooms, my mother and I are civilized enough each to have one, but in some grand houses the master and mistress ignore such trivial things as bedrooms, and sleep on couches improvised as beds, while the servants sleep on the floor, or where they can find a place."

"Horrible!" was Mary's exclamation, as she held up her short dress, as if fearful of contamination.

Evidently the gendarme was proud of his house, leaving the kitchen out of the question. That we did not see, nor madame's bedroom, nor his; but he took us through suites of rooms, on the walls of which were some fine pictures, while the massive furniture had once been very handsome and costly. But the heavy brocade upholsterings were faded and frayed; the solid rosewood and mahogany tables and chairs were tarnished and scratched; there was

dust everywhere, and one of the small silken couches was evidently Chance's bed, when he chose to make it so, for he sprang upon it and lay down with his eyes watching us intently.

"I think it awful untidy. Where are the servants, I wonder," Mary said to me in a low voice, but not so low that the gendarme did not hear her, and reply: "I think it is rather untidy, but mother will soon right it up when she comes; she is a raging housekeeper. As to servants, there are plenty of them, such as they are. I dare say the most of them are asleep in the sunshine."

Up to this time I had said but little. Something was choking me as I went through the rooms where Nicol used to live, and I tried to imagine him there with his fastidious ideas and his dainty dress, free from spot or blemish.

"It must have been different then," I thought, and I said: "Mr. Patoff told me they sometimes had as many as forty servants in his day."

"Oh, yes," the gendarme replied. "No doubt of it. I think we at one time had sixty, before the emancipation of the serfs, when labor cost nothing."

"Sixty!" Mary repeated. "Why, at home if we have one we do well. What did sixty do?"

"I hardly know," the gendarme answered her. "I think they fell over each other and quarreled mostly, and only did one thing, and then their duties were over for that day. We have fewer servants now and better service."

Mary arched her eyebrows as she looked around for signs of service, and finally wrote with her finger the word "shiftless" in the dust which lay thickly on the highly polished surface of a handsome inlaid table. If the gendarme saw it he made no sign, but took us to the next floor through other rooms filled with old and expensive furniture, but in none of which I could have sat down with a homelike feeling. I was beginning to get tired, and showed it, when he said: "I must take you to my den, and then I am through."

He opened a door into a large, airy room looking out upon the Nevsky and the Neva.

"This is something like!" Mary exclaimed, pirouetting across the floor and seating herself in a large easy-chair near the window. "This is like home," and she looked around her, admiringly.

"I am glad you like it. I come here to rest after a worry with passports and nihilists," the gendarme said, with a look which was lost on me.

My attention had been attracted from the first by a full-length portrait of a young man hanging over the mantel.

"Nicol Patoff!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands with a firm grip, and feeling the tears spring to my eyes as my thoughts went back to the old school-room, the lessons learned there, and the handsome young Russian whom this portrait brought so vividly to my mind.

It must have been taken before he came to America, when he was not more than twenty, but there was no mistaking the fair, smooth face, the lines of the mouth just breaking into a laugh, or the expression of the soft brown eyes, with that far-away look in them.

"You recognize it?" the gendarme said, and I answered, quickly: "Recognize it! Of course I do! I should know Nicol wherever I met him, whether in his old home or in the wilds of Siberia. He was younger when this was taken than when I knew him. He is an old man now."

"Yes, very old," the gendarme replied, sarcastically. "Forty-five, at least. Old enough to die, if he is not already dead."

By this time my companions had crowded around the picture, commenting upon it and wondering where the original was, and how his portrait came into the possession of the Seguins. It was Mary, as usual, who asked direct questions.

"Funny his portrait should be here, if he had anywhere to put it. How came you by it, and where is he?" she asked.

The gendarme did not answer at once, but seemed to be considering what to say. Then he suddenly grew very communicative.

"As you are so interested in the Patoffs, and some of you knew Nicol," he said, "I may tell you that the family was once very wealthy, but reverses came, and they sold this house to us, with all there was in it. They were leaving the city for Constantinople, and did not care to take anything with them. Some time they might return, they said, but they never have." He was sitting near an old-fashioned writing desk of mahogany, and, putting his hand upon it, he continued: "This was Nicol's desk, and in it are some souvenirs he must have picked up in America, and perhaps forgot to take with him, or intended to come back for them. There is a dollar greenback, a fifty-cent piece, a little silk flag, with stars and stripes, and——" He hesitated a moment and then went on: "In a small pearl box and tied with a white ribbon is a long curl of hair—a woman's hair. Please let me open that window. You look faint, and it is very warm here," he said, breaking suddenly from his talk of Nicol's treasures and raising a sash behind me, as he saw me gasp for breath.

The cool air from the river revived me, or I should have fallen, the atmosphere grew so thick and the room so black as I saw myself a young girl under the maple tree giving a lock of my hair to Nicol Patoff, who had seemed so eager to get it, and who had cared so little for it as to leave it with strangers when the house was sold.

"You do look spotted and queer, and it is awful hot in here," Mary said, fanning me with her hat; then turning to the gendarme, she continued: "A lock of hair, a greenback, a fifty-cent piece and a flag! There is a romance hidden in this desk. What is the color of the hair?"

She looked at my heavy braids, but her countenance fell when the gendarme replied: "Black as night!"

I knew he lied, but blessed him for it, feeling sure that he guessed on whose head the hair once grew, and wished to spare me from Mary's badinage.

She was very young and irrepressible, and went on: "Funny he should have

left them, unless he had to run away. Can we see them?"

"Certainly not," he replied. "It was wrong in me to speak of them, perhaps, and it would be a greater wrong to show them."

"I guess you are right," Mary said, while I made a move toward the door.

The sight of Nicol's picture and the mystery attending him had affected me strangely, making me faint and sick, and I longed to be in the fresh air outside.

"You will stay for a cup of tea? Ludovic will prepare it at once, and we have some rare old china," the gendarme said, but I declined the tea and hurried from the room. As we emerged from the gloomy vestibule into the summer sunshine, the gendarme said to me, in a tone too low for even Mary to hear: "You have seen Nicol Patoff's old home. Could you ever have lived here with him?"

He had no right to ask me such a question, and I felt my face grow red and my hair prickle at the roots, as I answered, promptly: "Never with him, nor anyone else!"

Why I added the last clause I do not know. There had been no reference to my living there with anyone but Nicol, and that was an impossibility. The gendarme laughed, and said: "Yankee habits and Russian customs would not affiliate well, I am sure. It is better for you to be as you are, and Nicol as he is."

"Where is he, and of what is he suspected?" I asked, looking the officer square in his face, while his lids drooped lower over his eyes and the ridge on his forehead grew deeper.

"It is too long a story, and madame would believe nothing against Nicol if I told her," he said.

He seemed to take my liking for Nicol for granted, and it made me angry, but my reply was to thank him for his courtesy in showing us the house, saying I knew my companions had enjoyed it, and that some of them would undoubtedly make it a subject for a paper for some of the clubs to which they belonged.

"Clubs, yes!" he rejoined, with animation. "I hear your country is full of them, and of societies called for letters of the alphabet, 'D. A. R.'s,' and 'G. A. R.'s,' and 'Y. M. C. A.'s,' and 'W. C. T. U.'s,' and 'Y. P. C. E.'s,' and a host more. I got an American to give me the list, and what they all meant, and tried to commit it to memory, but gave it up. I'd like to see an article any of you might write on our house. I hope you will omit the general untidiness. It is better when mother is at home," he said, with a bow, as he bade us good-by, saying we were welcome to call again whenever we chose. The old porter knew us now for friends, and would let us in at any time.

"I don't know why we should ever care to go into that old house again, smelling of must and rats. Forty servants! And I don't think the windows had been washed this summer, or the big salon dusted," was Mary's comment as we walked rapidly toward our hotel, for it was getting near dinner time.

During the next week we scoured St. Petersburg, as well as eight women without a guide could scour it, and by some means gained access to places which our whilom conductor, Henri, who still lounged at the hotel, told us were impossible to be seen without permits from the highest authorities. We had no permits, and just walked in as a matter of course.

Everything seemed to give way to us, and we went about far more fearlessly, I think, than the czar when he occasionally drove into town with his armed police beside him. We had no guard; even Chance had deserted us, and we saw nothing of him or his master after the day we visited the Patoff house. We passed the place two or three times, and always stopped a moment to look at it, but there was nothing attractive in its gloomy, shut-up appearance. The master was evidently absent from the city, and I was not willing to admit that I missed him; but I did, and missed Chance more, feeling always a sense of security when he was with us.

But this did not prevent us from going wherever the fancy took us—some-

times on the beautiful river Neva, the glory of the city; sometimes in *droskies*, which were not so terrible as the first one I had tried; but oftener on foot, feeling sure that our numbers and nationality protected us, and gaining courage and daring, until suddenly confronted with an experience we had not counted upon.

CHAPTER. V.

THE RUSSIAN HIGHWAYMAN.

Of all our party, next to myself, Mary was the fondest of walking, and went with me oftener on long excursions. We had driven up and down the Nevsky two or three times, but had never walked its entire length, as I proposed doing a few days before our intended departure from the city. It was one of those bright, sunshiny afternoons, which almost make amends for the ice and snow in which the city is wrapped a great portion of the year. There were very few in the street, either in the fashionable or common part of the Nevsky, and the air was so invigorating that we felt no fatigue, but walked on and on, past the Patoff house, which showed some signs of life.

A door and windows were open, and we saw a lackey or two dodging in and out. Probably the master had returned, and I felt a little thrill of pleasure at the thought of meeting him again. It was impossible not to like him for his great friendliness and the many times he had made it easy for us in a city hedged round with rules and spies and officials ready to take advantage of us.

For a long time after passing the Patoff house we went on until, at last, we turned into quarters where I had never been. A glance told me that it was peopled by the poorest class; still, I kept on, noticing how hard were the faces of the women and how squalid and dirty were the children playing by the doors of the houses. I had been anxious to talk with this class of people and hear from their own lips a history of their lives and their much vaunted adoration of the czar, who could do no wrong.

Here was my opportunity, and I was about to accost a tired-faced woman, and had bowed to her smilingly, when suddenly I was confronted by a shabbily dressed young man, whose cringing manner bespoke the professional beggar. Not knowing that I could understand him, he held out his hand and then put it to his mouth, in token of hunger, a trick I had seen many times in Italy.

"What do you want?" I asked, drawing back from him, as he came so near to me that I smelled his breath of bad tobacco and vodka.

At the sound of his own language his face brightened, and he exclaimed: "God be praised, madame speaks Russian. She is kind, I know, and was sent to help me, and will give me a few kopecks for my sick wife and two starving children. I came from Moscow a few weeks ago to get work, but can find none, with everybody out of the city. Fifty kopecks are all I ask."

He was still holding his hand very close to me, and once touched my arm, while I was thinking what to do, and doubting the propriety of giving the man the fifty kopecks asked for. It was not a large sum—about twenty-five cents—for a sick wife and two starving children. In my weakness—for I am weak where poverty is concerned—I might have yielded, if Mary had not pulled my sleeve and whispered frantically: "Come away, Miss Lucy, the man is an impostor. I believe we are among thieves."

He could not have understood her words, but he divined their import, and instantly his manner changed from a hungry beggar to that of a resolute bandit, sure of his prey. Snatching with one hand at the bag at my side, in which I was supposed to carry money, with the other he clutched at the ring on my ungloved hand, trying to wrench it from my finger. It was not a large stone, but a fine one, and its brilliancy in the sunlight had attracted his notice.

I held to my bag with one hand, but with the other I was powerless, for he held it as in a vise. I felt there was no use appealing to the women near us for help. They were looking on

stolidly, as if a theft in open day was nothing new to them. One, however—the tired-faced woman to whom I had bowed—seemed agitated, and suggested that I call the police.

But there were none in sight. The street seemed deserted. Even the *butki*, or box, on the far corner of the street or square, where three men are always supposed to be stationed to keep order, seemed also deserted, and I was left to fight my antagonist alone, with the probable result of being defeated. Suddenly, like an inspiration, Chance came into my mind. If he were there I was safe. I did not know that he was home, but in my desperation I called with all my might: "Chance, Chance, I want you!"

Almost before his name had left my lips I heard the thud of his feet, like the hoofbeats of a horse, and knew that he was coming, but not the Chance I had ever seen before—mild-eyed and gentle as a baby. Every part of his body was bristling with rage, making him twice as big as usual. His eyes were red as balls of fire and his teeth showed white between his open jaws. If I had not known him I should have thought him mad, and, as it was, I felt a little shiver of fear as he came rushing on with a low, angry growl and his head low down.

The bandit's back was to him, and he did not know the danger threatening him until Chance came round in front, and two big feet struck him in the stomach, stretching him upon the

ground, with Chance standing over him and looking at me for instructions as to what he should do next. I had heard some Russian oaths, but never any quite so fierce as those which came from the lips of the prostrate young man, who had wrenched my bag from my side and kept it with a tight grip.

"Chance," I said, pointing to the bag, "that is mine! Get it for me!"

He understood, and in a moment the bag was in my hand, and on that of the bandit was an ugly wound, where Chance's teeth had been. The dog still kept his place over the fallen man, growling angrily whenever his foe attempted to rise.

"Please, lady, call him off," the man pleaded, his face white and his teeth chattering with terror.

I was nearly as white as he was, and trembling in every limb as I stood looking at him.

"Oh, please let me go before he nabs me," he continued, as, lifting up his head, he looked down the long street, where

a policeman was just appearing in response to a tardy summons from the *butki*. "I've been in a dungeon; I've had the knout; and they did not make me any better. Let me go," he said. "I did wrong, and am sorry."

The knout and dungeon had an ugly sound. All my womanly pity awoke for the wretch, who was little more than a boy.

"I'll give you another chance to do better," I said, bidding the dog come to me, which he did rather unwillingly,



Instantly his manner changed from that of a hungry beggar to that of a bandit.

growling savagely as the man sprang up, and, picking up his hat, exclaimed: "Thanks, lady. I'll not forget it," and then disappeared into some den or alley.

The women began to gather around me by this time, all talking together, and evidently so pleased at the escape of the thief that I was almost as much afraid of them as of him. The tired-faced woman, however, who had suggested the police, was different, and when she asked me to sit down I assented, for I was very tired, and went toward her door.

Bringing a broom, she swept the step clean, and, taking off her apron, folded it and laid it down for a cushion for Mary and me, while she took a seat inside the door.

The policeman now came up, and began to question the crowd as to the recent disturbance. At sight of him the children drew back and huddled closely together, but the women stood their ground and began to tell the story, but shielded the thief as much as possible. A man had snatched at madame's purse and she had set the dog on him, was the amount of information, until a child called out in a little piping voice, as she pointed toward me:

"Ask her, she talks our way."

Scanning me very closely, as if I had been some rare curiosity, the man said: "You are the American madame who speaks our language so well?"

I did not like his face or his manner. He was brusque and rough and different from any gendarme with whom I had come in contact, but I replied that I was from America, and could speak his language.

"Tell me, then," he said, "the right of this row. I can make nothing from the jargon of these cattle, who evidently wish to shield their friend."

I told him the story briefly, and described the man as well as I could.

"Carl Zimosky, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, bringing his fist down upon his side, and addressing himself to the women, one of whom nodded.

Then, turning to me with an angry frown, he continued: "And *you* let him

escape! *You* let Carl Zimosky go, when you might have kept him so easily. Carl Zimosky is one of the worst felons we have, and is slippery as an eel—a thief and a pickpocket. A sick wife and two starving children! He has no wife, nor children. He is not twenty-one. We have had him up twice."

"Yes, he told me he had been in a dungeon and under the knout, and they made him worse," I said, looking at him very calmly and coolly.

"And perhaps that is the reason you let him go. You thought him a nihilist, and I've been told you sympathize with them. Madame," he continued, his voice growing louder and his manner so offensive that Chance got up, looked at him and growled, shook his sides, looked at me, and lay down again nearer to me, with his head stretched forward, as if listening, while the gendarme went on—"madame, these things may do in the United States, but not here in Russia. You may get into trouble, if you *are* a woman and an American."

He fairly swelled with importance as he delivered this threatening speech, which did not move me except to make me angry. I was not afraid. I knew that at a word from me Chance would have him by the throat, and of what might come after that I did not think or care.

"Sir," I began, rising to my feet, in order to look over the heads of the women, who, at the man's angry words, had gathered in front of me like a fence, to keep me from harm—"sir, do you think I am going to stay all the afternoon keeping guard over Carl Simpsy, or Simpson, or whatever his name is, waiting for you or some other laggard to come? Where were you, that you were not attending to your business? I have seen policemen in all parts of the city except here, where it seems they are needed—"

"And where you ought never to have come," he interrupted, in a much lower tone than he had at first assumed. "It is no place for women alone, and I don't believe you'd get away with any money or jewelry you may have about you now if it were not for that dog. Where in

Heaven's name did he come from? I thought Seguin was out of town. This Zimosky is suspected of robbing his house last night, and we are looking for him."

"Robbed Michel Seguin's house!" I exclaimed, a half wish throbbing through my brain that I had detained the man.

The gendarme must have guessed my thought, for he said, with a sneering smile: "Madame feels differently now that Seguin is concerned. I have heard you were friendly with him."

I was too angry to answer, and I felt that my face was as red as my hair. The women began at once to ask questions concerning the robbery, but the gendarme did not deign to answer them. They were *cattle*, as he had designated them, and as just then there came a whistle which he understood, with a scowl at the women and children, and a look I did not like at myself, he walked away in pursuit of some poor wretch—Carl, perhaps, I thought, as I sat down again upon the doorstep, faint and tired from my recent encounter.

Only the woman on whose doorstep and on whose apron I was sitting was willing to talk. She seemed superior to her neighbors, with a look upon her face as if nothing mattered to her now. In reply to my questions, she said that Paul Strigoff, the gendarme who had just left us, was one of the hardest and cruelest of the lot, and he was more a German than a Russian. Carl had been in prison and nearly killed with the knout, but he had his good parts, and would share his last crust or kopeck with a friend.

"He is—" and she hesitated a moment—then began in tolerably fair English, and when I looked at her in surprise, she explained that she had once lived in England for a year and learned the language. "I was not always what I am now," she said. "It is a great fall from the Court Quay to this place, but I have made the descent, and was so bruised and stunned that life holds nothing for me now—nothing, and what goes on around me rather amuses me. I have been a suspect—arrested as such,

and put in prison. Oh, the horror and shame of it, and I as innocent as you. My husband is in Siberia—sent there rightfully, I suppose, according to the laws of this land. I have no children, thank God, but"—and red spots began to come out on her thin face—"it is not known to many here—but Carl is my nephew. A good boy once as ever the sun shone on. But they arrested him for something he never heard of, and nearly killed him with the knout to make him confess what he knew nothing of. When satisfied that they could get nothing from him, they let him go, and he crept to me in the night with his poor back all gashed and bleeding, and every particle of manhood crushed out of him. There is nothing like the knout administered wrongfully to take the pride from a man and make him a fiend. Carl is pretty bad now, and does not care. I am sorry he attacked you, and wonder that he did. He must have had too much vodka. You should not have come here, and the sooner you go the better. Your friend is greatly upset."

She looked at Mary, who was very white and very busy trying to keep herself from the children who were pressing round her, and who had been joined by other children from some quarter. On one of them I recognized my hat which I had discarded on the first day of my arrival. The same girl I had then seen with it on was wearing it, and had twisted a piece of faded blue tarleton around it in place of the ribbon and flower which I suppose some other child was wearing. At sight of it I laughed. The world seemed so small, with many wires converging to the same point, and just now to this neighborhood, where I knew I ought not to be. But I must ask the woman a question before I left, and, turning to her, I said: "Do you know Michel Seguin?"

"Only as a terror to the nihilists and thieves. I've never spoken to him," she said. "I hear that, although he is quick to catch 'em, he is kind after they are caught. Very different from Paul Strigoff, who has come up from the scum of Moscow and feels his impor-

tance as a gendarme, while Michel Seguin is a gentleman, and comes of a good family."

"Do you know where he lives?" I asked her next, and she replied: "Yes, on the Nevsky. He has money, and his mother is a lady."

"And did you ever know or hear of the Patoff family, who first owned the house? There was a Nicol Patoff, a young man. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Patoff?" she replied. "No, I don't know them. They must have left before I came to St. Petersburg. The Seguins lived there then."

"Thanks," I said. "And now I really must go. Come, Mary."

I stooped to help her up, and before I got her to her feet and away from the woman who was again offering her vodka, I was conscious that some new impulse had been given to the crowd, which had pressed disagreeably near to me as I bent over Mary. The children began to scatter, and in the distance I saw my hat worn hindsides before, and hobbling up and down on the frowzy head of the peasant girl. The women, too, began to move off toward their own homes, while Chance started up and, with a joyous bark, ran swiftly up the street, where a tall gendarme was coming toward us with rapid strides and swinging a little cane, which I had heard could, on occasion, make itself felt.

"Michel Seguin!" I almost screamed, as I clutched Mary's arm and drew her along with me. "Oh, I am so glad," I said, stretching out my disengaged hand to Michel, who took it, while with his other hand he relieved me of Mary, who, at sight of him, began to recover her strength and courage.

And so, without a word of inquiry or explanation, we walked away from that quarter to the Nevsky, which had never seemed so bright and pleasant as it did when we at last sat down upon a bench with Michel between us, still holding our hands, as if he had us in custody.

"Now tell me," he said, "how came you in that quarter, of all others? It is

no place to walk. What took you there?"

"My miserable curiosity," I said, with a sob in my voice. "I wanted to explore new places and see all sorts and conditions of people."

"I think you probably saw them," he answered. "I reached home about noon. I saw you go by, but was too busy to speak to you. Knowing your fondness for long walks, I concluded you were taking one, but as time passed and you did not return, I sent Chance to find you. What happened to upset you so?"

It was Mary who began to tell the story. I could not. The thought of it made me faint again, and, without knowing it, I leaned rather heavily against Michel, while in a voice half choked with nervous tears Mary related our experience with the thief and the part Chance had in it.

The dog seemed to know what she was saying, for he stamped his feet and shook his head, turned a somersault or two, and finally came and, putting his nose in his master's lap, looked earnestly at him for commendation. "Good Chance," was all the return he could get, for both the gendarme's hands were in use, one holding me, the other holding Mary, while he listened with rapt attention, and when she mentioned the name of the thief he started and let go my hand.

"Carl Zimosky!" he repeated. "He is the most expert thief we have. I never knew him openly attack one in daylight before. Such things are not common. There are too many police around, besides the three in the *butkis*."

"Great good they did us!" I exclaimed. "I don't believe they were on guard, or else they were asleep, and your fine policeman, Paul Strigoff, took his time to get to us, and when he came he was exceedingly insolent because I had let the thief go."

"Paul Strigoff!" and Michel laughed. "And so you fell in with him, too! You did have an adventure! Paul and Carl! I wish myself you could have kept the latter till we found whether he had my watch."

"Your watch!" I repeated, remembering suddenly what I had heard of his house being robbed. "Was your house really entered? Strigoff said so."

"Yes," he answered. "When I reached home I found the servants in a great commotion. My house had been entered by some one—a quantity of silver taken, and a gold watch, which I prized very highly because—because—" he hesitated, then went on: "It is an American watch, made in Waltham, and, you know, they are valuable. It was Nicol's. He brought it home with him, and it has 'Ridgefield' on it, and the date when he bought it."

"How came you by it?" I asked, rather sharply, and he replied: "Just as I came by the house and the other articles. All fair, as I once told you. The Patoffs were not cheated."

Here was a new complication, with Nicol in it. I remembered the watch perfectly. It was bought at a jeweler's in Ridgefield, who kept only the best wares. Nicol had seemed rather proud of it, and consulted it frequently if the day was hot, the lessons hard and his pupils stupid and anxious to be free.

"And you suspect Carl Zimosky?" I asked, in an unsteady voice.

"Yes, we always suspect him. He is what you Americans call a bad egg—into one scrape as soon as he is out of another."

"And I let him go!" I said. "He begged so hard and looked so scared; but I'll try and get the watch for you if he has it."

"You!" and he laughed derisively. "Will you turn detective, and go into the dives after him? He eludes us every time."

"No," I answered, thinking of the tired-faced woman, his aunt, whom they called Ursula. I should work through her, but I did not say so, as I did not wish to bring her into the trouble if I could help it.

"I do not know for sure that he has the watch, but I am sure you cannot get it if he has," the gendarme said.

"Let me try, and don't go after him

until I have given him up," I said. "He has been in prison once and under the knout, and his back is all cut and scarred. It is horrible, and I hate the whole system, and am glad we are going away in a few days."

"Going away so soon?" the gendarme asked, and in his voice there was genuine regret, such as we feel when parting from a friend.

"Yes," I answered, not quite in the tone I had at first assumed.

I could not understand the influence this man had over me, or the sense of restfulness I felt as I walked beside him on the Nevsky, till we reached his house, which, at his invitation, we entered, hearing from the porter and a head servant an account of the robbery, which was so adroitly done as to leave in their minds no doubt that the thief was Carl Zimosky.

"But we'll get him—we'll get him," the porter said, with a shake of his gray head, "and the knout will soon make him give up the plunder, if he has it."

I shuddered, but made no remark. I meant to get the watch if Carl had it, though how, I scarcely knew. It was growing late, and I was too tired to walk the remaining distance to the hotel. I would take a *drosky*, I said, and with Mary was soon being hurled along the street in an old vehicle and at a pace which threatened the dislocation of our limbs, if, indeed, we were not thrown into the street.

If anyone at the hotel had heard of the robbery at Michel Seguin's house, nothing was said of it, and by mutual consent Mary and I kept our own counsel with regard to our adventure. We had had a long walk, and been in a queer part of the city, we said, when questioned, and that was all. I was more tired and excited than I had ever been in my life, and I made my fatigue an excuse for retiring early to my room, where I lay awake far into the night, devising means for getting Michel's watch, if possible, from the hands of Carl Zimosky, if he had it, or through him from the one who did have it.

The Public and the Post Office

By A. Frederick Collins and T. Byard Collins

THE postal department of our government was devised and organized primarily for the good of the people—for their unification, their pleasure, their convenience and their profit; for their pleasure, as in personal correspondence; for their unification and profit, as in the diffusion of knowledge and in the transactions of business. Its development has for many years been hampered and stunted for the enrichment—for the enormous enrichment—of a small coterie of individuals, to the detriment of the people and at their expense.

When John Wanamaker, as honest, upright, broad-minded, public-spirited and capable a citizen as ever held the office, was postmaster general—1889-'93—he was asked why the laws, admittedly archaic, which governed his department were not brought up to date, so that the people might reap in full the benefits to which they were so plainly entitled, he replied: "There are four reasons: First, the American Express Company; second, the Adams Express Company; third, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and, fourth, the Southern Express Company."

In Mr. Wanamaker's reports to Congress, there are recommendations for the reduction of postal rates, so that matter which now requires a two-cent stamp would cost but half that amount; he urges that pneumatic tube systems be provided in the great cities, so that mail, in these centers of population, instead of being carted through the crowded streets by cumbersome and slow-going mail wagons, might be shot, noiselessly and swiftly, overhead or underground, from one end of the city to the other; he asks Congress to provide for postal telegraph rates and postal

savings banks; and, more important still, and this is the point of chief interest in this discussion, he recommends that the laws regulating the carrying of parcels in the mails be so modified as greatly to extend this convenience to the people.

John Wanamaker's reports bear the stamp of the statesman. In comparison with those of subsequent postmaster generals, they are both instructive and impressive. The department, under such men as Payne, who, when his notice was directed to probable frauds—frauds which were subsequently proven to exist—frauds of enormous extent and of many years' growth, and which had become so vigorous as to crop out here and there upon the very surface of the department—under Mr. Payne, who sought to silence inquiry and allay suspicion by his famous though not hyperclassical reply: "Hot air," to those who sought to bring these matters to his attention—under such management the department had, of course, nothing favorable to say of the savings which might be effected in the construction of its buildings, nothing favorable of reductions in postal rates, nothing favorable of a postal telegraph, nothing favorable of a parcels post. In the Wanamaker reports, however, we read: "The parcels post seems to me to be most important." And again: "There is no mistaking the fact that the parcels post is a success wherever—in foreign countries—it is in operation." And yet again: "In point of fact, there are but four strong objections to the parcels post, and they are the four great express companies."

To-day we are precisely where, we were when Mr. Wanamaker went out of office twelve years ago. His imme-

diat successors opposed his propositions and scouted his schemes. The appropriation of twenty thousand dollars, which he secured from Congress by dint of unanswerable argument and undaunted perseverance for the beginnings of a pneumatic tube system in the great cities, was declared by the man who succeeded him in office to be fifty per cent. more than could be wisely spent for that purpose, and so ten thousand dollars of that ridiculously inadequate amount was returned to the treasury.

But surely the enlightened policy of John Wanamaker finds advocacy in the present administration! Not at all. On the contrary, judging from a statement recently put on record by a highly influential personage—Mr. Loud, who represented the department in the Universal Postal Convention held in Rome in April—it is the present policy of the post-office authorities not to extend but to restrict still further its usefulness. "I believe," declares this eminent gentleman, "that the department should enter less and less into competition with private enterprise," meaning, necessarily, the express and railroad companies, since these are the only private enterprises which would profit by the further restrictions of post-office facilities.

But why argue for a parcels post when we already have it, for everybody knows that parcels up to four pounds in weight may be sent by mail from one end of the country to the other, to our foreign possessions and to foreign lands. The reason for the agitation regarding a parcels post when we already have it is that, as we have it, it is so emasculated by restrictions and aborted by excessive charges as to render it a travesty rather than a great utility. Sixteen cents a pound!—this is the postage. Let the farmer, the mechanic, the householder of whatever occupation, declare to what extent he could afford to have small packages for which he was in haste sent him by mail at such a rate as this. Ask the manufacturer or the merchant to what extent such a post is available, either for his convenience or his profit. The fact of the case is that

the limitations of weight and the excessive charges are practically prohibitive of general usefulness, just as they are intended to be, while the express companies of the country enrich themselves by levying on the people a rate just under the prohibitive point.

Think of the curtailment of business that must result from the operations of such a system as this. Remember that "commerce, in its last analysis, resolves itself into the delivery of packages." Remember that every individual—man or woman—who uses the mails or the express for the transmission of packages, however infrequently and to whatever limited amount, contributes his quota to the enrichment of the already rich, which, in itself, should be subject to no adverse criticism, but that he does this under compulsion, to his own detriment and at his own cost.

Bermuda, the delightful land which so many of our people visit annually, is an island lying but twenty-four hours by steamer from our coast. With an adequate parcels post—that is, a post carrying packages of from three to thirty times the weight now admitted to our mails, and *at cost*—since this is the theory upon which the postal department was founded and upon which everybody admits it should still be conducted—with such a post, the merchandise of Bermuda could be supplied by our dealers, and the trade of the island, with all its emoluments, would fall naturally into our hands. Equally is this true of Honduras and the islands of the Caribbean Sea—Cuba, Porto Rico, etc. It has been estimated that in this direction alone a commerce of millions would at once offer itself to the enterprise and interest of our people. As it is, the residents of the West Indies and of other parts read the advertisements of our merchants with a kind of maddened irritation and then proceed to buy goods at retail in Paris, London and Berlin, whence deliveries are made them by post at the rate of 60 cents per 11 pounds. But if our advertisements are attractive to these people, why do they not buy of us? Because a package large enough to make it worth while—

anything over 4 pounds—is not admitted to our mails at all, and the cost of getting it to these destinations by other means is from five to eight dollars.

With the well-deserved reputation of our country for enterprise, energy and up-to-date business methods, it is singular that we should be so far behind almost every European government in the development of our postal service. England carries 11-pound packages in her mails, which encircle the globe. Germany, France, Switzerland—these countries draw the limit of weight of mailable packages only at 110 pounds, but the United States, with five times the railroad mileage per 10,000 population, and therefore with five times the facilities for performing such service—the United States limits its mailable packages to a paltry 4 pounds each, and then charges from 100% to 6,000% more for delivering the goods. A few per cent.—3 or 5—make an immense difference in business enterprises.

Consider, then, the disadvantages of our merchants in competition with those of Germany, for instance. We pay our department of posts 16 cents a pound on the microscopic 4 pounds which we are allowed to send, and such a parcel costs us 64 cents, though we mail it only from New York to Jersey City, or from Chicago to Evanston; while England takes the 11 pounds mailed by her citizen and carries it over the length of the British Isles and delivers it at the door of the consignee at a fraction over 2 cents a pound—25 cents for the 11 pounds. As against our 64 cents per 4 pounds, Germany carries 11 pounds throughout her dominion for 12 cents, and Switzerland performs a similar service for her people for 8 cents. And the anomaly of it is intensified by the fact that, whereas our citizen must pay 64 cents for his little package, however short the distance of its transportation, the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, may mail a package weighing nearly three times as much—mail it at Berlin, Paris, London, or at the furthestmost limit of his native land—and, if so directed, your

Uncle Samuel will, upon its arrival at his ports, receive it with the utmost urbanity, and send it on its way to the uttermost outpost of his domain with no other postal charges than those already paid at the foreign office where the package was first deposited.

It is, of course, objected that, in comparison with European countries, our population is so sparse and our distances are so great as to make a reduction of rates impracticable. If this were true, we might still advocate the system adopted in Germany and Switzerland, where the territory is divided into zones of so many miles each, with a varying rate for the different distances over which the transportation is effected. But the objection is largely invalidated by the facts. The relative density of population in Europe is more than counterbalanced by our greater proportionate railway mileage and the superiority of our railway equipment. As to distances, it is established that the cost of transportation lies largely in the cost of equipment, in fixed expenses, as for salaries, etc.; and in terminal expenses, such as loading, unloading and storing. The distances over which the goods are hauled are relatively of small consequence.

Take the testimony offered in the "milk cases," which were tried before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1895. The railroads were then carrying milk into New York City at a uniform rate throughout a radius of a fraction over 400 miles. Testifying before the commission, George R. Blanchard, of the Joint Traffic Association, declared that there was no reason why the zone of uniform rates should not be extended to a thousand miles, and Messrs. Rogers, Locke and Milburn, counsel for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, stated that "the distance—over which the rate should be uniform—need only be limited by the length of time required to make it with the train and meet the wants of the New York market." And the reason given was "that the expense incident to the mere length of haul is so small in comparison

with the other necessary charges as to make this item negligible; the cost of the delivery of the can at the New York terminal—Hoboken—is in no sense dependent upon the length of its haul."

According to the testimony of the railroads themselves, therefore, the matter of distance is a negligible factor in the cost of transportation. But, admitting that it were otherwise—for it is undeniable that we have great distances in this country, and it requires time to cover distance, and, under such circumstances, there is a slightly heavier payroll of employees, and more fuel for the engines is of course required—it remains true that there is no item in the count which satisfactorily explains the yawning discrepancy—amounting, in certain comparisons, to 6,000%—between our postal rates on parcels and the postal rates on identical goods transmitted in the mails in foreign countries. If the German rate— $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent a pound—is too cheap, the American rate is outrageously exorbitant, and the American people have a right to know the reason why.

If further argument were needed along this line, it might be pointed out that New Zealand is also a land of "magnificent distances," that she has only 7 people to the square mile compared with our 22, with Great Britain's 314 and Germany's 270, yet the parcels post of New Zealand equals in efficiency that of England, while England, with a population more dense than that of Germany, is yet far behind the latter country in the extent of her postal facilities, showing conclusively that the development of this great public utility is in no sense determined by area of territory or density of population, but by the sufferance of the people, the character of the statesmen and politicians who have the matter in charge, and in the degree to which private transportation companies are able to abort or render nugatory legislative measures looking to the general welfare.

A full disclosure of the relations existing between the express companies

and the post office department would be both interesting and instructive. A single instance, in illustration, is afforded by an experience of a Chicago publisher. A Tibetan-English dictionary was sent him from Bengal, India, with *postage fully prepaid*. In any other civilized country on earth that dictionary would have been forwarded promptly to the local post office of the consignee, and in many countries it would have been delivered at his door. Not so in the United States. By some hocus-pocus of legerdemain that package, upon its arrival in this country, was transferred from the mail bags of the government to the tender mercies of the United States Express Company, by whom it was held up in New York with a charge of \$4.10; and, before delivery, this amount was actually extorted from the consignee, in reply to whose protest to the post office authorities the cheerful and final word was returned that "the department could afford him no relief." There is ample reason to believe that John Brisben Walker, who has made an exhaustive study of the whole postal problem, is well within the limits of a conservative statement in his declaration that "persons are placed in the post office department for the purpose not of developing the service, but of protecting and playing into the hands of private interests."

The express companies have, of course, not always had the hold on this public utility that they now have. Years have been required to attain present conditions, and designs and purposes which are even yet not fully revealed were at first but dimly suspected. Then a man, here and there, with special opportunities, became thoroughly convinced. As early as 1887, Postmaster General Vilas uttered this warning: "The peril to the public of private ownership is not lessened, but augmented, yearly. *I fully believe that there is a deliberate and prolonged attack on our postal system, with the intention of eventually turning it over to private companies.*" Twelve years ago Postmaster General Wanamaker

found that the grasp of these great monopolies had become so strong as effectually to restrain the department from extending its utilities, especially in the direction of carrying packages; and now the full and final purpose of the express companies, which Mr. Vilas saw but dimly nearly two decades ago, has sufficiently unfolded so that he who runs may read. Mr. Loud, as chairman of the Postal Committee of the House of Representatives, has left no doubt, not of his friendship, his indifference even, but of his positive enmity of the postal system. It has been but little more than a year since he recorded his position in regard to this interest over which he has such tremendous influence as follows: "Such business as the post office now does in carrying fourth-class matter should be done by private enterprise. If I had my way, the post office would give no more facilities than it does to-day. *It would give fewer.*" Mr. Loud was appointed to represent our post office system in the international postal convention held recently in Rome, and, without waiting for the report of that gathering, we may confidently forecast the trend of his work and of his influence in that body.

Demonstration of the intimate relation existing between the express companies and the post office and other departments of the government was made during the recent—May, '05—strike of the teamsters in Chicago. One would suppose that, with all the facilities now possessed by the postal system of the government for doing such work, it would transfer its own money from the local depot to the place of deposit in the sub-treasury building located in the same city. One would suppose such work to be right in its line. No other form of property is so readily, easily and quickly handled as the unbroken packages of government money. It is probably for this very reason that, while the mails are loaded with tons and hundreds of tons of matter by various executive departments of the government, for which no compensation is rendered to the department which does the work,

this particular form of property is consigned, in accordance with the views of Mr. Loud, to the care of private concerns, to whom compensation is rendered at exorbitant rates. In the early stages of the strike referred to, it was brought out that these private corporations had made representations under the stimulus of which the treasury department, "fearing that the express wagons might be attacked, or that the companies would be unable to fulfill their contract regarding the transfer of money," called upon the war department, which, in turn, "telegraphed Colonel Dugan, acting Commissioner of the Department of the Lakes, to use army wagons and a soldier guard, if the express wagons and the usual guard were not available."

The foregoing paragraphs suggest what the postal department might and probably would do for the good of the people but for the benign and blighting influence of those private interests which Mr. Vilas, when postmaster general, came to believe were "making a deliberate and prolonged attack on our postal system," and which Mr. Wanamaker, when in the same office, boldly declared, in his private conversation and in his public reports, were the all-effective obstructionists of it.

No sooner is reform in our post office department suggested than the cry is raised: "Impossible; the department is already losing money!" Unfortunately for the reformers and for the people, this statement is true. A deficit of some millions of dollars is annually reported by the department, and this deficit is the club with which the hirelings of those interested have for many years beaten off every effort which has been made to release to the people those magnificent utilities which are now made to grind in the mills of the philistines.

It is pertinent to inquire, therefore, the secret and sources of this deficit. If New Zealand can afford a world-wide letter rate of 2 cents—if the citizen of New Zealand can send his letter to the Bahamas, Martinique, all Europe, to the United States, all North America,

all South America, to Japan, China, Trinidad, Timbuctoo—to the world's end for 2 cents, why must the American citizen pay 5 cents—more than twice as much for a precisely similar service? If Germany finds it to the advantage of her people to carry packages up to 110 pounds in her mails at rates running down to $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent a pound, upon what basis of equity does our own post office charge 16 cents a pound, and then limit the weight of the package to a ridiculous 4 pounds? The invariable reply is that these rates are necessary, and that even these are insufficient to place the department on a self-sustaining basis. "Don't suggest reductions. Look at the deficit!"

It is admitted by everybody that the carrying of first-class matter—letters—at present rates is a most profitable procedure, and that this division of the business of mail carrying results in an annual surplus of many millions of dollars, but it is pointed out that this surplus is engulfed and disappears as completely as if it had never been in the general deficit, which results from other divisions of the service. It is settled, therefore, that if the other divisions were paying for themselves, we might have a domestic letter rate of one cent instead of two, as at present, and a world-wide rate of two cents, instead of five.

If, now, we turn to those divisions of the service in which the paralyzing deficits occur which are perpetually pointed out as the insuperable obstacles to a reduction of rates, we find that precisely the same principle of action which now guides the administration of the postal authorities would, if carried to a logical conclusion, result in a deficit, even if the present rates were increased by 25, 50 or 100%. In other words, it is not because present rates are insufficient to cover the legitimate expense of the service, but because the cost of certain portions of the service is extortionate and outrageous. Our entire postal system has been carefully and thoroughly studied by many investigators. Its abuses are freely admitted by every student not in the employ or

under the blight of the corporations interested. Exhaustive and authoritative reports on the subject have been made by congressional committees and commissions appointed for the purpose, and the findings of all are practically unanimous, that, "whereas we pay, on an average, eight cents a pound for the carrying of our mails, the best estimates to be made, from all the evidence available, is that the actual expense to the transportation companies is about one cent a pound, and that express companies, which are said to pay about 40% of their earnings to the railroads for hauling their cars, actually underbid the government on second-class matter, carrying it at less than one cent a pound." It is further reported that, "since the last reduction in the rates of mail transportation in 1878, general railroad rates have decreased 35%, and that if the department could have required a reduction of only 25%, the saving would have amounted to more than \$9,000,000 a year."

If the express companies, with their immense capitalization, their large dividends, their high-salaried officials, can successfully underbid the government on second-class matter, carrying great packages of that class at less than a cent a pound, and still make a profit, it seems reasonable to believe that there is something radically wrong with the administration of our post office, when it cannot afford to carry parcels at less than 16 cents a pound, and that even at that rate it must report a deficit. The secret lies, in part at least, as various investigators have pointed out, in the exorbitant rates paid to the railroads for transportation. The postmaster general's annual contribution to the railroads is one of the most long-standing and flagrant scandals in the government of this republic, yet public execration should not be directed at him personally, since he meets these extortionate demands, not of his own free will usually—at least there have been postmaster generals who did not—but they are met at the behests of Congress, the ostensible representative of the people.

There is yet another cause for the

annual deficit, and that is the shameful extent to which other departments of the government use the mails without compensating the department which does the work. In 1890, the postmaster general reported thus: "The most formidable item for consideration is the eight million dollars' worth of postal work performed annually, without pay, for the executive departments. If each of these departments had paid its postage, the revenues of the post office would have been \$8,000,000 a year more than they were." "At present," the report continues, "a part of the letter postage is applied to forwarding military supplies to the army, trees and shrubs to agricultural stations, and huge

boxes of census blanks to the furthest ends of the country. It does not seem fair to take the profits made upon letter postage and give it away to the war, agricultural and interior departments of the government."

But as this is a part of the scheme by which a deficit is perpetuated, and as this deficit is the means used to ward off those reforms which are not to the liking of the corporations for whose welfare Mr. Loud has put himself on record as being solicitous, it is not likely that anything will be done until the public, in general, awakes to the fact that it is being mercilessly plundered both of its privileges and of its pocket-book.



MERCILESS TRUTHS

THE problem of attracting the whole world's attention without incurring the ridicule of anyone has never yet been solved.

When drink enters into a man's mouth and steals away his brains it would be mighty hard to convict the drink of anything more serious than petit larceny.

The man who clings to steady work for wages all his life, when he might make something of himself independently, is a fool. So is the man who, believing the foregoing statement to be true, throws up a good job and fails to make a success of the independent venture. So take your choice.

Of all nature's quick processes, one of the most miraculous is that by which she instantaneously and indelibly labels the backboneless man as an easy mark.

The fiction writer who makes all his characters come out right has made considerable improvement on the process of creation.

Some men have to be half drunk before they begin to act naturally. Then everybody says they are drunk.

The man with too little ability to accomplish a week's work in six days will make his failure still more complete by bungling away on Sunday.

Philosophers say that suppressed tendencies in parents crop out in children. On that hypothesis, men and women who suppress all their good tendencies ought to have angelically good offspring.

The proudest man in the world is the freshly bereaved widower. Man naturally rejoices in the notoriety he can secure by being, for even a few days, the center of a community's sympathy. And the worse he carries on the more praise he will get from his neighbors for having been a model husband.

Many a man who shows his wife the inside of his heart has blind doors in the inner walls. And no one except the man himself knows whither those blind passageways lead.

S. W. G.



LOUIE GREENLAW'S HUSBAND

By
**MARAVENE
KENNEDY**

"WHAT'S t h e m a t t e r , Lou?" said h e r husband. "Ain't you well? You're as gloomy-lookin' as this weather. I wish't would snow an' be done with't. The clouds have been gatherin' for a week."

The young wife looked contemplatively at the man. His face was pleasing, particularly his deep blue eyes. They gave the impression of energy and force. Yet Russell Greenlaw had evinced no marked ability in his twenty-five years. A good farmer and neighbor, rather shrewd on a business deal, satisfied with the old ways and conditions, even-tempered and of good habits—such was the man Louie gazed upon with wondering eyes. His contentment puzzled her.

"I'm well," she answered. "Only—I wish there was windows on that side of the house. It's so pretty lookin' toward the lake. Why ain't there, Russ?"

"The wind always comes that way," he answered, placidly, "an' there's plenty of light comes from this side."

"But you can't see nothin' but one field and the hillside from here," objected Garvey, the hired man and Greenlaw's cousin as well. "It wouldn't cost much or let in much cold to fix a couple of windows on that side, Russ. I can do the work all right. I used to carpenter quite a bit."

Louie's soft blue eyes turned upon her husband in silent appeal.

"It's been that way for thirty-seven years," he repeated. "I guess we can stand it a while longer. Do you want windows on the north side, ma?" he shouted to the old lady sewing by the window in the fading light.

"Windows on the north side?" she repeated, in her mild voice. "Why,



Louie's soft blue eyes turned upon her husband in silent appeal.

what you talkin' 'bout, Russ! It'd let in so much cold we never could heat the place up. It takes more wood now than you boys can keep cut handily."

Garvey bent his eyes in sympathy on the girl, lighted the lamp and placed it so that the light fell directly on her sewing, then went hastily from the room.

"If it snows can I go home for a few days next week, Russ?" asked Louie. "I ain't been home but once in four months. You could go then, too, couldn't you?"

"We'll have to cut ice by that time, I'm thinkin', Lou. The lake's pretty near six inches now. I want to sell a hundred pounds of butter next summer instead of fifty. I'm goin' to buy that field next to the pasture. Jenner's pretty hard up for money, an' he'll sell at my price then."

"But if 'tain't too cold I could walk," she said, eagerly. "It didn't tire me much last time."

The husband did not answer. Garvey, entering the room just then, took up her words.

"Not if we know't, Louie," he said, almost roughly. "If you never get home, you mustn't tramp them five miles in this weather. Russ can take you in no time on the bobs."

A glance at Greenlaw's face told Louie that she would not visit her mother the coming week. She dropped her head quickly, rebellion in her young heart, hot, angry tears in her eyes. Why had she ever left Bradyville at all? Why had she not married one of her village beaux instead of a farmer? She was accustomed to village life, with its social gatherings, its neighborly visits, its churches and stores within walking distance. She had not known what it meant to be shut in on a farm in winter. She had not realized the change it would make in her life to marry Russell Greenlaw.

He had come to town every Saturday afternoon, dressed in his best clothes and his holiday manners. A rich young farmer, he was considered a "good catch" by the village girls. Louie had given but little thought to his possessions; she loved the man, and mar-

ried him for himself alone. But she soon discovered that the husband was a different man from the lover; he no longer took her on his knee of evenings, caressing her tenderly, and telling her how sweet and pretty she was. The love-making stopped short with the wedding ceremony. Russell Greenlaw brought his bride to his home and settled down to his work, contented with her presence in the house.

Louie at first had been dazed by this unexpected treatment; when she awoke to the hard fact, a childish fear and pride led her to accept the situation in submissive silence. She did not want her husband to call her "silly," nor to think that she desired his kisses if he did not wish to give them. She was ashamed to tell him how lonesome and dreary she found his home, and how hard the heavy housework was for her, accustomed only to the light duties of her mother's little cottage.

She grew to hate the farm life and



She never rested.



As they all sat around the dining room table of an evening.

its dreary routine: washing, ironing, cleaning milk pans and butter jars, cooking, and baking, and washing dishes—from one to the other all day, with sewing or mending in the evening. And always in the kitchen; the sitting room and grim parlor were opened only on cleaning days. It took too much wood to heat the big front room in winter, the old lady told Louie in answer to her remonstrance.

A good, hard-working woman was old Mrs. Greenlaw, and very motherly to her son's wife, but a silent taskmaster with her incessantly busy hands. She never rested. A quilt square or some knitting was in her knotted fingers when her bent old body was too weary for her to stay longer on her feet. The young wife worked resolutely alongside, rebellion deep in her heart and gaining strength daily. Work and her husband's mother became inseparable in her mind; she regarded them both with fierce, silent hatred.

As they all sat around the dining table of an evening, the women with their sewing, the men with their pipes and the *Farmer's Review* and the almanac, the bride's gaze swept Greenlaw's unshaven face and carelessly attired figure in unconscious rebuke. Her bubbling laugh gave place to a hard little smile as she listened evening after evening to the same talk of the farm and the crops, the next day's work, the care of the stock, the forecast of the weather.

She did not know that her trim girlish figure bending over her work, her pretty face, her pert head with its fluffy brown hair, were constant sources of joy to the two men. The husband accepted her presence and prettiness as his due, having no idea that she was not perfectly contented with him and his home; the other man esteemed her mere glance a favor, and knew pretty well the drift of her mind.

Outside his regular work, Garvey was treated always as a relative of the house,

not as the hired man. Louie viewed him as a cousin, and responded unconsciously to his unspoken sympathy and thoughtful care of her health and comfort, measuring his respectful devotion against her husband's matter-of-fact acceptance of her charms.

But Louie Greenlaw's was not a light nature; there was no coquetry in her friendship with her husband's cousin. He was young, good-looking and exceedingly thoughtful; he appreciated her, saw her beauty, remembered her lightest wish. But it was her husband's appreciation that she wanted; her heart still clung to the man she had wed. With alluring artifices and pretty pleading ways did she try in vain to draw some tender expression from him.

Had Greenlaw given the matter any thought, he would have asked what more could a wife want than he already gave Louie. He provided for her, was never unkind in speech, was working for her as well as for himself. But he did not give the thought. He failed utterly to see his wife's discontent. And slowly his awakening drew nearer.

"Make Russ get a buggy." It was Garvey who spoke, his eyes following Greenlaw astride the sorrel horse trotting toward town. "You ain't been to town but once this winter, an' here it's spring, an' a blamed wintry spring, at that. You won't get out of this gloomy house for two months yet at this rate. It's my last winter in this place. Next fall I'm goin' to Southern California. That's the place. No snow or cold, an' flowers an' sunshine an' outdoors all the time."

"Flowers an' outdoors all the time!" repeated Louie, eagerly. "Oh! I wish Russ'd go. But he won't." Her voice was bitter. "He likes cold weather an' settin' round fires an' workin' knee deep in snow. He likes all the things that I hate, an' the things that I like——"

"He don't know what you do like," interrupted Garvey, contemptuously. "Russ don't care for nothin' but work an' savin' money to buy land. He thinks that ought to be your way of enjoyin' yourself. What does a woman, the sort of a woman a man likes to look at an'

love, care for that sort of enjoyment? She wants a cheerful home—with windows all around, an' a nice settin' room, an' pretty dresses, an' a horse an' buggy to go places when she wants to. An' she wants her husband to pet her an' tell her all the time how glad he is he's got her."

Louie's laugh held a little break at the end.

"It's just exactly what I want; but I'll never get it. Never."

"Not from Russ," said the man, emphatically. "As long as you live with him he'll make a work horse of you. That's all he wants a wife for—just a convenience."

"An' I've got to live with him," answered the girl, drearily. "To stay an' be a convenience is all I can do."

"Is it?" The man wheeled toward her. "Is it, Louie? I have a thousand dollars to start with in California. I could make a better livin' for you with my bare hands than Russ does. An' I'd work 'em to the bone to make you happy." His eyes drew near hers. "Louie!"

She pushed him from her with trembling hands. "Don't!" she panted. "Don't say that again, George. If you do, I'll have to tell Russ. An', oh, George, I'd be so lonesome I'd just die if you'd go away. You feel sorry for me, an' you're some one to talk to."

There was no love in her words or the wild appealing eyes she fastened upon him, but the man was satisfied. She needed him. She knew now his desire. The seed of rebellion was sown.

But a little flower already unfolding left no room for other than mother love. The unhappy wife's apathy and discontent gave way to active interest and joyful anticipation. Through the spring and summer, milking, churning, cooking for harvest hands, making preserves, drying fruit, she worked unceasingly from sun-up till bedtime, with always a song on her lips and a wonderful anthem in her heart. She accepted, without bitterness, her husband's refusal to buy any but the bare necessities for the little stranger. The gladness of her being enveloped her.



The man wheeled toward her.

The long winters held no terrors for her now. She listened indifferently as Garvey planned his trip to California and talked of the beauty and sunshine awaiting him. The glory awaiting herself dimmed all else.

But she was grateful to the man for his now truly respectful attitude and tender care. He watched over her constantly, remonstrating at length with Greenlaw for allowing her to work so hard. But the husband saw no reason for following Garvey's advice. The work had to be done, and his mother had never rested at those times. For himself, he worked all the harder; the prospect of a family to bring up doubled his energies and his desire to increase his possessions. He accepted the mother of his child in the same matter-of-fact way he accepted his wife.

It was Garvey who divined the great dread in the girl's breast as the days of the baby's coming drew near; Garvey's tears that kept coming with the stricken mother's when her little still-born son was laid for one agonized mo-

ment in her arms; Garvey's deft hand that waited on her during the long, weary hours in bed.

She was up and about the house and winter had set in before the final arrangements were completed for his departure to California. Louie knew now all the wonders of that land of sunshine, Garvey talked of nothing else. His enthusiasm increased the girl's loneliness. Her own wretched life grew duller and more unbearable against the glowing colors of his future. The thought of the long winter, the dreary months indoors with only her husband and his mother for company, the joylessness of having no one who understood her or cared about her happiness—this dismal outlook rather than anything the new life might bring made her listen now to Garvey's words.

"Yes," she answered, finally, his pleadings. "I'll go. I must. I can't stand't here. They killed my baby. The doctor said it was because I lifted so much that he couldn't live. I'll go, but"—she laid a detaining hand on his outstretched arm—"you can't kiss me now. Not till we're away from—from the baby."

Next day she waded through the deep snow to the north lot, where her baby lay. Her tears spent themselves over the little white mound, her anguish only increasing her bitterness against the father of her dead son. On her return she watched Greenlaw with hard, dry eyes as he started for his weekly visit to the village. Then she calmly prepared for her trip.

Her few clothes had already been carried to the station in Garvey's trunk. They had only to wait until the old lady went to bed. Between eight, her regular hour for retiring, and nine, Greenlaw's unvarying hour for returning from town, they had time and to spare to walk the mile's distance between the house and the little flag station to the south of the farm.

In fear and trembling the man counted off the waiting minutes. He knew the girl's sensitive nature. Even now, he asked himself, even now, with every preparation made and with her

sitting passively beside him, would she go? Would she leave her husband? Would she—would she?

In utter silence the man and the girl, muffled to the eyes to keep out the biting cold, tramped along the unbroken roadway.

"Rest a little, Louie," Garvey entreated, when half the distance was covered. "We've forty minutes yet." He put his arm around her and drew her to his shoulder. "Kiss me," he whispered, lowering the muffler from her face. "Kiss me, Louie."

She buried her face against his coat. "I can't," she murmured.

The man raised the pale, affrighted face and gazed solemnly into the wide-parted blue eyes. A full, brilliant moon, a star-studded sky, white hills and stretching fields, two black-robed figures casting one long shadow on the lonely roadway, and a horse and rider moving swiftly and silently through the untrampled snow—this for a few brief moments was the scene, then Louie's husband sprang from his horse beside them. He laid his hand heavily on the girl's shoulder.

"So you're runnin' away," he uttered, in dead level voice. "Bein' a decent married woman ain't enough. That did for a bit. Now you're runnin' away with—him!"

With a sharp cry the wife flung his heavy hand from her. "With—him?" she muttered, wildly. "No! No! I'm not goin' with him, I'm a-leavin' you, Russ Greenlaw. I hate yo'n her an' that house. I'm tired of bein' mistreated. I'm tired of settin' home while you go places, of settin' in a house where you can't see nothin' but an old bare hillside, an' I'm tired of workin' from mornin' till night an' never gettin' one lovin' word from you. You promised you'd be good to me, you said you'd always treat me just like I was your sweetheart. An' you treat me like—like—"

"Like what?" he cried, hoarsely. "Like what? Answer me."

"Like a dog, an' worse," she flung back, passionately. "I'm your wife, an'

I ain't had a new dress or ribbon sence I married you, an' when I go places I have to walk. An' I have to set in the kitchen all the time. I have to do just what you want me to. You don't care nothin' 'bout my happiness. You killed my baby, you'n her. I hate—hate—hate you'n her an' everything there."

"An' you love—him!" cried the husband, furiously. "Say't all. You love him."

The girl's slender, swaying figure turned slowly from man to man. Her eyes rested soberly on her husband.

"I'm leavin' you because you ain't good to me. I don't know whether I love him or not—I ain't thought about that. He knows why I'm goin'—an' you know now." She put her hand on Garvey's arm. "Come on," she said, simply. "I know you won't ever treat me like he did. You love me, an' that's somethin'. Anyhow, I won't go back. I'd rather die."

With one swift move the husband swept her to the horse's back and turned savagely to the man.

"Go!" he cried. "Go, before I wring your cur neck. Ruinin' a woman ain't lovin' her. Back!"—dashing the man's detaining hand from the bridle. "Back, or I'll ride you down, you hellhound, you wife stealer!"

One swift clash of eyes, and Garvey stood alone on the roadway, gazing helplessly after the galloping horse, seeing the woman who but a moment before had been willingly in his arms carried away from him by the man she hated. But—that man was her husband.

The lover turned his face toward the railroad tracks, while husband and wife, silent as death, rode back to the low farmhouse, gleaming white and bare in the still moonlight. Without a word the man lifted the trembling, frightened woman from the horse and watched her enter the house, then he rode slowly to the barn. Louie was in bed by the time he came in, her eyelids held fast shut, the childish red lips moving in little broken gasps. The husband held the lamp near to his wife's face and scanned narrowly the quivering fea-

tures. Only nineteen, yet the curly head and delicate face outlined against the white pillow looked even younger—scarce more than a child's.

With a long breath Greenlaw straightened his body and walked unsteadily to the kitchen. He kept up the fire all night, sitting before it with wide-open eyes. At breakfast he noted silently his wife's defiant face, his eyes doggedly set. He fed the stock, milked, did the chores, then hitched the big, heavy work horses to the road wagon and went to town.

Louie watched him drive away in desperate, bitter rage. She felt she could kill him. Her slender figure moved with leaden feet as she went about the dreary routine of work again.

At noon the man returned. In the wagon were a carpenter from the village, four window frames and sashes, a self-feeding base-burner stove and a ton of hard coal. Greenlaw's powerful frame swung the stove from the wagon and carried it unaided into the sitting room. Grimly he worked at setting it up and fitting the stove pipe, while the carpenter measured off the places for

the new windows on the north side of the sitting room and kitchen. By night of the following day the windows were in and the stove working smoothly. Then Greenlaw went to town again. A buggy and harness came to the farm this trip, the old horse stepping along

with high-reined head, drawing the handsome red-wheeled, stylishly trimmed buggy proudly behind him. Greenlaw hitched the rig to the post by the side door and went into the house.

"Get ready," he commanded Louie, gruffly. "We're goin' to town."

It was his first word to her since that night, and he said no more till they reached the village. Louie sat stiffly beside him. She was in a daze, yet the hot anger had not died from her heart. She looked on at

Greenlaw's new proceedings in suspended judgment. The finery he bade her buy—dresses, ribbons, shoes, gloves, a velvet jacket and soft velvet hat—she selected with keen interest, but with no relaxation of the tense lines about her mouth. On their drive home she looked not at the bundles surrounding them, but at the man's good-look-



"Go!" he cried. "Go, before I wring your cur neck."

ing profile. And as he still sat silent and dogged, she clinched her hands together and pressed her lips hard upon each other.

Old Mrs. Greenlaw watched her son's doings in surprise too great for words. Servile surrender to her men folks was part of her religion. She submitted to their wills in resigned, if not always cheerful, silence. But when Greenlaw, the day after his and Louie's trip to the village, brought Hetty Gray, a neighbor girl, to help do the work, the old lady found voice.

"Take her back this very minute," she cried, sharply. "There ain't enough work here to keep two women busy all the time, let alone three. I ain't ready to quit work yet a while, an' I won't."

"You don't have to," said her son, grimly. "There's enough work here for all of you, an' to spare. No use fussin', ma; Hetty's to stay."

Then he went into the sitting room and closed the door after him. Quietly he walked to where his wife stood by the new window and laid a roll of money on the window sill before her.

"There's the money to take you to California," he said, in the same level voice he had used to his mother. "You can go to George whenever you want to."

Louie caught her breath sharply. "You want me to go to—him!" she cried.

"I've done all you said," he continued, harshly. "There's nothin' else I know you want unless it's him."

"Did you do all this jest to please me, Russ? Is it because you—you——" She went nearer to him. "Russ!" she whispered. "Russ!"

Dumbly the man gazed upon his wife's pleading face. To lift the house from its foundation would seem an easier task than speaking the words her eyes demanded. Habit, the long tradition of years, was strong upon him; he had done all that she asked—it was a husband's place to provide for his wife's wants, not to palaver over her like a soft beau.

"I'm goin' to fix the place up in the spring, an' build a new kitchen, so you can have a dinin' room," he said, shortly. "An' I'll make our bedroom bigger next fall, an' get you a piano—not an old organ like you had at home."

"I don't care 'bout that," she cried, "if you won't say't."

"You know I don't care 'bout nothin' in this world but you," he said, sullenly. "What more do you want?"

Louie's face was suddenly radiant. "Nothin' more," she said.



ABOUT THE LIMIT.

CLERGYMAN—I hear the man who died was a very wicked sinner.

SURGEON—Wicked? I should say so. Why, he used to kick because he had only ten commandments to break.



MODERN DEFINITION.

CUSTOMER—What is the Ancient Order of Hibernians, anyway?

BARTENDER—Same as the modern one, whisky.



IN BRIGHTEST NEW YORK.

WESTERNER—You have railed at me for my speech, and you have railed at me for my manners.

NEW YORKER—Well?

WESTERNER—I want you to understand that the third rail is dangerous.



How Men Propose

By Lillian Bell

IF there is a living man to-day who ever proposed to a woman and who knows how he did it or what he said or how he came to say it, I would like to know where he is, for it is a subject upon which most men are profoundly ignorant. Yet their wives know all about it, and even the most grandmotherly of them will pause in the knitting of their children's socks to bridle, and blush, and look knowing, if the question is broached of how men propose.

All of which leads to the belief that women have more to do with the proposing than the men themselves. For if men planned the campaign carefully out and led up to the declaration deliberately, it is more than likely that a few of them, at least, would remember something about it. No business deal, no change of residence, no journey to Europe ever took place in their lives that they could not tell you just when the idea came to them first, what induced them to undertake it, and just how they felt while they were performing it.

All except their proposal! That is a misty blur in their memories, and, except for the marriage certificate, which the wife framed and hung over the bureau, they might not sometimes realize that they ever said anything on the subject at all.

I have read a great many magazine articles advocating that proposing should come from woman instead of from man, and I always mentally reply: "Why, dear sirs and madams, it does, anyway!" Perhaps the man did say the words, but the woman selected the time and place, and so deserves the credit? Will the question ever be decided? Sampson planned the battle of Santiago, but Schley spoke the words, and forever and a day the discussion will go on as to who deserves the credit. But the real question is: "Was the battle won?" And the real answer is: "There is glory enough for all."

I dare say that most men have a dual feeling after the proposal is over—one of surprise that they did it, the other of relief that it is over. The woman, as a rule, has but one—a complacent pride in having made him do just as she had planned. No wonder the men are a bit dazed. No wonder they rub their eyes in looking back. They want to see clearly into a mirror over which a woman's cleverness has breathed a mist.

Oh, don't get excited, the few of you who pursued your own special Her for over a year, or several, trying to get a chance to say the fatal words. Don't tell me the details of your despairing chase over two continents. Don't refuse to admit that she had you hypno-

tized. I say that you were doing just exactly what she wanted you to do, and that she was holding you off while she tried to forget the other fellow. Did you think that it was fate which always intervened and prevented the hot words from pouring from your eager lips?

I am guilty of wondering if any woman in the world was ever honestly surprised by an offer of marriage, or if the words, "This is so sudden," were ever a sincere expression of amazement.

Women are so intuitive in the matter of love-making, and know all about a man's feelings for them so long before he even suspects it himself, that men are really handicapped by their ignorance.

Still, they do very well.

Of course there is a good deal of planning on the woman's part to bring the man to the point where he wants to propose. That is a woman's prerogative, and girls of fifteen are sometimes as capable at it as a beauty of thirty. Some of our grandmothers were married at fifteen, I hasten to add, lest I shock those who are opposed to child labor, and do you think that her fine, firm, clever, wrinkled old hand, with whose usefulness you are so well acquainted and which governed the family fortunes for fifty years or more, was not raised to beckon her mate when that hand was young? Has she ever let any crisis escape her since? Then why think that she was rapped in in that first great crisis?

No, women always have had much to do with the selection of a husband, but they are handicapped in that they are generally obliged to confine their operations to the men whom fate throws in their path. Few of them have the opportunity or the courage to start out and enlarge their horizon, or to meet men of other climes or in other walks of life. Perhaps, as women grow more emancipated, they may do this, but they are not doing it now.



Leaned on his intellect, adored his mind.



Generally found attached to the aggressive, self-poised woman.

And why should they not, pray? Is it any more unwomanly for a woman, in selecting her husband, to think what sort of a father he will make to her children, than for a man to take into consideration the sort of a mother this or that woman will make? Not at all. And the woman who is a real woman and who wants children will think this very thing, over which there is a deal of false and spurious modesty wasted, before she allows a certain man to propose.

How do men propose? It is a wonder that some of them are ever permitted to propose to *anything*.

Each man makes love and proposes according to his kind. Sometimes the mere wording of his proposal gives the keynote to his character. I know of one man who proposed to his wife in these abrupt words, which were never led up to by any tender nothings, but were blurted out, without warning. He said:

"Say, Jess, what's the matter with our getting married?" And Jess modestly looked down, and blushed, and

lispd out: "Why, nothing that I know of!"

So then they were engaged.

Now, he was a sharp, shrewd business man with little or no sentiment. He knew Jess to come of a good family, that she was sweet, clever and "a good fellow." He also believed that she would make a good wife and mother, and so she has.

He considered her possibilities a long, long time before he decided to put the question to her, even in the brief form he used. But Jess knew all that time that he was going to, just as well as she knew it after he had done so, and so did I. She met and liked his family, knew that his father could promote him—which he has done; that the son was a money-maker—which he has proved to be; and that he would turn out what is called "a generous provider." All of which has come true. He thinks he held off of his own accord, and we three have had many a friendly laugh since over his tardiness in proposing. But Jess and I knew that she could have led him to the point months before, had she been so minded. But she knew that he adored beauty, and that she was not even pretty. She was sweet looking. She knew that he had been spoiled by being somewhat run after, and that his conceit was something appalling. Thereupon she cultivated a lisp, leaned on his intellect, adored his mind, submitted to his judgment, made herself absolutely necessary to him as food for his ego. Then when she had him so trained that he would eat out of her hand, she held it out to him still filled with the peculiar sort of sweets she had taught him to love, and he came and nibbled with the meekness of a little white, woolly lamb. But he thought she viewed him as a roaring lion. The reason she was thus deliberate was because she wanted to make a good job of it.

It is rather amusing to catch her eye, sometimes, at a dinner party, where personal reminiscences are going on, for Jess is one of those few women who are so clever that they are willing to hide their cleverness in order to gain their point. I love to see a woman

with a white, woolly lamb for a husband, making him believe that she thinks him a roaring lion. The sight gives me a peculiar inner pleasure of a sort difficult to describe, but something, I imagine, on the order of one's joy in being mentioned in a rich aunt's will.

The shy man, to mention the antithesis of Jess' husband, is quite as difficult and slow to land, but from opposite reasons. The shy man also frequently makes an excellent husband, and is generally found attached to the aggressive, self-poised woman. It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that such a one did the proposing, but you may be far from the truth even there. Proposing requires a sort of plunge, a burst of courage, a bravery which must be pumped up for the occasion, and that sort of thing your shy man is used to. He cannot even ask a

girl to take a walk with him without perspiring under his hat band, so he is accustomed to being afraid, and going home without having done it, and then longing for it in secret, and finally, goaded to desperation, of making a bolt for it. That is a history of his daily emotional life; consequently, it is quite likely to be true that after the girl has decided which shy man she wants, she simply sits down and waits until his emotion gets to the exploding point. She really doesn't have to work as hard as Jess did, for Jess never dared lose sight of her man for even a few days, lest some other girl should be working along her lines, perhaps possessing attractions which she lacked, whereas

the self-poised girl could go away for six months and come back to find her shy man lying upon her doorstep just where she had left him. A great deal of humble, touching gratitude is mixed up in a shy man's wooing, and, unless the girl is foolish enough to let him become so well fed that he feels his oats and comes to realize his true worth, he makes the best of husbands. But the shy man who finds himself loses the charm which made him mainly attractive. A naturally shy man whose wife has been careless enough to over-flatter him becomes *jaunty*. Need I say more?

The progression which the world is according woman is leading to a new basis for marriage. Women are demanding more in a husband—not from a husband. They are not content to take any old thing and put up with it



Proposing requires a sort of plunge, a burst of courage.



"You know that I am going to propose to you, some day, don't you?"

just simply in order to be married, for the life of the bachelor girl is full of possibilities, and the business woman of to-day is a factor in life which no one can afford to ignore. Women divorce their husbands now for far less cause than they used to be obliged to furnish, and while we deplore this, it marks a period in our progression, and is making the men sit up.

This logically leads to another result. It is no longer a sign of a girl's popularity or prowess in the hunting field to exhibit a goodly row of scalps hanging from her belt. Girls have their aims, and are as proud in these days of a record at golf or a tennis championship as their elders used to be of the reputation of a siren.

Men who are slow to realize this change are likely to receive jolts. A man of this sort once said to a modern girl, in rather a fretful way:

"You know that I am going to propose to you some day, don't you?"

The girl was a true daughter of Eve, and for a moment it was a temptation to her to lead him on—to pretend amaze-

ment, as he wished her to; to blush and look down. But her good sense came to the rescue, and her commercial instinct saved the day. She did not want him as a husband, but he was too intelligent and agreeable either to waste or to lose. He bade fair to marry an interesting girl after this one had released him, and she wished to keep him as a friend after she had married the only one. She said:

"No, I do not know it, and, what is more, neither do you. For you are not going to do it."

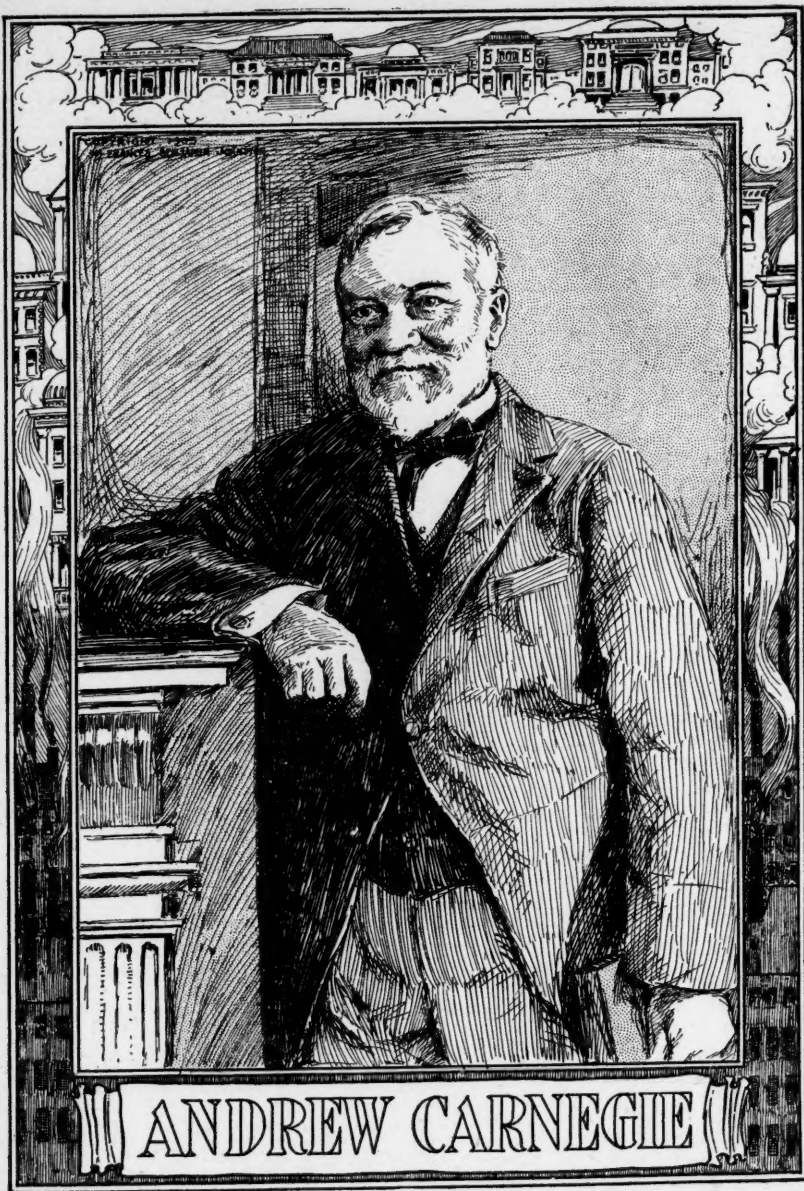
"Why, you are never going to refuse me when I do?" he said, in a fright so real that it was both flattering and pathetic.

"I pray every day, 'Lead us not into temptation,'" she replied, thus delicately bolstering his self-love. "So please don't tempt me to marry you by asking me to. I am so weak I might yield, and then we should both be sorry forever and a day."

"But why? Why should we be sorry?"

"Because we are not suited to each other. We have not the same tastes. We do not admire the same things nor have the same ideals. You are conservative. I am too radical. The things you applaud in me as a friend, or even a sweetheart, you would condemn in me as a wife. You think you could reform me, but you couldn't, and you would turn into such a prig and bore me so unmercifully that I would be obliged to kill you and marry somebody else just for a rest."

Such willful exaggeration diverted him, and he pretended to be vastly amused. But he thought it over in private, and had the good sense to agree with her. He never proposed. He married a nice girl, the other girl married the only man, and the four often go to the theater together.



A Formidable Personality

ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE world is ever ready to listen to a fresh word about Andrew Carnegie. He is so rich. He gives so freely. In a way, he typifies in his life so much that people would like to be and have. From beginning as a poor bobbin-boy to ending as a great multi-millionaire, handing out millions as other people hand out thousands, he stands like one of those early heroes about whom, if we were a younger people, living in the ages when knowledge was a sealed book, we would weave folk-songs and compose strange tales. He, with Rockefeller and some others, would be in our Iliad. Some primal Homer would sing of him.

And what an individual he is! If you look at his benefactions, totaling \$111,488,693 up to the present time, and think of what they all mean, you might well go off into the most earnest discussion of the political and social significance of these gifts. If you looked only at his business career you would be compelled to marvel at all that he had gained. Those great mills which line the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers in Pittsburg and Western Pennsylvania, and which throw their flaring tongues of red to the midnight sky, lighting the hills and valleys about like a great conflagration, are no less a monument to his ability and brain than the Peace Palace at the Hague, or the remarkable Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg. They are the roots, and those others the flowers, of that remarkable financial intellect. He has reached down with his steel mills and his forges and coke ovens, and drawn up through what toil and labor of others we know not these beautiful flowers of buildings and institutions which dot the land. Twelve hundred and ninety libraries in America and Great Britain! A thou-

sand colleges, art galleries, churches, schools, and Heaven knows not what else assisted, with here a five-million hero fund, and there a ten-million-dollar annuity endowment for aged professors! Look at his million-dollar residence in New York City, his castle in Scotland. These are the flowers—the branches and blossoms—of his great steel tree, of which the factories and forges are the roots.

Some say he has been a hard taskmaster. You will hear of strikes and lockouts, of great areas surrounding his forges, where wretched homes and sodden conditions abound, with still more wretched beings and worthless lives. Is it true? Partially. Every fortune that was ever built is built somewhat in this way, but these people will always be wretched. It is only when conditions become too wretched, and a master becomes too severe, that the world really hears of the difficulty, or the sensitive take notice. Otherwise the world drifts along peacefully enough.

Andrew Carnegie has not been an exceptionally hard master, though he has been stern enough. He was born with a fine mind and a fine constitution, which longed and permitted him to rise rapidly. He was swift and vigorous in his ideas, quick to see that any new improvement on anything with which he was connected would prove a great advantage to him. And so he rose quickly. From the time he became a telegraph operator, after working as a bobbin-boy, a stoker, a telegraph messenger, and what not, in the early forties, you may trace the man who was thinking with a big mind. People saw it. Everybody saw it. His managers, the division engineers of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the president of that road, all saw that he was a coming man

—a man to be relied on. And as he grew he began to see it himself. Self-confidence came, or increased, rather, and he began to depend and insist on his own ideas.

When the model of the first American sleeping car was presented to him by Mr. Woodruff, the inventor, he saw the point of it, and insisted on the Pennsylvania Railroad taking it up, he getting an interest in it; and when steel rails were first discovered as applied in England, he saw that steel bridges ought and would come next, and he organized a two or three-thousand-dollar company to see that they were provided. He began to make steel bridges, and so his career moved forward.

Anyone can see the beauty and force of his ideas to-day. He saw them then. When the steel-clad battleship began to come into prominence, he set himself to the task of getting a large part of the steel-making business, and did.

For twenty-five years he dominated the steel-making industry of this country, employing fifty thousand men, operating nineteen separate furnaces of the largest size, owning two complete railroads and gas and coke companies, iron mines and coal mines, docks, fleets and other ramifying interests in great number, until there was no one quite like him.

Then he began to think of distributing his wealth, and that is what has rounded out his career and made him so imposing.

There are people who will tell you that he gives under the stimulus of an accusing conscience, that his heart troubles him, and that he is ashamed of his past career. There are others who believe that he is insanely fond of popularity, and that he could not rest unless he was being talked about in the public prints.

No one can tell what his ulterior motives are, but it is fairly safe to assume that he has a laudable desire to be useful, and that he thinks that giving libraries and hero funds is a good way to be so.

At the same time he is close and in-

dustrious, and keeps a tight rein on all that belongs to him.

He has a fine mansion in New York City, and a beautiful castle—Skibo—in Sutherlandshire, on Darnoch Firth, in North England.

Here and there he entertains most liberally, takes great joy in playing golf and fishing, and owns a yacht—the *Sea-breeze*—on which he truly loves to sail. He has a wife, handsome and twenty years his junior, and a child, Margaret, seven or eight years of age, with whom he leads a happy life, and for whom he intends to reserve a comfortable portion of his great fortune.

He keeps a secretary, has a Scotch bagpiper to play or “skirl” him to consciousness in the morning, at Skibo, and to lead him and his guests to breakfast and dinner.

All the summer long, when he is not listening to appeals for aid, he is roaming his Scotch hills and lawns. Fortune is unquestionably a delightful thing to those whose lives have not been marred in their youth, and who have still the heart and the taste to enjoy it. Life sometimes palls on the taste, you know.

To-day Mr. Carnegie is sixty-eight years of age, and more active and vigorous than most men at forty. He is rather short and stout physically—five feet five inches in height—but erect and vigorous, looking the part of the earnest, self-conscious but kindly and successful business man. His eyes are large and set wide apart, his forehead high and crowned with white-gray hair, and his broad, strong-featured face adorned by a short-cropped gray beard. He is quick in manner, smiling in demeanor, talkative, and, as said before, somewhat vain.

He still believes in the ability of the individual to make himself, and will put no money where none is forthcoming. “There is no use whatever, gentlemen,” he once wrote, “trying to help people who do not help themselves. You cannot push anyone up a ladder, unless he is willing to climb a little himself. When you stop boosting he falls, to his own injury.”



The Witness of the Eyes

By Clinton Dangerfield

(IN TWO PARTS—PART II)

JUDITH WYNNE and Delorme rode homeward along the picturesque mountainway. Through vistas between mingled oak and pine varied views invited them. Underfoot the little blue iris smiled up or wild violets nodded serious, thoughtful faces. From the creeks blew the scent of white honeysuckle. June in the mountains is June indeed.

But somehow Miss Wynne found the pink and white calmia blossoms most attractive of all; perhaps because they brought to her mind a slim little figure holding up a branch of the delicate flowers, saying confidently:

"I like you best."

She remembered just how kindly Castleton had taken the flowers, how genuinely compassionate and gentle had been the look he bent on the mountain child; and remembering this, and the beauty it had lent to his strong, irregular features, she wondered how she could ever have thought him plain. She had a woman's inherent love of pure manliness, and she was willing to swear, sheerly from the quick intuitions of her sex, that this gentleness of Castleton's was coupled with great bravery.

The road twisted eccentrically, now winding along smooth stretches, now

cresting the edges of ravines. It was in overlooking one of the latter that Miss Wynne suddenly drew rein with a gasp. Her pretty color fled, her eyes dilated with horror, as she pointed downward with her whip.

"Oh, it is impossible!" she cried, hoarsely. "Something is wrong with my eyes!"

Delorme, wheeling his horse to the left of her, stared eagerly down into the gorge.

He saw Castleton, coatless, kneeling without an effort at defense under the upraised arm of a tall mountaineer, and, as they gazed down, the long lash fell.

Miss Wynne gave a smothered scream, and, dropping the reins, covered her face with her hands. Something in the deadly despair of her attitude told Delorme the truth. She loved Castleton.

But Delorme's rage at this discovery was mingled with shrewd exultation. No true woman can continue to love a coward, least of all can a Southern-bred girl excuse one. Delorme bent forward and gloated over the shame of his rival below.

"Look, Judith!" he cried. "There's a gun at Castleton's very elbow and he's too terrified to think of grabbing

it. I'd go and rescue him, but that such a drubbing serves the coward right!"

Only a faint moan answered him, and he turned just in time to catch the fainting woman in her saddle.

As she lay half across his pommel, her shoulders supported in his arms, he crushed her fiercely to him, covering her unconscious face with hot kisses, drawing a savage double delight from his rival's hopeless disgrace and her helpless beauty.

But he was too wise to prolong his joys even an instant. The situation, if charming, was complex. Still supporting Judith, and keeping the horses close together, he rode away as fast as his care of her permitted, and this was fast enough to bear her half a mile from the spot before she recovered; a half mile which he promptly described as five.

She stared at him haggardly, listening to his glib explanation as to why she had fainted. "Sailors, husky and common men, had been known to do the same thing at sight of a public lashing. Mere humanity," he assured her, in deft, well-chosen phrases. She heard him mutely, clutched and torn as she was by such contending emotion as few women are called on to bear.

Shame for Castleton, agony for his pain, love of the man she had believed him, hate of the man he had proved, longing to send Delorme back to him, wild questionings of fate as to why Death, who usually comes so inopportunely, could not for once have been well-intentioned and have sent some kindly accident to kill her lover while he was yet unshamed; fierce pride which shook her into terror for fear of more self-betrayal—all these rendered her literally dumb, and let the now galloping horses put mile after mile between herself and that humiliation in the hollow.

Now she could have told, as very few can, because they never think of it, that love's most awful power is taking our dear human dignity from us and giving it into the hands of those of whom we are enamored. Let a man die to the

sound of trumpets, and vanity, being yet unwounded, spares us torture and leaves us to sorrow. But let the beloved hurt the long-cherished dignity confided to his keeping, and humiliation makes sorrow seem an isle of the blest, to which we turn with infinite longing.

It was to save the last atom of that pride of hers that she came, in a trailing gown, and to all appearance coolly at ease, to the dinner table at six. Rouge—her first experiment with it—flushed her cheeks bravely. No word or movement betrayed that she was answering to purely mechanical instincts, that while she talked and smiled her little internal kingdom was fighting fiercely for its destroyed peace, that her insistent heart was weaving horrible fancies of a dead man lying back in that dreadful ravine.

Then the voice of a newly arrived Englishman at a nearby table reached her ears.

"Ah, bah Jove! most surprising," he was saying. "That fellow Castleton, who seemed such a gentleman, don't you know, turns out a regular cad, bah Jove! Delorme, that painter fellow, saw him—come, I say, you needn't kick me, deah boy. It's all over the place."

Judith turned to Delorme.

"Was it necessary—to tell?"

"Could I let such a man come and go among our girls here?" breathed the artist, reproachfully. "Of course I did not mention your name in connection with it. I let everyone think I saw him—yesterday."

Judith gazed at him in seeming quiet.

"Yesterday," she repeated, gently. "Why, only yesterday—" And then she added, slowly, as the observant waiter filled her glass and set the fish on with a flourish: "I think he is dead by now."

Delorme hastily sent the waiter on an impromptu errand.

"Let's talk of something else," he suggested, uneasily.

"But everyone is thinking and talking of—that. Why shouldn't we? I think he is dead—lying back there in the gorge. I am trying to understand

—and to know he wouldn't have borne that unless—unless he had been struck and stunned, and driven down to his knees——”

“If you think so,” interposed Delorme, hastily and viciously, “please look at the door.”

She turned her head toward the main entrance, and saw, with dumb astonishment, Castleton himself walking cheerfully and coolly into the room, void of any consciousness of the pulse of indignation which throbbed through the room at his appearance. Contemptuous scorn of him ran high at each table, and when he took his accustomed seat, the three men usually with him rose, answered his greeting with a wordless stare and left the room.

Castleton, not a little surprised, determined to call the frozen three to account later, and so calmly proceeded with his dinner; his attitude arousing bitter anger in Miss Wynne; an anger which restored her self-poise better than anything else could have done, and enabled her to take her usual hammock corner on the piazza, queen of a group anxious to surround her.

Castleton was destined to a speedy enlightenment, for, when he joined the group girdling Miss Wynne on the moonlit piazza, he met that polished aversion which is more cutting than words.

Castleton looked squarely into the unresponsive faces.

“I got rather a curious reception at my table a while ago,” he said, coolly. “And here I find myself decidedly *de trop*. Will some one kindly explain?”

There was an icy, embarrassed silence, broken at last by Delorme's voice drawling slowly:

“When a man takes a beating like a crouching—shall we say hound?—one hardly cares to force one's society on him, or to ask him to justify—what could never be justified; since he would certainly come under the definition so lucidly given by a recent quotation from Christie Johnstone. And why ask for names, or use a bald word like offense? Everyone has a right to their own ideas—of manhood.”

The merciless sarcasm of the velvet voice cut Judith Wynne like a physical hurt. She saw Castleton go deadly white, she saw his eyes, anguished and desperate, seek her own face, and she answered him with a blank indifference crueler than Delorme's speech.

And still Castleton was silent; but his head was raised proudly. His clean, strong face had no touch of scarlet. The white light of a moonray struck squarely across his eyes, and showed them lance-level with the men facing him. At last he spoke.

“Good-night and good-by,” he said, quietly. “God save each one of you from such mercy as you have shown me!”

He turned and went to his own room. Twenty minutes later the sound of rapid wheels told Miss Wynne that he was



“I wante aze you a question,” she said, nervously.

driving away, toward the city of Chattanooga, lying star-pointed with many lights at the mountain's foot.

A little while she kept up the farce of indifference downstairs, and then she escaped to her own room, and, flinging herself on the bed, dressed as she was, sobbed herself to sleep.

We are never so pliable as when frantically seeking an escape for ourselves from ourselves. Delorme understood this, pushed his suit urgently, offering himself as a valuable distraction from humiliated love—and was accepted.

In discussing the announced engagement, the guests almost forgot the Castleton scandal, though it was still young.

Just after the announcement, Nancy came with more flowers, but Miss Wynne, desiring to see no more mountaineers, refused to receive the child, though she sent her money for the flowers.

Nancy looked wistful; but finally approached Delorme. Presumably the painter found her interesting, for he escorted her part of the way home and filled her little brown hands with money.

On his return he urged an immediate marriage, because a telegram called him abroad, and Miss Wynne consented to name the following Saturday. She had reached a dangerous torpor of misery where her will was quite passive.

Thursday evening she sat again on the wide veranda, wrapped in a long white shawl of fluffy texture, when she was vexed to see Nancy approaching.

The women near her gazed at the child with languid interest.

Delorme had gone in search of a copy of his Rubaiyat, in which he desired to prove a quotation.

Nancy carried no flowers. She crept up to Miss Wynne's side and stood there, wriggling on cranelike legs. Her sunbonnet had been discarded, her big eyes looked eerie in her small, white face.

"I wanten axe you a question," she said, nervously.

The others stopped talking, and sur-

veyed the child with the interest begotten of the summer's shallow pleasures. In the city such a waif would not have attracted a glance.

"Ask, then," said Judith Wynne. "I'll try to answer it."

"Air you goin' ter marry that painter feller?"

Miss Wynne stared, haughtily, and in much offense. Then the strange compelling influence Nancy exercised over everyone but Garth made her reply, indifferently:

"If you mean Mr. Delorme—yes."

Nancy stopped wriggling. Her thin legs grew quite firm under her, she spoke with swift directness.

"Did he tell you about Mr. Castleton?"

Judith Wynne started. Alas, there had been no telling needed. Aloud she said, icily:

"I have no recollection of any such person as Mr. Castleton."

Nancy looked bewildered. She stared keenly at Miss Wynne, turned and cast an appealing glance at the listeners, and then, meeting only silence, flashed back at Miss Wynne a surprising inquiry:

"What's the good of a lie like that?"

It was the protest of the primitive against the insolent assertions which pass current in society.

"Nancy," rebuked Miss Wynne, sharply, "your behavior to-night is really detestable. Please go home."

Thrown off her balance, Nancy began to whimper.

"Then you don't keer to know why Mr. Castleton took that lickin'. An' I tuk pains yesterday to come here an' try an' see you, an', not findin' you, I trusted that painter feller about it. An' you haven't heard, an' you don't want to hear."

"But *we* want to hear, dear child," interposed a large dame in rustling silks, whose assumption of benevolent pity for the child's feelings could not mask her frantic curiosity. "Tell us all about it."

Nancy swallowed her sobs and began bravely, facing the last speaker.

"It come erbout this way," she said,

hurriedly. "Dad he has the shootin' rheumatiz, an' when he gits it he's awful easy madded. Sometimes he beats mar, sometimes he beats me—er useter," she corrected herself.

"Beats you," said the fat lady, with an oily shudder. "You don't look as though you could stand that sort of thing."

"Ef you-uns don't believe we useter git thrashed, look here."

With a dexterous movement she unfastened her simple frock and slipped it down from her shoulders. The low-cut bodice underneath left partially exposed a mass of merciless bruises; hideous lines which crossed and recrossed the delicate frame, the convict stripes of one bond slave to cruelty.

She turned her back on her listeners, and some swift hand touched an electric light hanging from the piazza roof.

"Infernal piece of business," muttered one of the men. The women sat speechless; but a sob rose in the fat dame's throat, a real emotion generally foreign to her philistine life.

Only Miss Wynne sat with frozen features, her hands clinching the sides of the rocker.

"That's what mar and me been standin' ever sence I kin recollect," said Nancy, drawing her frock in place and fronting her listeners. "Then one afternoon dad he got the rheumatiz extry bad, and somethin' I did madded him worse than he ever wuz before. Instead er thrashing me with er switch, like he allers done before, he run in the house and he fetched out his black snake whip he got to keep the mules a-goin'."

"I was settin' tendin' a little chicken that mar hed stepped on accidental, one of them peaked little Leghorns. When I seed dad comin' out with that whip, I throwed out my hands and hollered somethin' to him, I dunno what; but it never done no good."

"He drug me into the middle of the path, an' I recollect I seed the chicken go peepin' round the corner, one wing droopin' by its side, an' thinkin' to myself: 'I wisht I was that measly little feathered critter.'"

"Then the whip come down. I reckon," she added, apologetically, "that dad reelly don't know how vigerous he is. By the time I'd stood five of them cuts I knowed a few more would kill me. I twisted round an' looked up at him, but he was that ill——"

"Served him right to be ill," gasped the silken philistine.

"She means angry," interpreted one of the men. "Go on, Nancy."

"That his eyes was fairly burnin', an' I seed he didn't know what he wuz doin', an' that he'd kill me, 'thout meanin' to."

"I knowed thar wasn't nobody to help me. Ef anybody came I knowed they'd be too skeered of dad to do anything but run. Dad's kilt his man more'n oncet," she added, with a touch of sincere pride.

"There are worse things than death," thought Judith Wynne. Nancy's story sickened her—what good could come of it? Yet she sat still, unable to go away, as the girl resumed:

"Poor mar was standin' thar, sayin': 'Jim—oh, Jim!' in a smothered sort of way, like she allers used to, her hands draggin' at each other; but dad gits plum deaf when he's mad."

"I never used to holler much, fer the more I hollered, mostly, the madder dad would git. But this time everything was gittin' funny colored, and that whip was turnin' red hot plum through me, and so I jest thought: 'He *must* stop—somebody *must* stop dad!' An' then I screamed, the very loudest ever, over an' over."

"And all of a sudden, jest like he'd sprung out'n the ground, Mr. Castleton stood thar, and I heard him snap at dad to quit."

"Mr. Castleton!" gasped Judith Wynne. "He was there—was that *your* father, then?"

Nancy did not hear her. She hurried on, her listeners bending forward, breathlessly:

"An' dad was that took aback he acshually did stop. An' my senses kind of come to me, an' I looked round, though I was lyin' thar afeard to move."

But when I seed Mr. Castleton wuz barhanded, I knowed, for all he never seemed a bit skeered, that dad would kill him. An' when dad twisted off a club from the porch an' says, 'I'll mash your head to a jelly,' I knowed he'd do what he said."

"But he didn't," cried Miss Wynne, driven by a bitter impulse too strong for her. "Even Garth could not kill a coward cringing at his feet."

"*Coward!*" flashed Nancy, her eyes blazing. "But mebbe you don't understand yet. Dad hadn't more'n got the club, when mar sticks a rifle in Mr. Castleton's hands."

"Why didn't—he kill—Garth?" faltered Miss Wynne.

"Mr. Castleton could have done it easy. 'Stead of that he tried to make dad promise never to tech either of us ag'in. Dad he was mortal took aback, an' then he says: 'I'll compermise. Take Nancy's lickin' an' I'll promise.'"

"An' I stared at dad, an' I seed what he was doin'. He was playin' fer time; time to git Mr. Castleton off guard, so's to jump on him. But I knowed Mr. Castleton would have to kill him now—sure. An' bad as dad had treated me, I wuz sorry, because dad has allers been a good pvider."

"For Heaven's sake, go on!" cried Judith Wynne.

"Dad hadn't more'n said what he did, afore a mighty curus look come into Mr. Castleton's face. I seed him a-starin' at me, and somehow the look in his eyes tole me I was safe, an' things would come out right."

"Next minute he flung down the gun, an' says he: 'I take you at yore word.'"

"Took who at his word?" demanded Delorme's voice, sharply, as he came out on the piazza. "What is this child doing here? Nancy, you know I gave you money for a trip to the valley. I——" he broke off the sentence abruptly. "Judith, here's your fan. I want you to come down to the brow. The lights are——"

"Silence!" cried Miss Wynne. "Silence, if you ever expect me to speak to you again. Nancy, dear Nancy, what happened then?"

"Dad wuz so plum took aback I thought he would bust. But he ain't never broke his word, not never in his life. He was jest wild when he seed what Mr. Castleton had drawed him into, an' he grabbed the handle of that whip, an' I knowed he meant to kill Mr. Castleton with it."

"Mr. Castleton shucked off his coat, as cool as if he wuz gittin' ready fer corn huskin'. 'Go ahead,' he says. Dad brought that mule lash down, an' cut clear through the white shirt. I seen the blood foller the line. I jumped up an' ran fer the porch, an' mar she follered, an' we flung ourselves down on the floor, an' helt hands, an' watched, an' nuvver breathed."

"Down come the lash ag'in. I knowed thar'd be a hundred. Then, all of sudden, dad pitched the blamed whip clear across the garden."

"'Damn you,' he says, 'I meant to cut you to pieces; but I kain't tech you ag'in; an' yit you plum ruint my authority.'"

"Mr. Castleton laughed, but seem like his laugh nuvver had no fun in it. He got up an' put on his coat; but he never no more spoke to dad than if dad had been a dorg. He come to the piazza an' teched my head with his hand."

"'Good-by, little Nance,' he says, an' then he went away, an' the calmas shet round him up the side of the gulch. An' now, please, Miss Judith," she added, in anxious appeal, "I want you to tell me, I want all of you-uns to tell me, is it being a coward to take a lashin' meant for somebody else?"

Miss Wynne rose, her eyes shining. "If that is cowardice, God help us to find such cowards everywhere!"

A murmur of excited approval followed her words. She turned on Delorme.

"I believe you knew this. I believe Nancy told you——"

"So I did," corroborated the child, fixing a shrewdly disconcerting gaze on Delorme.

"What if she did tell me?" retorted Delorme, angrily. "How could I suppose you took such an interest in this fellow?"



She sank on her knees by the bed, and caught Castleton's hand in hers.

"You might suppose that all of us would be glad to make the *amende honorable*," said a West Pointer, adding, significantly: "Such of us, at least, that have any claims to decency."

"Not a soul knows where Castleton is, unfortunately," observed another man, regretfully.

Nancy grinned impishly.

"I got a soul," she retorted, "an' I kin tell you. Mr. Castleton, he left here in the dogcart. But he only got a little way when he told the nigger driver to take his traps down to the station by himself, that he was goin' to walk down by ways of the steps. I reckon he took the wrong path. Anyway, he got into the cliffs an' lost his footin'. Down at the bottom of a bluff dad found him next mornin'."

"Your father?" cried Miss Wynne. "Good heavens—did he murder him?"

"Murder who? Mr. Castleton? No, he didn't. But he done a queer thing. 'Stead of fetchin' Mr. Castleton up here, he carried him straight back to our cabin. Couldn't nobody but dad have done it. He come up the porch with Mr. Castleton in his arms, an' he

says to mar: 'Git a bed ready. Damned ef here ain't the only feller in the world not afeared of Jim Garth, an' I'm goin' to tend him myself,' he says."

In and out of the cabin yard the golden bees went happily in the June sweetness of another sunny day. The sun, cooled by the mountain winds, had scarcely melted all the dews away; but already the drake, his sibilant harem following, poked here and there his discerning, covetous bill.

In one of the rooms a man, who had raved in his fever and delirium of lost love and of shame, lay languid, though clear-headed. His nurse, the huge mountain giant, was awkwardly pouring out a glass of mixed whisky and water. Then he set it down abruptly.

"Somebody comin' in the gate," he muttered, brusquely. "Why, Nance, you fool, why air ye bringin' her in here?"

Miss Wynne paid no attention to the implied remonstrance. She sank on her knees by the bed, and caught Castleton's hand in hers.

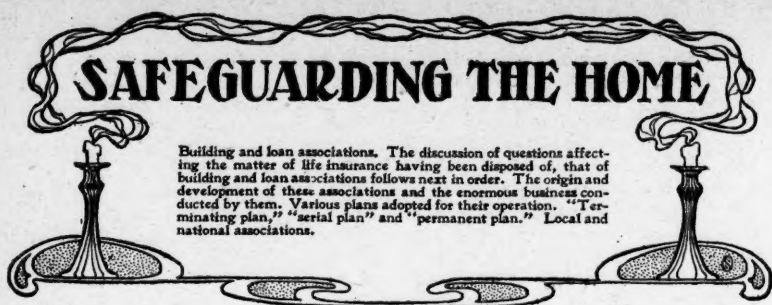
"If you will forgive me," she cried, "if, indeed, you will forgive us all, we can look you in the face again."

"Judith!" he answered, in mingled passion and astonishment. And then bitterly: "My forgiveness was yours from the first. And that is all you want of me?"

"No," she said, boldly. "I want your love."

The giant fled out into the garden.

"They were sparkin' under my very nose!" he muttered, helplessly, as he collapsed on the steps. "I seed him kiss her."



Building and loan associations. The discussion of questions affecting the matter of life insurance having been disposed of, that of building and loan associations follows next in order. The origin and development of these associations and the enormous business conducted by them. Various plans adopted for their operation. "Terminating plan," "serial plan" and "permanent plan." Local and national associations.

IN the foreword to these articles the promise was made that following the discussion on life insurance the kindred topic of building and loan associations would be taken up. It is, in essence, a subject which is, whatever is to be said of it elsewhere, so far as these articles are concerned, of the same nature as true life insurance, for it is a system designed primarily for the protection and upbuilding of the home. It may not be out of place to repeat here what was said concerning it in the foreword; namely, that "no one class of provident institutions in this country, perhaps, has contributed more largely than have building and loan associations to the material welfare of that portion of our citizens dependent on a daily wage for support." And to that statement we will add now the further one that the material advantages derived from this source, great as they are, are relatively of small importance compared with what may be called the moral benefits which, though more or less intangible and apt to be overlooked in the prevailing craze for wealth, are, nevertheless, realities, and may be approximately estimated.

Any institution which fosters the systematic saving of small sums by people of limited incomes helps, of course, to develop traits of character which are useful to the individual and those dependent upon him, and is an advantage as well to the community in which he lives, for it produces a conservative and law-abiding citizenship. This is a truism which does not apply exclusively to

building and loan associations. It is a fact long ago observed that in those localities in which the savings bank deposits are largest, the general average of intelligence is the highest, the respect for law the greatest, the schools the most flourishing, poverty the least, and crime at its lowest ebb.

The influence of building and loan associations, so far as the encouragement of small savings is concerned, is co-extensive with savings banks and life insurance companies, for they work toward the same end—the development of thrift among their members; but their beneficent activity is by no means limited to this.

As originally conceived, and as practically effective and successful, the building and loan association is a purely local and neighborhood affair. It was designed to operate on a limited territory, and for the benefit of a comparatively few people. It is essentially co-operative, affording an opportunity to its members "to accomplish in combination results that, individually and alone, they could never hope for." Its membership is, therefore, made up almost entirely of people who know one another, and each individual is obliged, by the nature of the circumstances, to possess an intimate knowledge of its principles, its organization and its operations, even to the extent of taking an active part in its management. He is required, by virtue of his membership, to do something more than merely deposit his money and draw his profits. His position is something quite different

from that of an average stockholder in a corporation, who buys his stock and draws his dividends, and knows nothing more than what he may gather from a casual reading of an annual report, trusting to his impressions of the character of the officers and members of the board of directors. Some functions must, of course, be delegated to others in building and loan associations, but participation in the business management by members must be carried to a point realized in almost no other branch of business. It is inevitable, therefore, that such members should be subjected to a training in business matters and attain a familiarity with financial affairs, and a skill in management, that their circumstances would not otherwise permit.

But best of all is the fact that behind all this is a genuine and healthy sentiment that vitalizes and stimulates and perpetuates the system. The inducement to save in connection with a building and loan association is something more definite and immediate than that which prompts a man to deposit his surplus cash in a savings bank. In the latter case, although the spirit of thrift is there, a spirit to be admired and encouraged, there is apt to be no other purpose than that of accumulation—a provision, perhaps, for the emergencies of adversity and old age, to most people in active life rather vague and indefinite contingencies. But the fundamental principle of the building and loan association is to stimulate savings for the distinct object of establishing a home, of providing an abiding place for a family where children may be cared for and educated, form friendships, enjoy the advantages of intercourse with their kind, and, in short, take root and grow in a community and have the moral benefits of such a life, which, of course, involve material benefits as well.

These are some of the wholesome effects that are produced by building and loan associations. They are, to be sure, of the intangible kind that cannot be computed like financial profits and losses in dollars and cents, but, nevertheless,

they are very real, and their results are of far greater value in the long run than the wealth accumulated. Indeed, if these were the only results achieved by these associations, it would be difficult to conceive of a higher service to the community that could be performed.

Such an organization as has been described is naturally one to stimulate interest and invite examination. People who are not familiar with them will be curious to know what they are, how they are formed and managed, and what means are used to bring about their results,

This form of co-operation is not only not a new one, but it can hardly even be called modern, dating back as it does to the year 1789, when the first beginnings were made in England. It was not until forty-two years later, in 1831, that it appeared in the United States, the first one being organized in Pennsylvania, presumably transplanted in this country by English immigrants.

Its growth was slow, however; the idea does not seem to have appealed to the imagination of Americans, nor to have been needed by them under industrial and financial conditions as they existed in the United States during the fifty years from 1831 down to about 1880. There were, doubtless, economic reasons for this, to be looked for in the conditions always prevailing in a country rich in natural resources and thinly populated, where wages and interest rates are high.

But whatever the causes were, the fact is that in 1878 there were but four hundred and thirty-three building and loan associations in existence and in operation in the United States. Since that date, however, their multiplication has been extraordinarily rapid, the period of greatest activity being during the ten years from 1880 to 1890, so that by the year 1893 there were almost six thousand actively engaged in business, more than twelve times as many as there were fifteen years before. It is estimated that there are about the same number now, perhaps a comparatively small decrease; but even if there has been such a decrease, it may be said that

they have more than held their own, taking into consideration the times of general financial depression through which they have passed.

The combined assets of these associations amount, approximately, to six hundred million dollars, an enormous sum when one considers the manner in which it is accumulated and the success with which it is handled. That such an amount of money should have been saved and safely invested by people inexperienced in the intricacies of banking management, speaks volumes for their innate capacity to care for their own interests.

The membership of all these building and loan associations includes about a million and a half individuals representing almost every occupation from laborers to professional men—even bankers, brokers, capitalists and merchants. Probably the very diversity in this respect has contributed to the success of the management; at any rate, it manifestly has not hindered it.

The beginnings of the building and loan association were, like all first attempts, crude and unsatisfactory, not so much because of any inherent defect in the idea as because they were largely experimental, and because its practical operations created new conditions and needs, and suggested new methods. Besides this, as they were originally organized, their period of existence was more or less definitely limited, so that when the time came for a division of the profits, the members were obliged to withdraw their investment and disband; a continuation of the business required the organization of a new association. The manner in which this scheme worked out may be best described by a practical illustration.

Suppose that there are a certain number of men who are neighbors in some city or town, who, with limited incomes, are able to save a small sum each week or month, but who, individually, are without capital. Some of them wish to put their savings into the building of homes, and the rest want to invest theirs so that they will draw interest. They combine to organize an associa-

tion with a membership of one hundred, though, of course, it may be any number, and each individual must be the owner of one or more shares of two hundred dollars each. The monthly dues are one dollar for each share, which must be paid continually until the aggregate amount so paid in, together with the profits, reaches the sum of two hundred dollars for each share. As soon as the monthly payments of all the members have together made up an amount large enough to make the loaning of it practicable, it is offered to such members as wish to borrow for building purposes. Necessarily, as they have organized primarily for building purposes, more than one such member desires the loan, and therefore there must be some method of allotment. This is provided for by putting up at auction the right to the loan and awarding it to the member who will pay the highest premium for it, together with the fixed rate of interest. In this way the association begins to make its profit. The loan is made on the security of a mortgage, given by the borrower to the association, on the property purchased, and, if necessary, further security; and the borrower must also subscribe for additional shares sufficient to make all his shares as they mature equal to the loan together with the premium and interest.

If the association had no other source of income than the dues received from members, and no expenses, it would, of course, take just two hundred months for it to accumulate enough to pay the face value of the shares of two hundred dollars each. But its profits from interest and premiums enable it to pay off its members before the expiration of that period, and before they have paid in their two hundred dollars in dues. In this way they also make a profit.

Another source of profits is in the fines imposed upon members for a failure to pay dues promptly. And again, when, as frequently happens, some members find it impossible or inconvenient for one cause or another to remain in the association, they are allowed, upon sufficient notice, to with-

draw, and are paid the aggregate amount of dues they have contributed, together with a portion of the profits accrued thereon, the part withheld being credited to the other shares as profits, the shares withdrawn being canceled.

A settlement of all shares is made when the dues, premiums, interest, fines and profits withheld on canceled shares amount to enough to pay two hundred dollars on each share. The shares of non-borrowing members are thus paid—two hundred dollars in cash for each share—and in the case of borrowing members, their mortgages are canceled and they have their homes free of incumbrances. The association is then disbanded.

This scheme is known as the "terminating plan." It is distinctly elementary, and within a limited field and under proper conditions it works satisfactorily. But as the business developed, and its advantages as a means of investment became more attractive, new conditions brought out some defects. For instance, it was found desirable to take in new members after organization, but in order that such new members should be placed upon an equality with the rest, so far as the payment of their shares at maturity was concerned, it was, of course, necessary that they should pay back dues from the time of organization down to the time of their admission as members. Another defect grew out of the fact that it sometimes happened that none of the members wished to borrow, and, inasmuch as it was not practicable or safe to hold a large amount derived from dues uninvested, the practice of forcing members to borrow had to be resorted to, provision being made in the original agreement and bylaws to determine by what members these forced loans should be made. Finally people became dissatisfied at the failure of these associations to provide for them a permanent means of investment for their savings. At the maturity of the shares, the non-borrowing members, who had their money invested in the association and not in homes, were obliged to receive cash

for their holdings, whether they wanted it or not, and were, necessarily, in some cases, subjected to the embarrassment and trouble of seeking a new and safe method of investment.

These things led to a modification of plans, so that now the primitive method above described as the "terminating plan" is almost entirely unknown.

The first substitute that was devised was called the "serial plan," which amounted, in substance, merely to a combination of a number of "terminating plans" under one management. At the outset, under this plan, an association was formed in the same manner and upon the same principles as the one already described. Then at the end of a certain fixed period, as a year or six months, or three months, a new series was begun in the same way, fresh stock was offered for subscription, and thus new members were admitted or old members subscribed for the new stock. The accounts for the different series were, however, kept separate, and they kept maturing at successive intervals, so that the association was not obliged to disband. Two of the difficulties attending the "terminating plan" were thus removed, for the association was made practically perpetual, and, as the new series were issued at comparatively frequent intervals, the burden imposed upon new members of paying a large sum of back dues was relieved. Besides this it was found possible to discontinue the practice of making forced loans to prevent an accumulation of uninvested funds, for the issuing of new series of stock acted as an attraction to persons seeking loans for building purposes, and encouraged the growth of the home-building sentiment. Another method of counteracting the tendency toward the accumulation of idle money which this plan developed was to stimulate withdrawals before maturity by offering a larger proportion of the profits, and even to enforce such withdrawals after a certain time, in which case all the profits were paid.

It will be seen from what has been stated that in both the "serial plan" and the "terminating plan" the unit by

means of which the association conducts its operations is a combination of individuals who are put into one class and treated alike, so far as the number and amount of their payments, the division of their profits and the maturity of their shares are concerned; the difference being that the "terminating plan" operates with but a single unit, and dies when the scheme reaches maturity, while the "serial plan" embraces a number of such units created at intervals, and its continued existence depends upon the formation of new units.

It was only natural and logical that the next step should be taken by devising a scheme in which the unit should be the individual member instead of a collection of members. The process of evolution of the system has finally brought forth such a plan, which is known as the "perpetual" or "permanent plan," otherwise known as the "Dayton plan." Under this plan there is no classification of members except in so far as each member is in a class by himself; he purchases the stock he subscribes for, which is paid up, and pays for it in installments, and when it matures he receives the equivalent of its matured value, either in cash or a canceled mortgage, if he has been a borrower, and drops out of the association or reinvests his money and begins over again. In settling for his stock, and, if he receives any, his loan and interest thereon, a minimum amount is fixed as his weekly payment; he is not permitted to pay less, but he may pay as much more as he can, the effect of such additional payments being that they hasten the maturity of his stock and the liquidation of his loan. There are no dues; nothing but the weekly installments which cover all possible indebtedness to the association.

The fact that the stock is paid up is one which enables an individual to become a member at any time and without payment of back dues. He is not obliged to wait for the issuing of a new series or to pay a large amount of arrears. It should be said, however, that in practical operation this paid-up stock is, for the most part, issued only when

the interests of the association seem to require it. Thus it operates almost automatically to adjust the supply of money to the demand for loans, so that the association is not apt to be embarrassed by the accumulation of funds which it cannot advantageously invest; for as soon as symptoms that there is likely to be an oversupply of money begin to appear, the issuing of new stock can be discontinued, and when the contrary condition prevails, the issuing of such stock may be resumed. Thus one of the chief embarrassments of the management is obviated without the necessity of forced loans or forced and premature settlements of shares.

Another objectionable feature in the "terminating plan" and the "serial plan" that is done away with is the practice of requiring premiums on loans. Loans are made to members upon application and at fixed rates of interest, and the weekly payments that the members make cover this as well as all other charges, so that he has the advantage of knowing exactly what his membership costs him per week.

One of the most important matters that distinguish this plan from the others relates to the apportionment of profits. In the "Dayton plan" profits are distributed semiannually, when the net earnings, after paying expenses, are divided among all the members in proportion to the amount standing to the credit of such members at the beginning of the six months, providing such amount has not been withdrawn. In some localities associations are also required by law to maintain a loss fund of not more than five per cent. of outstanding loans, a fund which is created by payments from gross profits. The maintenance of such a fund also facilitates withdrawals, for, inasmuch as it represents the risk of loss on each man's account, and as the amount to his credit is computed every six months, the withdrawal value of his shares is, of course, the same as their face value on the association's books.

Another feature is the attitude of the association toward non-borrowers. As the semiannual calculation of dividends

is made upon the basis of the amount standing to the credit of a member, and not with respect to the number of his shares, no attention is paid to the question as to whether he has made the payments he has undertaken to make. He is not dunned or fined; his failure to pay concerns no one but himself. In the case of borrowers, it is, of course, different; the association must see that his payments are kept up. But, as a matter of fact, it has been found in practice that extreme measures seldom have to be resorted to.

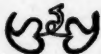
Of these three plans, the serial is in most general use, although it may be said that the indications are that the permanent plan is gaining ground, and it is reasonable to suppose that, considering the advantages it offers, and also in view of the fact that it is the latest product of the development of building and loan associations, it will sooner or later supplant all others. As to the "terminating plan," it may be said that it has to all intents and purposes ceased to exist.

As has already been said, the building and loan association is, in principle and purpose, a purely local institution. It derives its strength and effectiveness from the fact that, like the New England town meeting which lies at the foundation of our political system, it is essentially a neighborhood affair, in which each member shares with the rest the benefits and responsibilities. To this its success is, in large measure, due.

But their success has led, to some extent, to a departure from this idea, and national associations have grown up, de-

signed to cover a large territory. The organization of such national concerns has been followed by many consequences which the local associations were able to avoid, mainly such as heavy expenses and losses entailed by carelessness, incompetency or dishonesty in the valuation of real estate on which loans were made. Besides, this part of the field has been taken up by speculators, who have gone into it merely as a money-making scheme. It is in such undertakings as this that most of the losses in building and loan associations have been sustained. Among what may be called the legitimate forms of building and loan associations, the losses have been comparatively trifling; but they have suffered more or less on account of the perversion of the fundamental principles of the business by the promoters of impossible schemes.

It is hardly necessary to say that very much depends upon good management in this business. The most perfectly conceived plan may be brought to naught by ignorance, neglect or dishonesty; it is not exempt from the vicissitudes which attend the operations of other kinds of business. It is, however, a very notable fact that the losses have been so small, especially when it is remembered that, as a rule, the men in charge of building and loan associations have not been experienced in affairs, and that the officers, with the exception of one, usually the secretary, serve without pay. It speaks volumes not only for the character of the management, but for the spirit which animates it.



AT THE ROOMING HOUSE.

"STARBOARDER is so mean he keeps everything under lock and key."
"Not only that—he even bolts his food!"



IN VAUDEVILLE CIRCLES.

BARRY TONE—The lady conjurer has refused my offer of marriage.
MANAGER—Ah, another case of slight of hand, eh?

"The Sound of a Voice"

(A TELEPHONE INCIDENT)

By G. de S. Webster

MRS. NEWWED MR. NEWWED A VOICE

(Scene: Dining room of the Newweds. The telephone is fixed over writing desk)

MRS. NEWWED (*talking to kitten as she ties a bow round its neck*)—Now, pussy, I wonder what my Dick is doing? I hope he hasn't gone to a horrid race meeting—I don't believe that is the way he spends his spare time, despite Clare Passée's insinuations, but—well, I've only rung him up seven times to-day, and he has answered me himself every time; so it must be all right—(*puts kitten on cushion*). Now, what shall I do with myself? It's too hot to go out and pay calls. I've scolded the servants enough for one day. I've sewn a button on Dick's glove, and I've written twenty-seven pages to mamma. Oh, I must call Dick up again; he's used to hearing from me at *least* eight times during the day. Poor boy! he'll think I've ceased to care for him, or something dreadful like that—(*goes to telephone and rings up*). oooooi—Newwed, please. (*After a moment she hears a response.*)

MRS. N. (*into phone*)—Yes. Are you there?

VOICE—Of course I am, darling.

MRS. N.—Who is it?

VOICE—Who do I sound like?

MRS. N.—You sound like my own hubby.

VOICE—So I am, darling—your very, only own Dick.

MRS. N.—Were you worrying and thinking I wasn't going to call you up again, dearest?

VOICE—Yes; I've been so dreadfully anxious, darling.

MRS. N.—What are you doing?

VOICE—Working hard and thinking hard of my own little wife. (*At this point the door is softly opened by a*

broad-shouldered, tweed-clad individual. He stands still and smilingly watches Mrs. N. without speaking.)

MRS. N. (*into phone*)—I've been feeling so lonely all day.

VOICE—Poor little girl! I'll soon be back, pet.

MRS. N.—I've written twenty-seven pages to mamma.

VOICE—Have you! The dear old lady! I hope you gave her my love.

MRS. N.—Ah, now, *that's* the way I like to hear you speak about mamma. Try to always talk about her like that when you are at home. (*The individual near the door looks perplexed and vaguely troubled.*)

VOICE—I will, darling.

MRS. N.—I *do* think you might have managed to come home early to-day, Dick, to celebrate the third month of our wedding day. (*The individual suddenly assumes an expression of horror, and tries to steal softly from the room without being seen.*)

VOICE—So I would, dear; but we have been so busy at the office all day, and—(*Individual accidentally steps on the kitten—kitten squeals—and Mrs. N. looks round before individual can reach the door—she drops the receiver, rushes toward him, and clutches him fiercely by the arm.*)

MRS. N. (*with a thousand volcanoes in her voice*)—Dick!!! RICHARD!!!

MR. N. (*with a jaunty attempt at assumed bravado*)—Well, darling, are you glad to see me back?

MRS. N. (*dragging him to the telephone*)—Come here. (*She holds receiver against his ear, and then speaks into telephone herself.*)

MRS. N. (*into phone*)—And *who* did you say you were?

VOICE—Surely you haven't forgotten so soon? Your own Dick.

MR. N.—But, hang it all—(*Mrs. N. puts her hand over his mouth.*)

MRS. N.—And *what* did you say you were doing?

VOICE (*repeating slowly and very distinctly*)—Working hard and thinking hard of my own little wife.

MR. N. (*trying to call himself*)—Shut up, you fool! Don't you know—(*Mrs. N. stops him as before.*)

MRS. N. (*into phone*)—We will now end this conversation, as Mr. Newwed, who is by my side, is rather tired of listening to his own supposed voice. Good-day! Kindly hold yourself in readiness to give evidence when I apply for a judicial separation.

VOICE—Er—er—oh—er—er—(*Mrs. Newwed rings off, and confronts Mr. Newwed, whose complexion has gradually assumed a begonia-tomato-sunset sort of hue.*)

MR. N. (*in a North Pole voice*)—Kindly explain—if it is possible for you to do so.

MR. N. (*jauntily*)—Certainly, my dear, certainly. Well, you see, darling, you have a very sweet little habit of calling me up at the office every other half hour, and as I—er—am—er—not always—er—there—

MRS. N.—Attending race meetings, possibly?

MR. N. (*defiantly*)—Yes, attending race meetings; though, having had my first big bit of luck yesterday, I am now going to chuck it forever. However, to continue, as I am not always at the office, I thought you might be angry—*anxious*—if I did not answer every

time you rang me up; so I trained Corker, my head clerk, who's a bit of a ventriloquist, to imitate my voice and answer you when I wasn't there, and the fool didn't know I had come home early to-day, so—oh, forgive me, Mimi!

MRS. N. (*in hoar-frost accents*)—Never!—(*Picking up kitten.*) Come along, pussy, we have both of us been deceived. Never mind; we'll go back to mamma, and—(*drops a tear on kitten's back*)—But—(*turning to Mr. N.*)—let me tell you, sir, that—(*telephone bell rings*)—Ah! the phone again! (*Mr. N. springs forward as if to answer—Mrs. N. intercepts him.*) Pardon me; it's my turn to manipulate the telephone now, I think. Perhaps there may be some still *more* interesting revelations if I try a ventriloquial act! (*Goes to telephone and answers in a gruff, manly voice*)—Yes; who is it?

VOICE—Hullo, old chap! Is that you?

MRS. N. (*as before*)—No—er—I mean, Yes.

VOICE—Well, just a word about that diamond necklace for your wife that you asked me to choose. You say your racing haul was £110; now, as you are willing to add another tenner, I can get just what you want, pendant and all, for £120. Will that do?

MRS. N. (*in faint little voice*)—Dick, will you come and answer this, please?

(*He does so, and, after having arranged the matter, rings off, and turns toward Mrs. N., who is softly crying into the kitten's fur, on the sofa.*)

MR. N. (*holding out his arms*)—Mimi!

MRS. N. (*dropping kitten*)—Oh!—oh!—(*onto his waistcoat*)—Oh, Dick! (*The kitten purrs.*)



SMOKE ROOM REMINISCENCE.

LANDLUBBER—When you crossed the Atlantic did you see any sharks?

SEAGOER—Sure, I played poker with some of them.



SHOCKED.

PATRON—No, this is not an electric restaurant, sir; what made you think so?

SECOND PATRON—Seems to me I have been overcharged.

Behind the Scenes of the Season

By Channing Pollock

THE History of the Theater in America, adapted for representation in "this great playhouse called the world," is about to be continued, after an unusually long intermission. The curtain fell on the one hundred and fifty-third act of the drama, which might be described in the "synopsis" as the season of 1904-'05, last May, since when scores of managers have been busily setting the stage for the next scene. About the time that you read these lines the orchestra will be "rung in," and we shall have come to the season of 1905-'06.

This metaphor leaped into my mind one day last August, when I left a trail of dripped perspiration down the shady side of Broadway. On my right and on my left were the boarded-up entrances of theaters, each barrier announcing in large letters the name of the attraction to open that particular place of amusement. To the eye of the casual observer, the state of affairs seemed that which is slangily pictured in the phrase "nothing doing," yet I knew from personal experience that behind every wall men and women were accomplishing the hardest work of the year. It is when the curtain is down that the people of the playhouse really labor, and I made a note of that fact on the back of an envelope which I posted at the next corner.

In the Greek tragedies there was always a chorus, which devoted itself during intermissions to explaining what had occurred and what was about to occur. Broadway is crowded by this chorus from June till September, and it gives the only external evidence of activity. Knots of actors stood here and there, despite a new police rule,

which was supposed to keep them in motion, and their chatter indexed the situation. During the first half of the summer they related to one another the triumphs of the term just passed; during the last half they told of engagements offered and refused, of fabulous salaries tendered, and of plans for the coming year. "You're just the man I want for this part," he says to me. "You'll make the hit of your life in it." "It's not a great part," says I, "and I don't think you'd care to pay my salary for it." This is the eternal solo, followed invariably by an ensemble of listeners who have remained quiet only while waiting an opportunity to tell their own stories.

I don't know whether or not the actors on Broadway really believe the yarns they spin, but I hope they do. It is poor enough compensation for patient waiting in managerial reception rooms, for humiliating indifference on the part of the managers themselves, for hard work at rehearsals, and for the monologue of a stage director, whose will is law and whose vocabulary is order. Go into one of these reception rooms any hot day in August and you will find thirty or forty seekers after engagements besieging the door behind which sits the potentate who "presents" or "offers" or "announces" plays and players. Three chairs constitute the office furniture, and you will observe generally that it is the men who occupy these chairs. Christopher Jennings, whom you saw last month as the *Duke of Kenmare*, condescending to the people about him, and chivalrously sacrificing himself for the sake of a woman, lounges wearily over an upholstered space that would seat both of the tired

ingénues in front of him, and begs the boy to get his card in as soon as possible.

If you have leisure to wait half an hour, you will see the eagerly-watched door open, and will hear the boy in question say "You're next" to the *Duke of Kenmare*. The little girl with the blonde hair, who for thirty minutes has cherished the thought that her turn is at hand, rises from the bundle on which she has been resting, sits down again, and sighs hopelessly, while the *Duke* strides across the floor. In all likelihood the portly form of the manager fills the entrance by this time, and there ensues a conversation of exceptional pith and brevity.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Berg. I'm Christopher Jennings. I played the *Duke of Kenmare* last season with Agnes Arthur. I thought there might be an opening——"

"Haven't anything to offer you."

"Good-afternoon, sir."

"Next!"

And the little girl with the blonde hair goes to meet the same fate. I have seen a gathering of a hundred people disposed of after this fashion in something less than an hour. The actors knew when they called that there wasn't one chance in a thousand of their receiving any other reply. The manager knew when he came to the door that he had sent for everybody he cared to engage for the particular play in hand. Why either bothers to see the other is a mystery that probably will never be solved.

If you are of a compassionate nature, an afternoon in a theatrical office will convince you that the beings who direct the destiny of our playhouses are utterly without heart or soul. The superior attitude in this matter, however, is one to which you probably have no right, for there is little doubt that even you would behave similarly in the same position. The task of getting eight or ten productions ready is a herculean one, the fulfillment of which leaves scant time for courtesy, and makes the feelings of the job hunter seem very unimportant.

Put yourself in the place of the manager. Imagine yourself the owner of a manuscript which must be translated into a theatrical performance by such and such a date. In something less than a month you will have to be ready with manuscript, scenery, properties, furniture, costumes, actors, posters, newspaper advertising, and a route. Just as you are in the midst of attending to these things there descends upon you a swarm of insistent histrions, determined upon relating to you the stories of their separate and individual lives. You haven't asked these people to come; you don't want to talk to them, they know you don't, and yet each of the lot means to occupy as many of your precious moments as he can. What would you do under the circumstances?

Not one theatergoer in a thousand has the faintest idea of how much work must be done before the curtain is lifted on the performance which he pays to witness. For all he knows to the contrary, that performance is a fairy creation called into being by the tap of the orchestra conductor's wand. Even you to whom I am addressing myself probably have not reflected that the playhouse in this country, directly or indirectly, gives employment to at least half a million wage-earners. Nearly fifty millions of dollars were spent at box offices last year in the United States, and three-fourths of this amount was invested in the effort to make the profit. Naturally the labor of so many men and women, and the expenditure of so much money, must produce a certain amount of activity. It is this activity that keeps New York's Broadway crowded through the summer.

Let us suppose that one of the big theatrical firms has bought the rights to a musical comedy which has scored in London. The piece is announced for production late in August or early in September. The head of the concern has seen it played abroad, has read the manuscript, has made his arrangements with the author, and is ready to begin work on the production. Here is what happens: The press bureau of the firm is informed of the transaction, and im-

mediately begins an attempt to make the name of this particular musical comedy a household word. Photographs of the principals are obtained as fast as these players are engaged, and the pictures are sent broadcast through the land. Such a press bureau as would be maintained by the management in question has a list of six or seven hundred newspapers which are kept supplied with matter pertaining to the attractions it represents. While this publicity is being secured, the general stage manager of the combination has sailed for Europe, and is busily making mental notes of certain details connected with the performance in London. He purchases designs of costumes and scenery, and returns to New York with a fairly good idea of the sort of people he wants for the leading rôles in the production.

Once back in this country, every reasonable effort is made to secure the comedians and vocalists required. Sometimes the most important of these may be brought from abroad. The sketches in the possession of the stage manager are turned over to artisans who build and paint scenery, and to the various trades folk who make costumes, tights, wigs, boots, gloves, armor, weapons, hose and hats. At about the same time the booking agent is inspecting the route offered him by the theatrical syndicate—which means that he tries to arrange with the managers of theaters for their best time and terms. A company of a hundred people cannot make long jumps and a profit. The producer must abandon the idea of doing one of the two things. He cannot send his organization from Philadelphia to Chicago and back to Baltimore. He must endeavor to reach Baltimore and Washington and Pittsburgh *between* Philadelphia and Chicago. So that the booking agent is likely to have his hands full, too, during the months of July and August.

Printing is another important thing to which due attention needs to be paid. Most of the companies which do this work employ their own artists, who read the manuscript and submit suggestions for striking and appropriate post-

ers. These suggestions are passed upon, lithographed and shipped to the cities in which the musical comedy is to be heard. In the meanwhile the labor of actual rehearsal has begun, and the stage manager is infusing his ideas into the heads of the people he has engaged. Three or four weeks are spent in rehearsing a musical comedy, and it is not unusual for the final trials to last from ten o'clock one morning until two o'clock the next. Back of the functionaries I have mentioned stands the manager, the all-important personage, the man with the money. Everybody reports to him; he oversees everything. Multiply the tasks I have mentioned by ten, the probable number of his enterprises, and you will have the sum of his annual activity; multiply that activity by forty, the number of big managers in New York, and you will have some conception of the tremendous amount of labor accomplished behind the scenes of the season.

Ordinarily this activity, of which the layman knows nothing, is about all that New York has to offer in the way of theatrical stir during what the newspapers call "the heated term." This summer has been rather an exception to the rule, however. On the first of July there were on view no fewer than five indoor entertainments, one of which was actually a dramatic performance. This attraction, "The Heir to the Hoorah," at the Hudson Theater, celebrated its one hundredth performance in New York on July 6th, and concluded its metropolitan engagement soon after. "Fantana," at the Lyric Theater, had its two hundredth performance on July 5th, and gave every evidence of remaining on Broadway longer, as it had begun earlier, than any of its rivals. "Sergeant Brue," at the Knickerbocker, took a vacation on July 1st, to resume its run a month later, while "The Rollicking Girl" rollicked on through the hot weather at the Herald Square. The fifth of the "shows" to which allusion has been made was at the Hippodrome, which remained open until the same day on which "Sergeant Brue" laid off, but, unlike that musical comedy, at-

tracted big audiences until the very end. Two months ago I promised the readers of this magazine that I would tell them something of the Hippodrome, and before we come to the end of this article I shall have kept my word.

Except for Coney Island, no place of amusement is more popular with the average Gothamite than the roof gardens. There were three of these this summer, though four disputed for popular favor the year before, and five the year before that. Precisely why these resorts are known as roof gardens it would be difficult to say, since they are rarely on the roof, and never in the least like gardens. The first of the lot to make its appearance in New York was that constructed over the Casino Theater. "There is nothing new under the sun," and it follows, literally "as the night the day," that there cannot be anything new under the moon, either. Certainly the projector of the Casino roof garden owed his idea to the architects of Pompeii, who used to crown their houses with a kind of open room, which they called the Solarium. The coverless theater on top of the Casino really was a most attractive place, in spite of insects, which shared the common opinion of its charm, and bit rashes all over the patrons of the enterprise. So successful did the venture prove that when Oscar Hammerstein erected the building which now includes the New York and Criterion Theaters, he devoted the whole flat surface of the structure to a similar purpose. Mr. Hammerstein went the originators of the scheme one better, for, while the Casino garden had been really coverless and open on all sides, Gotham's champion theater builder put a roof over his roof garden, thus making it simply a top-story playhouse.

This is a fashion which has been followed since that time, and which seems to make more for profit than did the other. The Casino garden is now a thing of the past, as is evidently that located on Madison Square, which was similarly exposed, while the roofed roof gardens were all in the field this summer. Of these there were three—the

Aërial Gardens, above the New Amsterdam Theater; the Wistaria Grove, above the New York Theater, and Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden, which is above the Victoria Theater, and has a codicil above the Belasco. Only one of this trio, the Aërial, offered a program devoid of vaudeville acts. The season here was begun with a musical comedy written by John J. McNally, and entitled "Lifting the Lid." A so-called "Gilbert and Sullivan Review," produced at the same time, subsequently gave way to another work by Mr. McNally, profanely yclept "The Whole Damm Family."

Of the various attractions of and at the Aërial Gardens, I can say nothing except that the place itself is exceedingly beautiful and unexpectedly cool on warm evenings. I didn't see "Lifting the Lid" or "The Gilbert and Sullivan Review" or "The Whole Damm Family." Considerate friends told me that the performance was not only dull but, in spots, exceedingly offensive—an assertion which the titles and some experience with their predecessor, "A Little of Everything," made me quite ready to credit. Accordingly, being a person who believes that this world holds too much trouble that cannot be avoided for any sane person to seek that which can, I remained away from the Aërial Gardens. I understand that the entertainment was not well patronized, although it introduced a large number of clever performers, among them Virginia Earl, Louis Harrison, Corinne and Stella Mayhew.

One began to see the reason for the name Wistaria Grove as soon as one entered the building. There were two sprigs of property wistaria in each of the elevators that carried prospective auditors to the theater. In the grove proper there were at least twenty sprigs more, though the surrounding decorations were as Occidental as could have been desired by the Czar of Russia. So much for the excuse; as to the inspiration, I am willing to wager that it might have been traced to the Lyric Theater, where a young woman in "Fantana" is still singing blithely about

the "branches of the wild wistaria." Before "Fantana" came to town the average manager didn't know whether wistaria was a plant or a patent medicine.

The audiences at the Wistaria Grove, like the audiences at every other roof garden in New York, were neither grand nor gloomy, but decidedly peculiar. They were made up of a strange admixture of sedate out-of-town visitors, noisy men and women of the Tenderloin type, and entire families that had deserted Harlem for the evening. Nowhere else could one see people whose tastes should be so widely at variance sitting in blissful enjoyment of the same performance. Papa, mamma and the other Harlemites drank lemonade and ginger ale, the noisy couples partook of high balls, and the provincials drank in nothing but the ozone. All classes alike displayed a marked preference for girls—the alpha and omega of any "summer show" in New York. Last season on top of the New York Theater they had a "pony ballet"; this season it was a ballet of "Shetlands," but both varieties of equines wore short skirts and that everlasting smile which is to musical comedy as the automobile face is to motoring.

To the feminine portion of the company was due at least sixty per cent. of the success which the Wistaria Grove had through June, July and August. Except for that portion, the entertainment was stale, flat, and would have been unprofitable. It began with the ordinary brand of aerial vaudeville—wire walkers, acrobats and trained animals. I have said two or three times, in the course of this series of articles, that I cannot understand public liking for what is merely difficult, and not at all beautiful. Why anyone should care to see women distort themselves or beasts tortured into doing tricks is past my comprehension. That they do is undeniable, for the crowds at the Wistaria were as much delighted with a contortionist one week as with an intelligent monkey the next. The first really attractive act on the program was "The Girl with the Red Domino," and I ques-

tion whether this would have been approved had not curiosity concerning the young woman been kept at a considerable height by clever advertising. She was really La Belle Daisie, formerly well known in New York, and her terpsichorean work, performed in the center of a semicircle of mirrors, proved both novel and agreeable. It was the real feature of a performance that concluded with a silly burlesque, entitled "When We Are Forty-one," which could not boast of wit, rhyme or reason.

For the first time in several years no piece of similar nature was produced at the Paradise Gardens, where Oscar Hammerstein gave his attention to presenting a series of remarkably good vaudeville bills. There was a girl here, too—"The Girl from Coney Island," whom one of the Hammersteins discovered in unsavory surroundings at that resort and transplanted to Broadway. "The Girl from Coney Island" has a great big, untrained voice, which had all the volume of a male chorus. Other features which remained at the Paradise Gardens for more than a fortnight at a time were two illusions, known respectively as Dida and Toto; Ernest Hogan and his "Memphis Students," a troupe of negroes who sang plantation melodies; and the Hengler Sisters. Half of the Paradise Gardens was inclosed and covered, but the other half was open on all sides and filled with farmhouses and mills. Here Mr. Hammerstein assembled cows, ducks and chickens, a motley array that excited more interest than any other feature of his place of amusement.

The Hippodrome, concerning which I have given my word to say something, has been described many times since it opened last April. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to do the building anything like justice on paper. New Yorkers may see for themselves that it is an enormous brick structure, occupying an entire block on Sixth Avenue between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets. Its interior looks like nothing else so much as a theater under a gigantic microscope. When one has mentioned the

fact that the Hippodrome seats more than five thousand persons, there remains little to detail in the matter of its size. The stage is two hundred feet wide, one hundred and ten feet deep, and ninety feet high. In front of the proscenium arch projects a huge "apron," which sinks at the proper moment and reveals a pond filled with five hundred thousand gallons of water. On the enormous platform regiments of men, scores of horses and herds of elephants cavort at will. There is no indication that the management feels any doubt as to the weight the platform will support, except that given by the chorus. Not one girl in the ensemble that appeared last season could have tipped the scales at more than a hundred. A more attenuated lot of ladies it has never been my ill fortune to see.

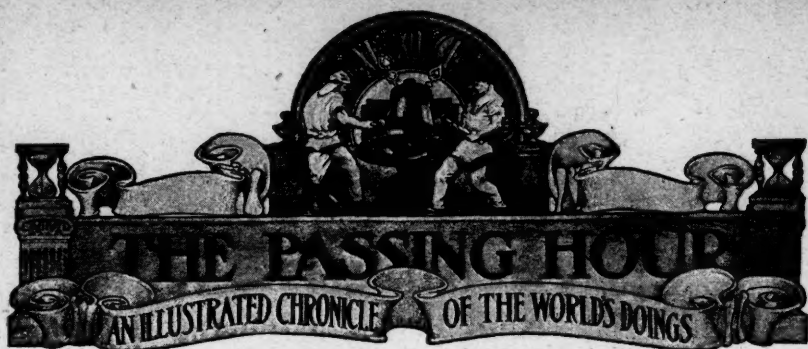
The summer bill at the Hippodrome was made up of all the elements of vaudeville, burlesque, drama and circus. It began with an extravaganza entitled "A Yankee Circus on Mars," in which was related the story of a show stranded on earth and purchased by an emissary of the ruler of that planet. The program said that the book of this work was by George V. Hobart and the music by Manuel Klein and Jerome Schwartz. None of this could be proved by me. I sat in row S, and, honestly, I think I must have been a mile from the footlights. Opera glasses were not required in this position, but an ear trumpet would have been greatly appreciated. Despite the fact that the performers spoke and sang at the tops of their voices, I could not make out a word. Everyone else in the house must have experienced the same difficulty, for, while the various marches and dances were heartily applauded, the vocal part of the performance fell terribly flat. "A Yankee Circus on Mars," however, was filled with brilliant spectacular features, and, in itself, was well worth the price of admission.

In the intermission between its two acts there were a couple of hair-raising variety "turns." I say "hair-raising" advisedly. I haven't been able to find the part in mine since I saw two of

"Barlow's and Powers' Elephants" step over the prostrate figure of one of the gentlemen mentioned. Following the exhibition of these beasts, which was in every respect the most remarkable I have ever witnessed, a little fellow named Gaston Bordeverry shot the clothes off his wife. This act was shocking only in its danger to the young woman in question, since the falling apparel revealed nothing worse than a suit of pink tights modestly covered by an undergarment.

The second act of "A Yankee Circus on Mars" introduced a regulation three-ringed show, the most wonderful thing about which was the exhibition of endurance given by the chorus. Men and women alike stood stock still at the back of the stage throughout this entertainment, a feat which may have been simple enough on the first night of the entertainment, but which surely was agonizing by the one hundredth. Marceline, an English clown; the Clarkonians, trapeze performers, and a great ballet, arranged by Edward Temple, were most worth seeing in this portion of the bill. Following "A Yankee Circus on Mars" and a brief wait, two or three hundred people appeared in a war drama, called "The Raiders." There wasn't much drama to this, but a great deal of war.

The Hippodrome is quite the most amazing place of amusement in the amazing city of New York. Together with the roof gardens, one or two theaters, and Coney Island, it did a generous share of the entertaining that went on while preparations were made for the beginning of the real theatrical year. That year will have been begun fairly by the time this paragraph meets your eye, gentle reader. The managers will be ringing up multitudes of curtains on their choicest purchases, and you will applaud casually without being in the least aware of how many months of work and energy were required to get them ready. It is the policy of these managers to let you go on thinking the stage a fairyland. But for me, you might never have known what is accomplished behind the scenes of the season.



A Practical Yachtswoman.

The list of American yachtswomen would naturally begin with the name of Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin. Mrs. Iselin was Miss Hope Goddard, of Providence, Rhode Island. Her husband was the managing member of the syndicate which built the *Reliance*. Mr. Iselin sailed the *Reliance* and Mrs. Iselin helped him. So far as there is any record, Mrs. Iselin is the only woman who ever sailed on a cup defender. Mrs. Iselin is a practical yachtswoman, and could herself sail a defender, if necessary. She is modest and retiring, however, rather dodging than seeking publicity.


Supreme on the Links.

As Genevieve Hecker, Mrs. Charles L. Stout won the women's championship at golf at the Baltusrol Golf Club in 1901. She renewed her hold on the title at Brookline in 1902. One of her predecessors, Miss Beatrice Hoyt, held the championship continuously for four years. Miss Hecker might have equaled this record if she had not been one of the number of women golf players who refused to go West in 1903 to play the championship games. As a result of Miss Hecker's withdrawal, the championship that year went to Miss Anthony. Miss Hecker, who had become Mrs. Charles L. Stout, withdrew from activity in the golf field for two years. Her reappearance in 1905,

when she again won, was hailed with enthusiasm by her admirers. Mrs. Stout has often been reported as about to go abroad for further honors, but the delegation of American women which played at Cromer this year included only one ex-champion—Miss Frances Griscom.

The Real Ruler of Russia.

When anarchy threatened in St. Petersburg during the outbreak of the factory workers, the czar sent to General Trepoff, who was governor of Moscow, and put him in control. The result has been the restoration of peace in the Russian capital, enforced with a strong hand, and yet by such quiet means that no stories of persecution or cruelty have gone out from St. Petersburg, where many eyes are on the lookout for anything which will reflect discredit on the Russian Government. It is probably this ability to hold the population in restraint without exciting criticism abroad which has given General Trepoff his great hold upon the czar. At this writing it is said that he is even more powerful than the grand dukes, whose influence has been paramount in the imperial palace. Quietly but strongly, General Trepoff to-day is the practical ruler of Russia. That is, he controls its internal policy; and if the revolution which has threatened for so many years does not break out in the near future, it will be due to his judgment.



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It looks as though he were the right man in the right place, to carry out the oppressive policy of the rulers of Rus-

increase their millions. Nelson O. Nelson, of St. Louis, differs from them in his ambition to see others prosper as he

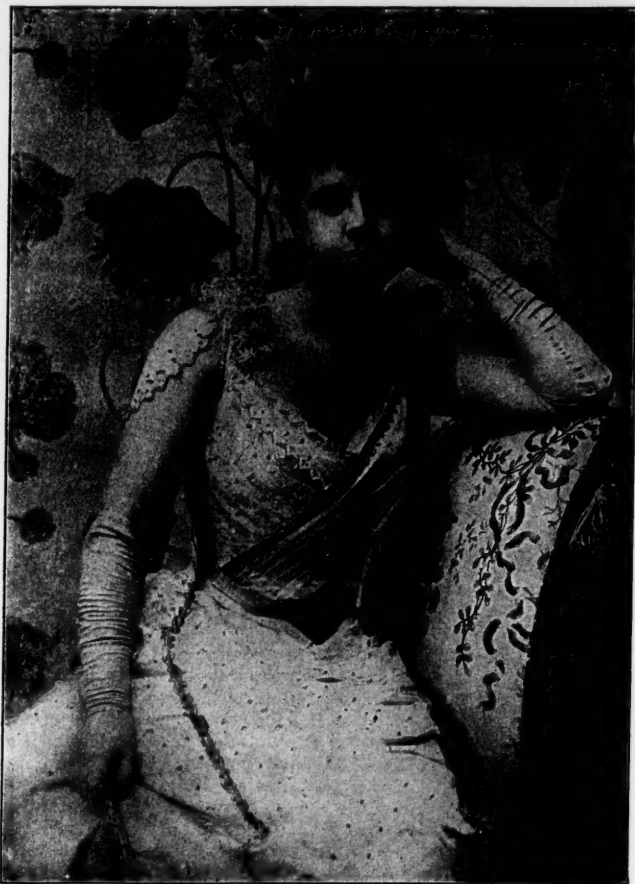


Photo by Alman, N. Y.

MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN

One of the notable women of the social world and a practical yachtswoman who can herself sail a yacht

sia, though he may not be the most admirable.

A Sane Business Man.

There are many kinds of millionaires, most of them noted for their desire to

himself has done. Mr. Nelson is a native of Norway, who came to this country in boyhood. He has a large business in St. Louis, with factories at Leclaire, Ill., and Bessemer, Ala. Leclaire is a colony founded by him, and is one



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MRS. CHARLES L. STOUT

Who, as Miss Genevieve Hecker, won the woman's championship at golf in 1901, and has with a single year's exception, when she refused to play, held it ever since

of the most interesting of the industrial colonies of the Middle West. The little town is built around the factories, and all the workmen who are employed there share in the benefits of its public library and the other municipal institutions provided by Mr. Nelson. When Mr. Nelson started Leclair, with its model homes for workmen, he established a system of profit-sharing. He carried this to a point where he offered to sell to his employees the whole of his business, to be paid for out of its profits. This involved certain responsibilities which the laboring man was not willing to assume. Consequently, Mr. Nelson's liberality was not met with as warm an appreciation as it deserved. Recently Mr. Nelson has established another form of profit-sharing. He proposes to divide a share of his profits among his customers in proportion to their purchases. A great many absurd statements have been made about the Nelson enterprise, many to the effect that Mr. Nelson desired to throw away his money and die poor. Being a very sane, intelligent business man, he has not this ambition.

The Vice-President's Daughter.

In the social life of Washington during the next four years, and possibly longer, one of the most active figures will be that of Mrs. John W. Timmons, the only daughter of Vice-President Fairbanks. Should her father achieve his ambition to be elected President of the United States, Mrs. Timmons will take a still more conspicuous position in the social life of the capital. Rather slender and quite pretty, Mrs. Timmons was popular in her home in Indiana before she came to Washington, and she has achieved popularity there in the congressional circle.

A Noble Woman Nobly Honored.

It would have gratified Miss Frances Willard if she could have known that women would be recognized by the State of Illinois by the placing of a statue in the Hall of Statuary at Washington. Probably this recognition of



GENERAL TREPOFF
The real ruler of Russia

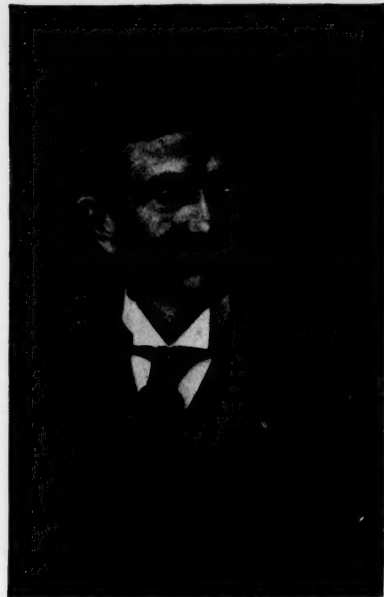
her sex would have had little added value for her from the fact that she herself was chosen as the representative of woman in Statuary Hall. Miss Willard's life was given largely to the cause of women—that subject dividing itself in her mind with the temperance question. Herself a graduate of the Milwaukee College for Women, and the Women's College of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, she believed in the higher education of women and in placing women politically as well as mentally on an equality with men. Settling in Evanston in 1858, she remained there until her death, being for many years a teacher in the college, and for a time the dean of that institution. She wrote many books, chiefly on temperance, and was the projector of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Statuary Hall is in the old hall of the House of Representatives. The figure

of George Washington stands there; and opposite that a life-size figure of Abraham Lincoln. Robert Fulton is one of the representatives of New York, and in recent years John James Ingalls, of Kansas, has been among those honored by his State. Each State is entitled to two statues, the figures of its most representative citizens, and the legislature of Illinois, which chose Miss Willard for this honor, gave the commission for the statue very properly into the hands of a woman sculptor, Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, of New York. Miss Mears, who stands among the best known of her sex in the local art world, may well consider this figure of Miss Willard the crowning achievement of her artistic career.

A Great Writer of English.

No man of the present time has created a profounder literary impres-



N. O. NELSON

A St. Louis manufacturer who has become famous because of his experiments in profit sharing and kindred economic subjects. He sincerely desires to benefit his fellow men



Photo by Frances B. Johnson

MRS. TIMMONS

The daughter of Vice-President Fairbanks, who married to suit herself and then settled with her father afterward

sion than Joseph Conrad, a native of Poland, a seaman in the English mer-

cantile marine, and a writer of novels in English. His remarkable works, "Youth," "Romance," "Falk" and "Lord Jim," made the critics sit up and realize that here was a man who had something to say, who could look at life in a new way, and who could tell about it in a sweeping, vigorous style that was wholly individual. The fact that a man who had spent his life at sea could write books of such a literary flavor was astonishing; the fact that a Pole had command of such a polished English style was even more so. Conrad's real name is Korzeniowski, but he shortened it to Conrad so that his fellow seamen could pronounce it. He was brought up with a knowledge of French and Polish. He went to sea when a boy, and at sea learned to use the English language in a way which is the envy of a great many English authors. He explains himself how he learned the language, and his explanation ought to be of interest to college professors of English literature, and others who are trying to teach people to become authors. At almost every seaport there is a depot of the Bible Society, where copies of the New Testament are distributed free of charge to all seamen who apply for them. A great many of the men before the mast make it a point to stock up with a copy on every voyage—"not to read," explains Conrad, "but because the pages of the Testaments are just of the size and quality to use in rolling cigarettes; and a New Testament contains cigarette paper for some time!" Conrad rolled and

smoked these Biblical cigarettes along with his mates; but, unlike them, he read each side of every sheet before he used it for a tobacco wrapper. In 1894, when he went ashore and settled in London, he had smoked his way through the New Testament more times than he would care to calculate. Life ashore did not agree with the Polish sailor at first, but after six months of it he was seized with a sudden and unaccountable impulse to write a book. He was well equipped for the task. His twenty years at sea had filled his mind with a wonderful collection of strange and stirring pictures. His thoughtless study of the Bible had given him a command of a purer and more vigorous form of expression than he could have acquired in any other way. Is it any wonder that he made an immediate success?

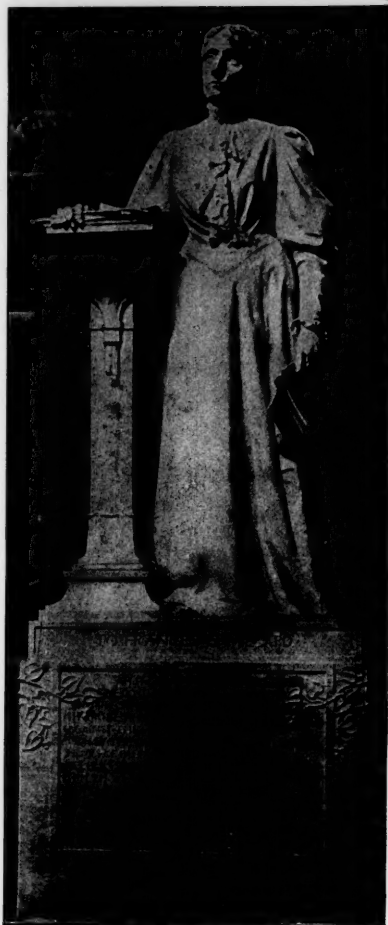
A Remarkable Strike Leader.

For a hundred days and more the city of Chicago was subjected recently to what, by some, was termed a tyrannous



HELEN FARNSWORTH MEARS

The New York sculptor who executed the statue shown in the adjoining column which has been placed in the Hall of Statuary at Washington



FRANCES E. WILLARD
As executed by Miss Mears

nous exhibition of arbitrary labor-union power; by others a noble defense of ordinary human rights. The Teamsters Union went on a strike, and then came the series of tie-ups, riots, conferences and so on, which seemed rapidly to bring to the fore the personality of one man—that of Cornelius P. Shea. He is the president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. He hales from



JOSEPH CONRAD

The English novelist who has achieved the most notable critical distinction in years

Boston, where three years ago he was business agent of the Boston Teamsters Union; but Chicago has had him as a so-called "dictator" so long that it would seem as if he had always lived in the Western city. He has the Chicago temperament.

Shea has been on everybody's mind in the great Western city. He has stood between the employers and the men; the shoppers and the great storekeepers; the great storekeepers and the railroads. He has seemed to interfere with matters so little as the delivery of a spool of thread, and so much as a great freight train's cargo. He has been growing in fame and force until his name has become a household word; and his threat, "I have a good mind to tie up the whole city," had so much weight behind it that it worried everyone.

The thing that has interested the outsider has been the force of this man's personality—he has proved so pictur-

esque, and added so much to the interest of the time. When a striker was killed by a deputy sheriff—in self-defense, it was said—he turned the funeral into a great strike demonstration, by the simple act of pronouncing the eulogy of the dead man in one of the streets which face the great City Hall, in Chicago. He mounted a window ledge, and there, with the streets blocked with people, and the windows around him crowded, urged that "Peace rests not upon the militia or the army, but upon the patience and long-suffering of the toiling masses," which sentiment was greatly applauded. He has a sense of what is



CORNELIUS P. SHEA

President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters who led a great union fight in Chicago

dramatic and romantic, and as a consequence the world has seen fit to pause and look at him closely.

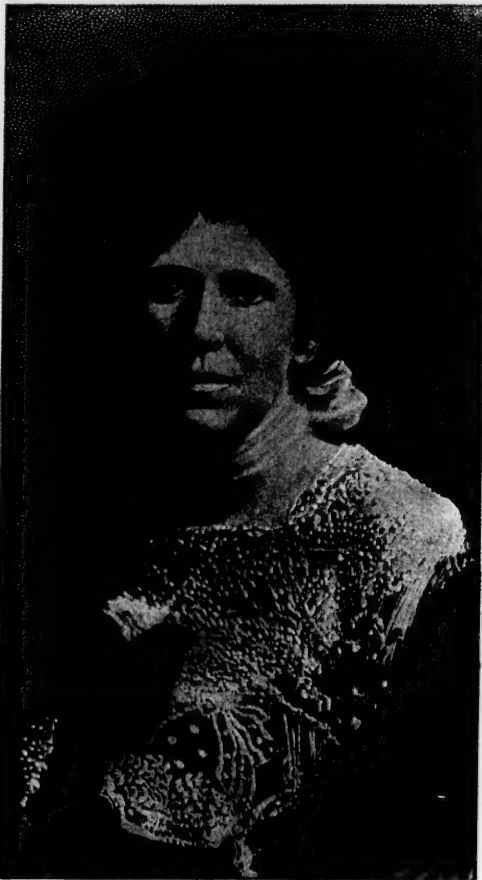
He is a little man, as our photo shows, round, heavy faced, with a keen gray eye and a rumpled mass of brown hair, prematurely shot with white. To the best of his knowledge, he says, he is thirty-one, and has seen some exciting years. In 1903, when the International Organization of Teamsters was at its height, he was elected president, and he has held that office ever since, with great satisfaction to his followers.

To Wed the Heir of an Earl.

The door to New York's society is often opened by a foreign key. That may be one reason why foreign marriages are so popular, and why American mothers take their daughters abroad for matchmaking. No one knows whether Mrs. Francis H. Leggett had in mind any matrimonial designs when she rented

a house in London and began a social campaign there. She went at a time when American women were popular as entertainers, and last winter was

presented at the king's drawing room. Now she has crowned her social campaign by announcing the engagement of her daughter to the heir of the Earl of Sandwich. Mrs. Leggett's daughter is Miss Alberta Sturgis, a stepdaughter of Francis H. Leggett. She is understood to have no fortune of her own, but she will, no doubt, receive a large dowry from the enormous fortune of Mr. Leggett, one of New York's most successful merchants. The family, owing to Mrs. Leggett's great tact and judgment, has been placed in as

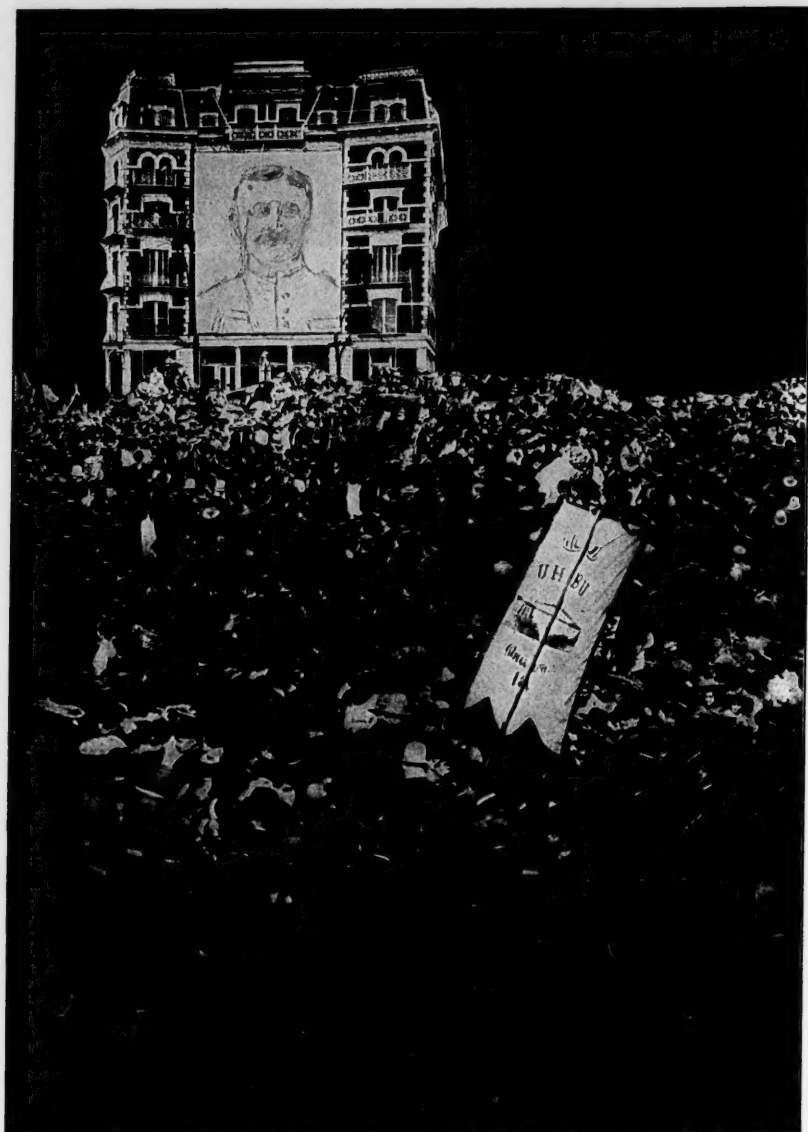


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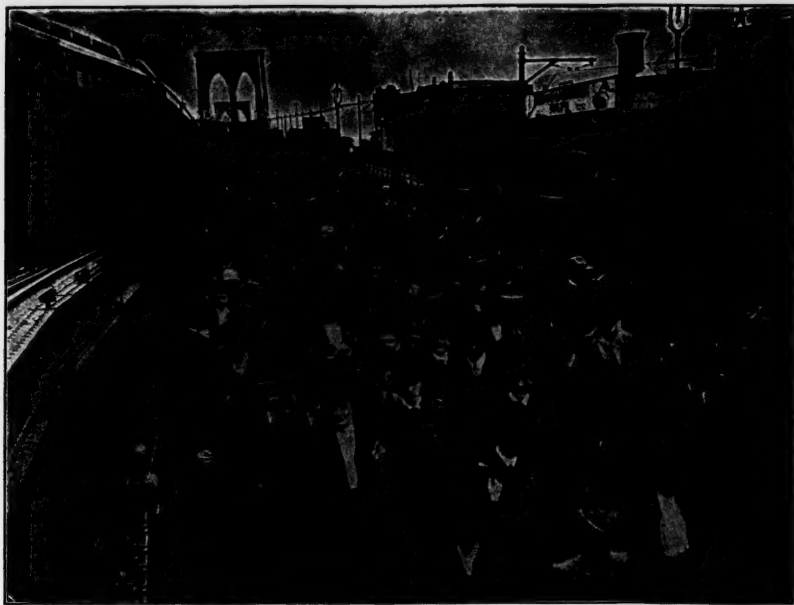
MRS. FRANCES H. LEGGETT

One of the few social leaders of New York who owe their position to brains and ability. She is the wife of a well known wholesale grocer

enviable a social position as one could wish. Mrs. Leggett is a charming entertainer, a brilliant conversationalist, and a woman who is interested in all the political and social movements of her day.



THE CIRCLE, FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND BROADWAY, ON ELECTION NIGHT. THE CROWD IS SUPPOSED TO NUMBER ANYWHERE FROM TEN TO TWENTY THOUSAND



Courtesy of the New York Evening Sun.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT THE RUSH HOURS. THIS IS A SCENE WHICH IS TO BE WITNESSED EVERY MORNING AND EVENING, WEEK DAYS, THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

THE CITY OF CROWDS

By Theodore Dreiser

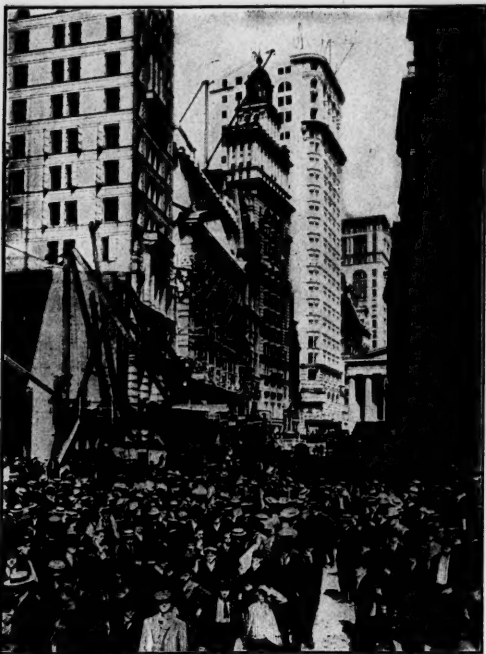
NEW YORK, for America, at least, is essentially the city of crowds.

It is here that you see them in variety and extent not to be duplicated elsewhere; the crowd that is seeking work and the crowd that is seeking pleasure, the crowd that is seeking to buy and the crowd that is seeking to sell; great masses of people moving like streams and rivers, who come from Heaven knows where and disperse again to Heaven knows where, only moving here in masses and shoals, like fish or fowl—a wonderful sight.

It palls on the mind at times, and at

others confuses—so many people moving in aimless throngs—but now and then the wonder and fascination of it come back, and you stand in absolute awe of the great city, of life, and of death, which is following at life's heels and swallowing all these things.

If you were to stand at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Sixth Avenue of a winter's evening and watch the throng that packs that excitable thoroughfare to its utmost capacity, you would gain a good conception of what a crowd means in New York. It is, let us say, a chilly night. The sidewalks



BROAD STREET, LOOKING NORTH, DURING THE MORNING HOURS. THIS IS A PART OF THE FINANCIAL CROWD

hour when the great stores and office buildings begin to close. Instantly the throng swells to gigantic proportions. You thought it was thick before. Look at it now.

The broad street is actually alive with people. The cars are creeping along at a snail's pace. The wagons and carriages are rumbling and turning confusedly between, and everywhere voices are crying the evening papers, the latest magazines, your favorite flower, toys, games, shoe laces—all in a hurly-burly of life, a nightmare of excitement—and this on a chilly December evening.

It is one of the sights which those who have seen them do not quickly forget. It is one of the great sights of the city. If you go far away and never see it again, you will dream of it afterward. It will come to you in your sleep—the great city and the great street, New York and Sixth Avenue. You will never get it wholly out of your mind or your heart.

Yet this crowd is but one of

below you are running with an eager, a dozen, one of a hundred, which occur
excitable and
excited
throng. The
street cars
are full to
overflowing.
In the road-
way people
are crossing
like ants, and
over all is
that spirit of
earnestness
and enthusi-
asm which
characterizes
the eager
Christmas
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denly you ar-
rive at that



FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEAR EIGHTH AVENUE. A TYPICAL FIRE CROWD. TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, IS A MODEST ESTIMATE



BELMONT PARK, ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE RACES. THE CROWD HERE SHOWN, WITH MORE FARTHER IN THE PICTURE, WAS ESTIMATED AT FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE

more or less regularly the year round. If you go into Broadway you will see there the theater crowd; if you go into Fifth Avenue, the fashionable, and on Easter the showy fashionable, crowds; if you go into Grand Street or Houston Street you will come into contact with the work-a-day crowd. On the bridges, at the ferries, in the depots, at the watering places, the race courses, the public squares—everywhere you come face to face with great crowds, some at stated periods of the year, others at regularly recurring hours of the day. It is, above everything else that you can say for it, the city of crowds, and it is as such that, for the present at least, I wish to deal with it.

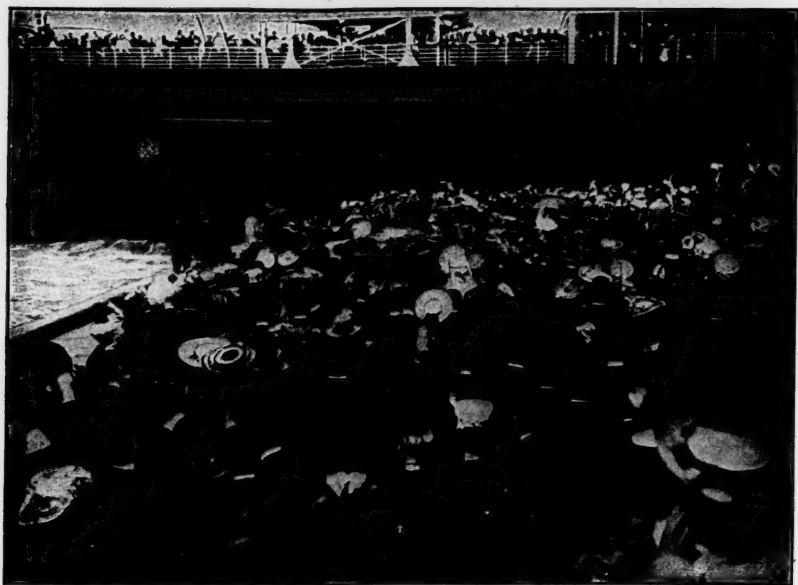
I have in mind a section of the city where in the brisk November evenings a striking and familiar spectacle is constantly recurring. It is that hour when the factories and shops which make the lower half of New York one mass of

business are unanimously closing for the night. The air is chill. The shadows between the great buildings, where the lights are going out, are thick and impressive. Along two main highways leading into the heavily crowded East Side are pouring four heavy streams—one on each sidewalk, with two streams of trucks and every variety of wagon in between. View them now as they pass by you.

Here is a crowd which is composed of the low lowly, a crowd of working boys and girls, of working men and women. View their bodies, view their faces, look at their old clothes. Did you ever see such a throng of the commonplace, the weary, the eager, the half fed, the half clothed? Look at their hats—how battered those of the men, how tawdry those of the girls! See the faded shawls, the drabbed skirts! Look in the light of these flaring gas lamps and see the torn, run



THE ANNUAL EASTER CROWD IN FIFTH AVENUE



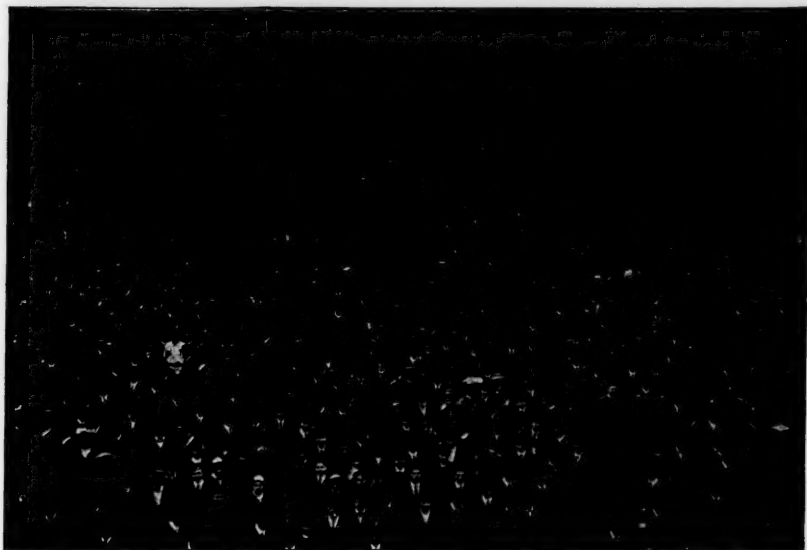
A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER CROWD, BIDDING FAREWELL TO ITS FRIENDS. A SCENE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE

down, misshapen shoes. Could you ask more of a united spectacle of human depression, of life lived at a low ebb?

These people work from morning till night in the shops and factories of the great city. They work from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. at the least, some of them many hours longer. They earn little and spend less—living a poor, lean existence which you and I might scoff at. Poor clothes, poor food, adulterated before it is sold to them, cheap entertainments or

which they crowd are worse than hives or hills, dark, many-chambered places, filled to overflowing with human beings.

But the thing that eternally fascinates you is the sight of this crowd on the street. It is visible in the morning, in an urgent, hurrying throng; it is visible most appealingly again at night, a tired, rather dull-faced-looking mass ebbing and disappearing, like the tides of the sea.



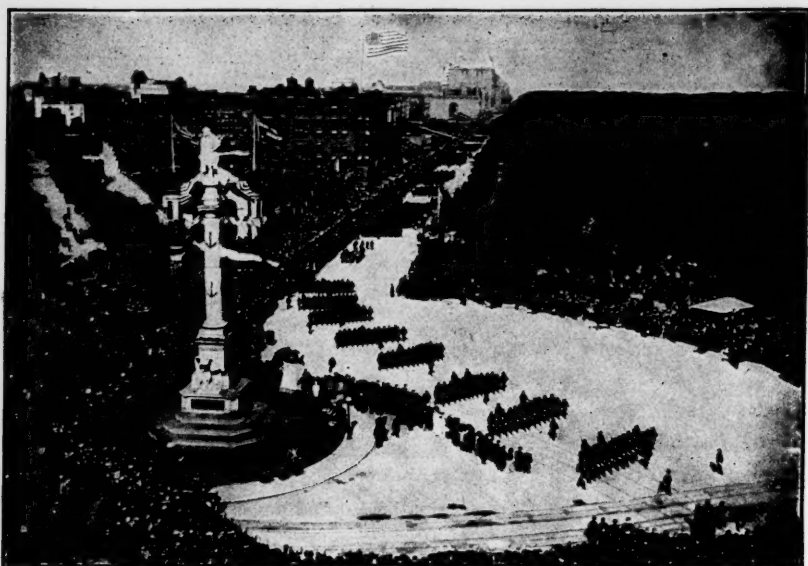
A FORTY-THOUSAND BASEBALL CROWD. THEY ARE LEAVING POLO PARK AFTER THE GAME

none at all, make up the living round of these people, and see them pass from one end of their existence to another.

But it is not with the social condition of these people that we have now to deal, but the crowd they make. Did you ever see such a crowd?

You would marvel, sometimes, if you watched them closely, where they all come from. Such hosts of dwarfed, underfed, weary-looking mortals, who are always hurrying, early and late. The streets are alive with them. They run like ants and thicker than ants in every highway and byway. The houses into

Thousands upon thousands hurrying out, the cars jingling, the lamp lights flickering, sometimes a soft snow swirling about them, and the darkness covering them as a patched and irradiated pall. Such a swirl of faces, such an array of eyes. You might think them clouds of spirits, or swarms of ghosts such as peopled the underworld of the Greeks, were it not for the enthusiasm and youth that accompanies them, the light of hope in their faces, the freedom of desire in their eyes. A long day in the shop has made them keen for the life outside, and this close of the



THE CROWD AT THE DEWEY PARADE. ESTIMATED AT FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND



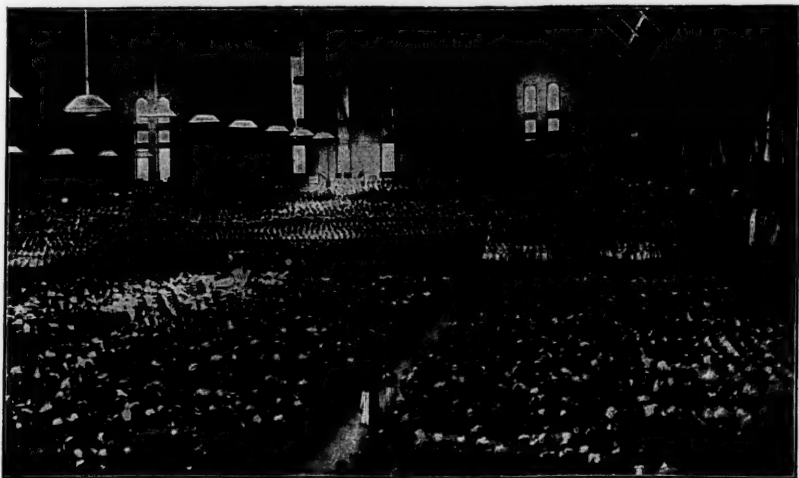
ANOTHER CROWD OF FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND. THE SCENE IN CITY HALL PARK AT THE OPENING OF THE SUBWAY

evening with the promise of night and a modicum of pleasure puts a touch in their faces which is indescribably encouraging. It puts hope in the hearts of the most dispirited. It lifts the mind in the most exalted and encouraging way. You cannot move in the crowd and not feel the ancient faith of the world that life is good and something comes of this opportunity of existing. What it is, who can say? You only feel it, and it renews your youth.

In another section of the city—Broadway from Twenty-third to Forty-second Streets—is being enacted a similar spectacle, only different in size and condition, which emphasizes most appealingly the vast differences which lie between one element of population and another. Here, as everyone knows, is laid the great theater life of the city, its hotels, its restaurants, its palatial palaces of amusement and the clubs, all catering more or less to the entertainment and desires of the people. The clock has not struck seven, and yet you cannot walk this section of the city at this hour without feeling the suspicious tremor of excitement which runs abroad—the atmosphere of expectation and

anticipation which characterizes the thoroughfare.

Look now at this brilliant street. See how it shines. The windows of the great hotels are aglow. The hundreds of fire signs strung along the sidewalks are blazing gaudily. You see a flare of golden light bursting from every window and every cornice top, and every wall where a sign may be attached. Thousands are on their way, at this moment, to the center of delight in cabs. Thousands more are coming by trains and cars. Gradually but insensibly, with a plop of horses and a jingle of carriages, you begin to be aware of the change occurring, and then suddenly, as if by magic, the sidewalks are full, the hotel restaurants and cafés crowded, the theater doors besieged by a throng of well-dressed, good-natured, smiling men and women who are clothed in opera coats and cloaks, bedizened with opera hats and brilliant concoctions in the shape of feathers and ribbons, and ornamented with such an array of colors and precious stones as would take hours to catalogue. You may see here what can be done in the way of daintiness and



TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE IN THE NINTH REGIMENT ARMORY,
ARMORIES AND CROWDS

THIS IS ONE OF MANY SIMILAR

charm. Such alluring little shoes, such brilliant buckles, such bright ribbons, such gorgeous stones. You pause in amazement. Can this be the city of the crowded streets and the work-a-day throng so recently seen? Can this be the street that rested so unobtrusively but an hour ago?

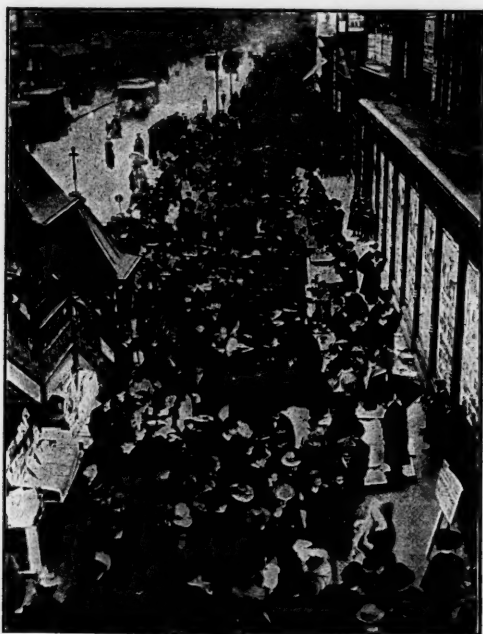
Yes, and this is the street where nightly and twice weekly in the afternoons a similar spectacle may be witnessed, and that during nine months of the year and longer, for New York is enthusiastic in its desire for entertainment. You may marvel at the uniformity of the wealth displayed, the richness of the costumes of the women, the elegance of the clothes of the men, the frequency with which carriages are employed, and all the abundance of light and flowers

and beautiful buildings and beautiful women, but you will not have touched upon the one thing that—like in all else you have seen—gives it potency and force, namely, the presence of thousands. Number is the point.

It is the number of those who have carriages to ride in, the number of those who have rich, beautiful clothing to wear, the number of those who display jewels and who find time to visit the theater on the same evening.

"What a city!" is the exclamation which naturally arises to your lips. "What a crowd!" You could stand all evening and watch this brilliant throng go by, were it not that the evening will not long provide the spectacle. A brief hour measures the period of the enchanting presence, and then, somehow, where the broad way was running with people only a few moments before, and

there was a veritable flood of human activity and light, now silence, comparatively, reigns, and there is peace without brilliancy. The lights are partially extinguished. All the pleasure-seeking throng has gone. All the show of fine garments has passed. The silks, the jewels, the rustle and frou-frou of a comfortable existence, have been swallowed up in these many theaters, of which the large fire



A TYPICAL CHRISTMAS CROWD, FOURTEENTH STREET, EAST OF SIXTH AVENUE, IN DECEMBER

signs remain significantly blazing. It was a magnificent throng. You will not soon forget that, either. If you once become poor, or disinherited of pleasure, or if distance or illness or any other cause removes you from it, you will not easily forget. It will murmur in your ears and shine before your eyes, a far-off picture of happiness, where pleasure reigns and woes of the world are not.

There is another crowd which for force and directness matches this, and

with which it is in some measure identified, for the one in part produces the other, and that is the lower Broadway or financial district crowd, which is forever visible during the working hours, but finds a more compact and impressive expression during the hours which lie between twelve and two. Broadway is at all times a busy thoroughfare. It swarms at every hour of the working ten with a host of people, men principally, who find in this region the outlet for their mental and physical activities. Here are the great financial institutions, the boards of trade and chambers of commerce, together with banks and trust companies and a swarm of subsidiary corporations, all based upon a swift and subtle method of handling money. These men are not given to pondering over the niceties of life, but concern themselves strictly with the handling of cash, and that is what you feel in the air.

Money! It gives an eager, haunted, calculating look to the many striking and interesting countenances that go stepping by you in this throng. Money! It puts a smug, self-satisfied, comfortable look upon many whose only recommendation is that they have it to amuse themselves with. You will see here the sharp, eager beak of the hawk, the clear, beady eye of the serpent, the cold, formal mouth of the tiger, and the force and energy of the face of the lion, all woven into men whose duties or interests send them hurrying by you. Money might be accused of creating all this, but it might also be accused, with more reason, of having been created by this. Such faces and such qualities make money. They gather it here. They fill this street and this section with those who do the bidding of money—the meanest and most pointed errands of it—and that is what makes this crowd so exceptionally interesting.

If you were to stand at Broadway and Fulton Street, or Broadway and Wall Street, and watch this crowd go by you would be ready to conclude that the handling of money leaves a distinctive impress on all those connected with it. These busy clerks, stepping by in the

latest styles of hats and wearing the most up-to-date clothing, could never be connected with those vast, earnest forces which give to the farmer his look of sincerity, or to the manufacturer that aspect of great care which comes of contact with large conditions of people. These men and women, for the most part the giddy hirelings of larger men, who plan so far from the heart of national interest, are mere office boys and writers of letters, the keepers of books and counters of receipts, with no thought above the ridiculous routine of their everyday lives, and no interest save those which the pleasures of the city gratify.

You look in vain for a strong, sincere countenance touched with the concern of what might be called a public interest. You look in vain for a sweet, kindly one, devoid of care. The street is running thick with people from the Battery to the post office, yet you will scarcely find a single countenance which is not touched by the worry of business, or robbed of expression by the routine of pointless employment.

It is from twelve to two that the real rush is apparent in this section, for it is between those hours that the clerks and typewriters, bookkeepers and office assistants, make themselves apparent in the street, and it is then that the conversations overheard take on the tone of lofty finance, of stocks and bonds, of dividends and per cents., with scraps here and there relating to the theaters and the amusements of the city thrown in for good measure.

Outside of these distinctive crowds, which are of a large, permanent and highly individualized character, there are some others which are not so large, nor so regular, which still help to give the city its distinct character in this respect. At the docks and ferries, where the great liners take their departure for Europe or the people seek exit to their various homes in the country, you witness daily and sometimes hourly and quarter hourly, the spectacle of a thousand or more people gathered to wave farewell, or to rush on to the first ferryboat that arrives, that will take them to

the respective trains for which they are waiting. In the case of the ocean steamers the departure partakes more of the character of a spectacle, for in that case, the friends and relatives of those who have gone to the other shore form a formidable company of their own which stands on the dock and bids an excited and frequently tearful farewell. In the case of the ferries, though there may be nothing of a tearful character, the excitement is of the most approved metropolitan brand. You may depend on that wherever the matter of seats is in question.

In the matter of display, a crowd which is different from that which is assembled in Sixth Avenue or Broadway or the lower East Side, and yet which partakes of the purely metropolitan flavor, is that which assembles in Fifth Avenue on Easter morning, though for that matter every Sunday of the year presents a great throng in that thoroughfare. Here you may see the sartorially correct New Yorker, and with him those who would be like him. It is a crowd which, to say the least, could be hardly called religious, for it has taken advantage of a religious occasion to make a show of it. Easter Day is a joyous period of spiritual exaltation for some, but those who come here feel largely a physical one. A new hat or a new gown, the best that a London or an American tailor can make in the way of a suit, all take on the added luster of conspicuity, for all of these things are worn here to be seen. For every face that you may see written over with the pale caste of religious thought you will see ten aglow with the delight of having triumphed in some purely material way. You yourself will find your heart rejoicing, for human delight and satisfaction are contagious things, and you will never meet more of them elsewhere than here. Rather this is the epitome of American good taste in dress; and one who could be blind to its charm would be a dullard and a pessimist, indeed.

Watch it as it passes the Lotos Club, at Forty-sixth Street, the Cathedral, at Fiftieth Street, or the University Club,

at Fifty-sixth Street. Here you get an inkling of what, sartorially at least, New York can do. Such hats! You marvel at the softness, the delicacy of color, the harmony, the richness of the material. These clothes! You see what it means now to be sane and showy; to be so inconspicuously dressed that you are conspicuously dressed; to have your colors right and your harmonies right; to wear what is befitting for gentleman or lady to wear.

And yet what a lesson it affords of the dangers that lurk in possible over-refinement; in the energy and the enthusiasm that lends itself to the study of clothes! The faces! You will not have to look many times to see that here you get a rather lighter order of mentality, frivolous, passionate, idle, indifferent. These young men and women bear all the earmarks of that refinement and luxury which protects itself at the expense of courage and vital force. These young men are not altogether real men in the sense of brawn and energy; these women are not real women, builded by nature to endure the duties of nature. You will see pale faces, delicate complexion, soft, lily-white hands, anæmic hues, and all the graces and airs that go with the order of existence that has cut out difficulty. You may learn here how to be, exteriorly at least, a lady or a gentleman, but you will not learn much more. Society does not teach progress—it conserves it.

Still another crowd is that which gathers nightly in the Grand Central Station, one of the great gateways to the city. If it is the winter season, and you chance to arrive at that excited shopping season which for several months precedes the Christmas time, you will not soon forget it. A waiting station full to overflowing with a world of people who have gathered from all parts of the United States, and America, for that matter, and who are here eagerly determined upon some venture which lends alertness to their manner and eagerness to their eyes. They continue here shifting and swarming, trains going out every few minutes, trains coming in every few minutes, until at

last, in the course of the rapid progress of the day, the night comes, and the great city begins to send up its thousands, all anxious and eager to get away to their homes, and all determined, if possible, to secure a seat.

Look at the hubbub which now swiftly ensues. The great waiting room, seemingly crowded before, now fills to a dense condition with the pushing mob of men and women, eager to get to the rear doors, all opening upon the departure platforms, or swarming about the ticket offices and the train gates, where policemen and guards mingle freely to assure a reasonable amount of order. The train assistants inside the waiting room proper are mounting on steps at one end of the chamber and calling hoarsely through their long, sonorous megaphones the hours and tracks of the trains:

"Five-thirty-five, Yonkers local. One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street the first stop. On track number sixteen.

"Five-thirty-nine, White Plains accommodation. One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street the first stop. On track number fifteen.

"Five-forty, Albany and Buffalo express. Poughkeepsie the first stop. On track number twenty-three."

As you listen to these cries, long, solemn, earnest and regretful in a way, you will get a sense of what all this means; the good-bys, the heartaches, the anticipations, the pleasures, all swarming here together and all coming to an acute climax as the voices call out the hour and the train. Each announcement brings a sensible change in the throng. The crowd, under the urging of the call, seems to bestir itself. You feel a noticeable drift of hundreds upon hundreds to the doors opening into the concourse next the trains, and there you follow, also.

It is a marvelous picture. It reaches into the heart and the homes of the people, searing their memories with strange echoes and fancies, which time and experience will not soon efface. The gateway to a great city. The doorway to a far world outside. It is here you

see one of the foremost examples of what the gathering and the crowding of millions can do.

The amazing nature of New York is that it supplies new and ever new forms in numbers. If you are weary of a crowd at a depot, you may see one at a bridge. If of a bridge, then at a ferry; if of a ferry, then at a ball game; if a ball game, then at a race. It furnishes the most stupendous occasional crowds, such as twenty thousand to fifty thousand at a ball game; twenty thousand to fifty thousand at a race track opening; twenty thousand to forty thousand at a football contest, with other amusements in proportion. In the matter of public events, such as the Dewey parade, the Grant memorial dedication and the return of the fleet from Santiago, perhaps five hundred thousand would not number those who lined the right of way and gazed with interest at the striking spectacle. When the returns of a national election are received hundreds of thousands crowd the squares and fill the great length of Broadway from Fourteenth Street to Fifty-ninth Street full to overflowing, and on New Year's night, when Father Time hears his flight heralded by the chime of bells in Trinity Church tower, all Broadway and Nassau Street, from Wall Street to City Hall Park, are packed and jammed with those who have come to blow horns and otherwise disport themselves so that the doleful echoes may not be long continued. In Madison Square Garden, the Metropolitan Opera House, the Brooklyn Academy of Music and a half dozen or more of the great armories, a crowd numbering anywhere from five thousand to twenty thousand is so common as to be no longer a matter of import. An exhibit or public-interest meeting which received much less attention than this would be considered very much of a failure.

It is only when necessity or excitement dies away that the crowd finally disappears, and then you get that silence or absence which augurs indifference or sleep.



DIANA'S DESTINY

By
*Charles
Garvice*

CHAPTER XXIII.

DALESFORD happened to breakfast alone that morning. Lady Selina always partook of an apology for that meal in bed, and Mabel and Bertie had scrambled through a hasty repast of fish, ham and eggs, and the Scotchest of Scotch marmalade at eight o'clock, and had gone off fishing; fishing, because Lady Selina, while laying an embargo on the two young people walking or riding alone together, had forgotten to include angling!

Dalesford looked wistfully at the empty chair beside him as he took up his letters, then sighed with a thrill of satisfaction as he reflected that in a little while, a few short days, he would be entitled to take up his darling's breakfast, if she desired to have it in her room. A few short days! He looked before him musingly, his heart glowing within him at the thought. To have the right to be with her always; never to part again; to be able to call her whensoever it pleased him, to gratify her every wish, to be able to say "my wife"!

And he had laughed at matrimony, had pitied the amorous husband! But then he had so much greater an excuse than most men; she was so beautiful, so sweet, so altogether to be desired. Why, there was not a man who did not envy him, not a man who knew him who did not consider him the luckiest man on earth. His pearl among women! He was glad she was resting; but he wondered whether she would be late in coming down, and he felt particularly lonely.

He had arranged to drive her to a distant part of the estate, to meet the factor and discuss with him a proposal to cut down some trees, and he was looking forward to a long morning with

his beloved. Not many months ago Dalesford would not have dreamed of meeting the factor on business;

but, as Mabel had said, love had wrought a marvelous change in him; he had caught from Diana a novel and surprising regard for small details, and the people on the estate were delighted at the interest which the young laird was showing in his future property.

When he had finished his breakfast, he lit a cigar and went down to the stables and ordered a dogcart with Diana's favorite horse; a dogcart, because it did not necessitate a groom, and he and Diana would be alone. He remained at the stables, looking at the horses and talking to the head man, for half an hour; as he returned to the house he met Janet coming down the stairs into the smaller hall. She had some lace, which she was going to clean, in her hands, and she dropped his lordship a little morning courtesy.

"Good-morning, Janet," said Dalesford. "Is your mistress in her room still?"

Janet hesitated a moment, then she replied directly to the question. It was not her place to explain that Diana had been out, but had, as Janet thought, returned.

"Yes, my lord. She is asleep. That is, I knocked at the door and got no answer. My mistress did not have a very good night——"

Dalesford looked anxious instantly.

"But she's sleeping now, my lord, and I thought it better not to disturb her."

"Quite right," he said, approvingly. "Don't wake her, Janet. She has been doing a great deal lately; far too much, I'm afraid. No, no, don't disturb her."

He wandered about the hall and the smoking room with patient impatience; they came to tell him that the dog-

cart was ready, and he nodded and went out, and stared at it in the way men have when they are waiting. Then he consulted his watch. It was a fairly long drive, the factor was a busy man, and it would be scarcely the thing to keep him waiting—novel consideration for Dalesford to display—and perhaps the drive would be too long for Diana if she were tired and overdone. He would go up and suggest that he should go without her, and that she should keep her bed until he returned. Going up two stairs at a time, he stopped outside her door and listened. There was no sound within the room, and, concluding that she was still asleep, he sighed and went down again.

"Tell Miss Bourne that I thought it best not to disturb her, and that I will be back as quickly as possible," he said to the butler; got slowly into the dog-cart, and, with a wistful glance at her window, drove off.

It was past two o'clock before he got back, and the butler met him in the hall, and, with a grave face, said:

"The earl would be glad if your lordship would see him in his writing room."

Dalesford nodded, and strode quickly across the hall. At the drawing-room door he paused and looked in. He had failed to see Diana on the terrace; perhaps she was in there trying some music or reading; but the room was empty, and he went on to the earl's. The old man was seated in his chair with the paper, behind which he almost hid his face, as he said with a cheerfulness which instantly struck Dalesford as forced:

"Oh, you've got back, Vane. Have you—er—seen Diana?"

"No," replied Dalesford. "Where is she? She is not—ill?"

"No, no," said the earl, quickly. "She—she is out somewhere; with Mabel and young Selby, very probably. Really"—testily—"these young people must not be allowed to—to ramble about the place in this irresponsible way, without leaving word where they are going; of course Diana is with them, but— Here is a telegram for you, Vane."

He handed it across the table, and Vane murmured "Thank you," but did not open the ugly envelope; he was too absorbed in Diana.

"She was asleep when I left this morning," he said. "She was to have gone with me; but I thought she was better resting." As he spoke he took out the telegram, and the words died on his lips, to be followed by a sharp exclamation.

"What is it, Vane? What is it?" demanded the earl, quickly and nervously. "What a hideous invention the telegraph is! I've not yet got used to it. It seems to me that people should find time——"

"It is from Diana," said Vane, almost to himself. "She is in London."

"Diana—in London!" echoed the earl, with amazement. "In London? Surely, Vane, there is some mistake."

"Listen, sir," said Vane; and he read the telegram aloud:

I am going to London unexpectedly, and will write from there.
DIANA.

The earl frowned, but drew a breath of relief; Vane stood staring at the telegram with a surprise too keen to permit of reflection or conjecture.

"Tut, tut!" said the earl. "Gone to London, unexpectedly. What——?"

"Mrs. Burton must be ill," said Vane, in a low voice. "And yet, no; Diana would have said so, would have been sure to say so."

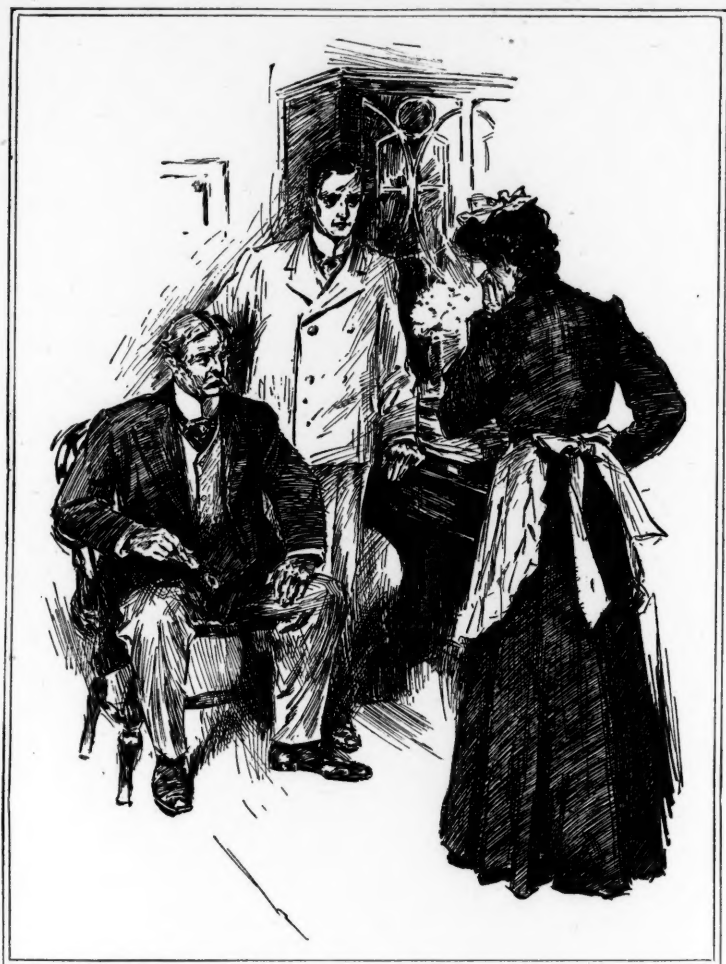
"She must have heard some news, received some message," said the earl. "She has not been seen for hours; I can find no one who has seen her the whole of the morning—indeed, since last night."

Vane went to the bell and rang it. "Ask Miss Bourne's maid to come here, please," he said to the servant.

"Ah, the maid!" exclaimed the earl. "Of course. How quick you are, Vane!"

"Where Diana is concerned—yes," responded Vane, with a smile. "Janet will tell us all about it. Don't be alarmed, sir; there is no cause for anxiety."

"I'm not alarmed," retorted the old



"Why do you cry?" asked Vane rather sternly, as she paused to check a sob.

man, irritably. "Good heavens, why should I be? There is nothing ominous in a lady going to town suddenly. Depend upon it, she has received an important communication from her *modiste* or the man who is making her boots." He laughed, and Vane nodded and smiled; but neither of them looked reassured; and Vane went to the win-

dow and drummed on the pane until his father got him away by asking him to look at a business letter he had received.

Presently Janet entered. She looked pale and frightened; for both the earl and Vane, though kind and courteous to their servants as became their rank and breeding, were held in awe by them.

"Oh, Janet," said Vane, as casually as he could, "did your mistress leave any message for me?"

"No, my lord," replied Janet, in a low voice. "I—I have not seen my mistress since she went out early this morning—"

"Early? What do you mean by early?" asked Vane, involuntarily; and he would have recalled the hasty question, but it was made; and it seemed to be the last straw to Janet's endurance, for she began to cry in a subdued fashion.

"A little before seven, my lord. I met my mistress ready dressed, coming from her room; she said—"

"Why do you cry?" asked Vane, rather sternly, as she paused to check a sob. "There is no cause for alarm. Your mistress has wired to say that she had to go to London suddenly."

Janet fought with her agitation, and hastily wiped her eyes.

"Oh, I'm so glad, my lord! I—I mean that my mistress looked so ill this morning that I was afraid—that I thought something might have happened, some bad news—"

"You appear to indulge in singularly baseless apprehensions, my girl," broke in the earl, reprimandingly. "Lord Dalesford and I sent for you in case you could add anything to the information which the telegram gives us; a telegram is necessarily short. Your mistress had a restless night, and, waking with a headache, went out for a walk. She was better, I hope, when she returned?"

"I—I—don't know, my lord," replied poor Janet, ready to sink into the earth under the sternness of his voice and glance; for the earl, aware of her affection for Diana, had generally a smile and a kindly word for her when he met her. "My mistress did not come back."

"You told me that Miss Bourne was asleep when I asked for her after breakfast," Vane reminded her.

"Yes, my lord. I—I thought she had come back and gone to bed again. I listened at the door and did not hear her moving; and she had not rung. She

had told me not to disturb her—and she sleeps so lightly that I was afraid to go in, to open the door even."

"Has your mistress taken any luggage?" asked Vane, as casually as before.

"No, my lord," replied Janet, beginning to threaten tears again. "That's—that's what's upsetting me so. She must have gone to London without anything; and without me to take care of her—"

Vane nodded by way of dismissal, and Janet, fighting with another attack of tears, was leaving the room when the earl called her back.

"It is a very terrible thing that your mistress should make a journey to London, to visit some friends, without her luggage; but it is not so terrible as to serve as an excuse for your weeping, my girl. Be good enough to dry your eyes—and hold your tongue."

Then—the worm, especially the loving worm, will turn—Janet flashed an indignant glance at the grand earl.

"My lord, I—I don't deserve it!" she said. "I—I never talk of my betters, especially of my dear mistress."

There was silence when she had gone, then the earl said:

"Seven o'clock; no telegram could reach here until half-past eight or nine."

"Eh? What, sir?" Vane said. "No telegram? She may have met the man bringing one that came last night; she must have done so."

"Of course, of course!" exclaimed the old man, welcoming the suggestion. "Or—or one of the other maids, Janet being out of the way, may have taken it to her room."

"But she did not come back to the house," said Vane, absently. Then suddenly he drew himself up and, with a hauteur he seldom displayed, said:

"Pon my soul, sir, we're discussing this little journey of Diana's as if there were some mystery in it. We are both rather absurd, don't you think?"

"Yes, yes; we are, Vane!" responded the earl, gratefully. "Deuced absurd! And it's all so explicable. The child met the man with a telegram saying

that a relation was seriously ill—Mrs. Burton, very likely. Diana may, in her flurry, have forgotten to put that in—”

“Yes. I think I’ll run up to town, and down to Rivermead—”

“No, no,” said the earl, with a return to nervousness. “I would not. She may have gone somewhere else, in quite a different direction. The letter saying where she is will reach us tomorrow, and you can go on to her and bring her back. You can take Mabel. Well, what is it? Come in!” he broke off, testily, as some one knocked at the door.

Lady Selina entered.

“Oh! sorry to disturb you, Edward; but have you heard anything of Diana?”

Vane looked at her calmly, even smiled, as he said, easily:

“Oh, yes. She has run up to town on some sudden business—she is going to be married, you know, Aunt Selina. And I am going up to-morrow to travel back with her. I’ll take Mabel, please. Perhaps you will tell her that she’s going?”

Lady Selina opened her lips, but changed her mind, and with a nod went out.

“Now, sir, we’ll leave it at that,” said Vane, with quiet decision. “I think I’ll take a gun or two and try that West Spinney. Something will have to be done with it, by the way, this winter; the cover wants thinning.”

The two men talked about the West Spinney with unnecessary earnestness for some minutes, then Vane went out.

He shot until the light faded, then he tramped home and dressed and came down to dinner outwardly serene and smiling, but fighting with the vague dread, the shadowy fears that gathered about him. It was hard to be compelled to listen to and answer Mabel’s questions; and as she followed him into the smoking room with them, his restraint almost gave way, and, with a roughness unusual in his treatment of her, he bade her go and see about her packing—or flirt with Bertie.

“I shall have time for both, thank

you, Vane,” she retorted, haughtily. “Good heavens, I hope no one will be so desperately in love with me as to become transformed by my temporary absence into a perfect bear. Bertie, shall we play just one game of billiards?” she asked that quite willing young gentleman, and marched off with him, her head aloft, her “red-ripe” lips pouting.

Vane sat up late that night, smoking alone and hard, and thinking of Diana and her sudden journey. A cloud of darkness and gloom seemed to have fallen on the whole place; the hours dragged along with weary, tardy feet. Great heavens! what should he do if— if anything happened to her, if by some unimaginable cause she disappeared from his life!

Calling himself a nervous idiot, he at last went to bed—to lie awake and count the hours as he had counted them in the smoking room. But he would not get up earlier than usual, and when he got down and went for his accustomed walk before breakfast, he would not stroll to meet the postman.

Indeed, when the letter bag was placed beside him, he did not hasten to unlock it, but helped himself to some bacon before doing so, though there was already some on his plate. Mabel and Bertie were at the table, and he opened the bag and tossed them their letters. Among his was an envelope, a plain, cheap envelope, addressed to him in Diana’s handwriting. He took it up, feeling Mabel’s eyes upon him, but he could not open it.

“Diana—she has written?” asked Mabel, eagerly.

He nodded, took up his letters and left the room. When he had reached his own den he opened the letter and read it with feverish haste. For a moment as he read the room seemed to spin round with him, and he looked up in a dazed, bewildered way, as if he were not certain of the meaning of the words he had been reading. Then he looked down again, re-read the uneven, broken lines, blurred here and there, as if with tears, and at last sank onto the table and, still holding the letter, stared

before him, as a man stares when he has received from judge or doctor his death sentence.

The minutes passed, struck out with a thin, shrill note by the finger of Time with its scythe in the antique French clock—the only sound that broke the intense silence, save that of his labored breath; then he straightened himself, and, walking slowly, as if his feet were shod with lead, went down the hall and up to his father's room. The earl's valet met him at the door.

"Yes, my lord; the earl is awake."

Vane went in and approached the bed. The earl was sitting up, with a cup of chocolate before him. He put it aside and looked hard at Vane with keen apprehension, then averted his eyes, and, in a low voice, said:

"You have heard— Wait! Is— is it bad news? Your face—"

"It is bad news," said Vane, huskily. "I—I do not understand it. She—she has gone."

"Gone? What—what do you mean? No, no!" as Vane held out the letter. "I cannot see. The—the light is bad. Read it—you."

Vane's voice refused to come at his command for a moment or two; then, almost inaudibly, he read:

LORD DALESFORD: I have left the castle. I have made a discovery which renders it impossible for me to be your wife, impossible for me to see you again. I know how hard it will be for you to believe this, to accept it; almost as hard as for me to write it. But it is the bitter truth. Between us there has come a gulf which nothing can ever bridge. Oh, if I could only tell you! But I cannot. And for my sake you will not, if you can still love me, if you can bear to think kindly of me, ever seek to learn the cruel thing that has separated us forever. We are separated, and while life lasts, from this moment. If you still retain one gentle feeling for me, one spark of the old tenderness you have lavished on me, you will grant the request that I make: that you will not follow me, seek to find me; but think of me as one who is dead, as indeed, indeed, I must be to you. I am suffering—oh, when I remember all the love you have lavished on me, when I think of your father, who has been a father to me— But I cannot write any more. Grant my prayer, and let me hide myself from your sight and from the sight of all who have loved and cared for me. You will

do this? It is I, Diana, who loved you so dearly, who pray to you. DIANA.

An intense silence followed the last words of the piteous letter; and father and son stared before them, each avoiding the other's eyes; but Vane heard the old man breathing thickly, and knew that the blow had fallen on his heart very heavily.

The earl was the first to speak.

"What—what does it mean?" he asked, in a quivering voice. "Where has she gone, where does she write from?"

"There is no date, no address to the letter. The date stamp is London, sir. She—she must have bought some paper directly she arrived in London, at some shop, and written it there."

"But—but what has happened?" asked the old man, with a gesture of impatience, of resentment. "She is in some trouble, of course. But what can it be? She must have heard some news yesterday morning—a telegram."

"There was no telegram," said Vane. "I asked at the post office."

The earl uttered a cry that was almost one of rage.

"I—I hate mysteries! And a mystery in connection with Diana! It—it is an outrage; she is so—so pure, so simple-minded in her goodness—the very type of an honest English woman, the perfection of breeding, of all that we mean by 'lady.' Mystery—it is too vulgar to be connected with Diana. Of course she has gone to her aunt, Mrs. Burton."

"I am not so sure of that," said Vane. "I think not."

"Of course you will go and see; you will find her," broke in the earl, feverishly.

"Of course. But—I don't think that I shall find her; and if I do—"

The earl raised himself—he had fallen back—and stared at him angrily.

"You will bring her back, Vane. Do you understand?" he said, almost fiercely. "You will bring her back, wherever she is, whatever has happened. I will hear from her own lips the meaning of this letter. If she is in trouble, here"—he struck his breast—"is the old

man who loves her like a father. Let her come to me. Why the devil, sir, do you stand gaping there—I beg your pardon, Vane; I humbly beg your pardon! Forgive me! I forgot myself. I know you are suffering.” He looked at Vane’s white, haggard face, pityingly.

Vane nodded. “I will find her if she is to be found; but I doubt my ability to bring her back,” he said. “Diana would not have written this, would not have killed the heart in my body, without sufficient cause. This is not the outburst, the raving, of a hysterical woman. Diana is the last woman to give way to hysteria. There is some cause, some terrible reason, for her flight, for her—I was going to say—desertion. She has said that I am not to follow her, that nothing would induce her to be my wife, to return to

me; and—I know Diana as well as love her, sir.”

“What do you think it is?” asked the old man, in a whisper.

Vane shook his head. “I can’t even guess; I can scarcely think. My brain is in a whirl. I feel—bah! Think!” He laughed, slowly, a laugh which made his father wince; for there was a touch of the madness of despair in it. “Think! I am like a man walking in the dark—with the devil at my elbow! I will order a special, and get to London. You will say nothing, sir?”

“No, no! And—and tell her, Vane, that I *want* her. That she has taught me to love her as my own daughter, and that her place is here, here by the side of a very feeble old man! Bring her back by force if necessary!” He fell back and covered his face with his trembling hands.

Vane smiled grimly. Force and Diana! He sent down to the station to order a special train; then went to his room and told his man to pack a small portmanteau. On his way down, dressed for the journey, he met Mabel.

“I shan’t want you, after all, Mab,” he said, with ghastly cheerfulness. “Diana is with her aunt; going to join her there.”

“I knew it was that!” exclaimed Mabel. “She is worse, I’m afraid. Oh, Vane, I’m so sorry for her and poor Diana. It will put off the wedding, I see by your face.”

“Yes, I fear so,” he assented. “Be a good girl.”

He paced up and down the smoking room with feverish impatience until the



They stood back and Donald swung his ax and struck the safe upon the lock.

man came back; it would take an hour and a half to get a special.

Wondering how he should endure those ninety minutes, ninety ages of inaction, Vane went into the hall and met the earl. His face looked white and drawn. Beckoning Vane into his own room, he said, in a shaky voice:

"Take those diamonds up with you, Vane. I can't bear to look at the safe—to think of her as she looked with them on. Take them to the bank. Here is the key—my hand shakes—"

Vane inserted the key and endeavored to turn it.

"Wrong key," he said; but the earl shook his head.

"No, no; it's the right one. Never mind, never mind!"

Vane tried to take out the key, but it stuck fast.

"Something wrong," he said, and mechanically he knelt on one knee and examined the keyhole. "Some one has been tampering with the lock," he said. "It has been cut by a sharp tool, a drill."

"What!" cried the earl. "Do you mean that a thief has been at work; that the diamonds, *her* diamonds, have been stolen!" He rang the bell. "Send for Donald!" he said, sharply, to the servant. "Tell him to bring an ax, an iron bar. Her diamonds gone!"

"What does it matter, sir?" said Vane, with weary indifference. "If she has gone—" he made a gesture of despair.

But the earl was not appeased; in his mind the loss of the diamonds connected itself with the loss of Diana; accentuated it and made it real. The servant found Donald about the house, and brought him. The giant drew himself up and saluted.

"Open that safe, Donald!" said the earl.

Donald looked at it with an impassive countenance, and shook his head doubtfully.

"I'm thinkin' that's easier spiered than dune, laird," he said. "But it's auld, and may yield. Stand ye back, laird, and gie me my swing."

They stood back, and Donald swung

his ax and struck the safe upon its lock. The key had partly turned it, and the tremendous blow shot back the bolts.

The earl went to the safe, and, with a cry of surprise and relief, took out the jewel case, unlocked it and showed the jewels to Vane.

"They are here!" he said. "You were mistaken in thinking—"

"No, the safe has been tampered with; these are steel filings"—he pointed to a little heap that had fallen to the floor of the safe. "Some one has been here."

Donald strode to the window, and, examining the bars, displaced the one that had been sawed through.

"The master's reet, laird," he said. "It haf been a thief." He sprang to the window ledge and looked down. "The footmarks have been left, ye ken."

The father and son exchanged glances, and the earl with a "Thank you, Donald; that will do. You will say nothing of this, please," dismissed Donald.

With a grim nod, Donald saluted again and went out; and Vane and the earl stood looking at the jewel case in Vane's hand.

"Do you understand, can you make anything of it?" asked Lord Wrayborough, in an agitated whisper.

Vane shook his head. The matter seemed so small, so trivial a one compared with that which was breaking his heart, that he was surprised at his father attaching any importance to it.

"Some burglar has been at work and was disturbed," he said. "You will instruct the police— No! Better say nothing about it, sir. It will attract attention to—to Diana's sudden departure."

The earl looked at him with flashing eyes, with indignant amazement.

"Are you connecting this—this burglary with Diana? You must have gone mad, Vane!"

Vane made a gesture of denial. "Connect it with Diana? How, sir? How can it concern her? No, I meant that it would be better not to call at-

tention to anything that has happened here lately."

The earl drew a long breath. "Forgive me, Vane. I—I—my head is spinning round. You are right. We'll say nothing about it. Donald can be trusted. He is as secret as the grave. I'll lock the door. But all the more reason now for taking the diamonds. We must keep them safe for her, Vane! Isn't it time you started?" he broke off, impatiently.

Nothing shall be said of Dalesford's journey to town. They cleared the line, in as far as they were able, for the special, and he reached Rivermead late that same night. As he went up the avenue, through which he had walked—how often!—with Diana's hand or arm linked in his, he looked round as if he were moving in a dream. There was a dim light in the hall, and in answer to his ring a servant, with widely opened eyes of surprise, dropped him a frightened courtesy and said that Mrs. Burton was in; and she led him to the drawing room. Mrs. Burton was lying back among some cushions in a chair by the fire, her eyes closed, her hands folded in her lap.

She started at the sound of his name and leaned forward, gazing at his face, white and haggard with sorrow and that which is harder to bear than sorrow—suspense.

"Diana!" broke from her thin lips.

He took her hand and bent over her. She looked so ill, so frail, that he almost feared to tell her; for he knew by the tone of her cry that Diana was not there.

"Diana is not here?" he said, as quietly as he could.

"No," she responded. "Is she—has she—"

"She has left Glenaskel," he said, drawing a chair near her and looking at her with a forced smile. "She left suddenly, so suddenly that we feared you were worse."

She was silent for a moment; then she said:

"She did not tell you where she was going?"

"No; she sent me a telegram and

then a letter. In neither did she explain why she had left me so suddenly. She is in trouble. I will read you the letter, though it is sacred to me; but you must know what she says, so that you can help me to find her."

He read the letter and looked at her waitingly. She had grown paler, whiter, than before, if that were possible, but her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, and her thin lips were drawn together with, as it seemed to Vane, an expression of determination.

"I cannot help you," she said, hoarsely. "I cannot help you. Diana—Diana is her own mistress. Oh, my God, gone! Gone! She is free to come or go as she pleases! I am not answerable; I"—her voice rose suddenly to a thin cry of resentment, of complaint—"I warned her; I opposed this marriage, Lord Dalesford. From the bottom of my heart I warned her. But she would not listen. She turned a deaf ear. She went her way, and it has led her— Oh, my child, my child!" The shrill note died into a wail; but suddenly she stretched out her hand. "I will say no more, I will answer no questions. I do not know. I know nothing, nothing! She has gone of her own free will and accord. She did not come to me. She will never come back to me! Never, never!"

Vane, sick at heart with dread imaginings, tried to calm her.

"Tell me this, only this," he pleaded, huskily. "Is she in any peril—is she? Heaven and earth, what can I ask you? It is all a dark mystery, an accursed juggle! Can you not help me to find her, give me a word, a hint? Surely, surely you want to see her, to have her back, to restore her to me. I love her. Do you hear? I love her, though you do not seem to do so. Oh! I beg your pardon! Forgive me, but—"

She had risen and was looking down at him, fear, resentment, a strange mixture of emotions, depicted on her white face and in her dilating eyes.

"I do not love her!" A laugh of ghastly mockery distorted her face. "I do not love her! You do not know what you are saying."

"I don't," he said, with a groan. "I am half mad with my love for her, Mrs. Burton. But, for God's sake, bear with me—and help me! Only tell me where I can look for her."

She had sunk down again, calm now, or what seemed like calm, after her passionate outburst, and she turned her face from him and stared at the fire as she replied, with dogged sullenness: "No; I can't help you. I do not know where you should look for her. If Diana has gone into hiding from you, you will not find her, Lord Dalesford. She—she is clever. She knows what she is doing. You will go to the police, I suppose?" she added, suddenly.

Vane shook his head. "You know I cannot do that."

It seemed to him that she drew a breath of relief.

"I cannot drag my dear one's name in the mire of a police hue and cry. I must find her myself, unaided—if you still refuse to help me."

"I do not refuse," she said, with the same dogged manner. "I am powerless. You do not know Diana."

"I do not know her?"

She shook her head. "No. If she has resolved to hide from you, to have done with you, nothing will move her. I know the blood, the temper that is in her."

He was silent a moment, then he rose.

"I will go. I have already wasted much time. If you hear from her——"

"I will write to you, if she does not forbid me," she said.

He took her hand, and she let it lie in his limply, lifelessly, then he left her, telling the maid, as he went out, to go to her mistress; for he feared that Mrs. Burton would collapse when he had gone. He stood looking at the lawn, the river, with an anguish beyond words; then went back to London to begin his search.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fortunately for Diana, she had to change at Perth; fortunately, because as she walked along the platform she saw a woman on one of the seats nursing a little girl, who was crying fretfully, as if in pain; and Diana, who never could listen unmoved to the cry of a child, went up to the woman and asked her what was the matter with the little one.

"She's ill, miss," said the mother. "I'm going to the hospital for a trouble of my own, and I'm taking her to her aunt to take care of while I'm in."

Diana winced, but smiled bravely.

"You look ill and tired."



The girl took it, and looked up at Diana with shy, wistful eyes.

"I am that, miss."

"Let me hold her for you while you go to the refreshment room and get some milk. We'll all go."

Too touched for words by the young lady's kindness, by the angelic pity and sympathy in the beautiful eyes, the sweet, sad voice, the woman, with a threat of tears, handed her the child; and Diana got them some milk and a bun for the little girl. It seemed to her that a watchful and merciful Providence had sent her the mother and child to divert her from her own great, overwhelming sorrow; so, very wisely, she went into a third-class carriage with them, and insisted—"I'm well and strong; and I'd love to have her"—upon holding the child, who, as fascinated as her mother by the "booful lady," lay with her curly head against Diana's soft bosom and listened to the story of Cinderella until she fell asleep.

The mother herself also dozed; but sleep held aloof from poor Diana; she lay back with wide-open eyes and drew pictures of her past happiness with the pencil of grief and despair.

When they reached the terminus, the woman took the child from Diana.

"God bless you, miss," she said. "You've got a kind heart. You're fond of children; may He send you many of them to love and to love you in return."

For the first time since the blow that had shattered her life, Diana's eyes filled with tears; a lump rose in her throat, and she could only shake her head and smile the smile that covers a broken heart.

Diana was no daintily reared exotic, to be blown hither and thither helplessly in the sudden blast of misfortune. The influence of her early days came back to help her; and she had made her plans. Just before she and her aunt had gone to Wedbury, they had put up at a small boarding house in Bloomsbury, and she now took a cab and had herself driven there; stopping at a stationer's to write the letter, every word of which she had gone over in her mind during the journey.

The landlady had a vacant room, a small room at the top of the house;

and, remembering Diana, accepted her as a boarder. It was not until Mrs. Parsons looked round for the luggage that Diana recollected that she had nothing but the clothes she was wearing; but Mrs. Parsons, on being told that Diana had come up so suddenly that she had no time to bring anything, offered to lend her some of her daughter's things; and at once brought them. Diana would have liked to rest, but after she had a cup of tea in her own room, she went out and purchased a few articles—the cheap things which are to be found in the shops of the great thoroughfares in that locality; and as she did so, the sense of unreality, of moving in a dream land, almost confused her.

It was not until she lay in bed, exhausted, mentally and physically, that the full weight of her sorrow came crushing down upon her and racked her weary, aching head. Vane! It was Vane who was uppermost in her thoughts. What must he be suffering now, and how much keener still would be his agony—for she measured it by her own—on the morrow, when her letter reached him.

Vane! She should never see him again. He would learn to forget her—ah, no, no, surely not! Not forget her! He would remember her, if in the remembering he were forced to curse her for wrecking his life, breaking his heart. And the earl and Mabel—they, too, would think hardly of her for the wrong she had all unwittingly done the man they loved. It was after these that she thought of her aunt. She, too, would suffer, would wonder what had happened to cause Diana to "cease from life's ways." For she could not go to her aunt, who must never know, who was not strong enough to bear the secret burden which Diana must carry to her grave. She would write to her—yes, she could write; a line of farewell, a prayer for pity.

And her own life? She closed her eyes and stifled the moan that rose from her tortured heart. Well, life, too, was a burden one must carry until one laid it in the grave and found rest.

She thought, too, of her father. She had looked for him—with fear and trembling—at the junction; but she did not see him. The remembrance of him, the square figure with its huge head and doglike eyes, haunted her, and made the silence of the room almost unendurable. God forgive her! That she might never see him again was the prayer that cried from every fiber of her aching heart.

She was ill and weak in the morning, and the servant, a strong cockney girl, with a wide, kindly mouth and cheerful smile, brought her a cup of tea and some toast.

"I see you looked a bit tired and knocked out, miss, last night; and I thinks to myself, she'd be all the better for a lie in bed in the morning. You just drink this, miss, and turn over and get another snooze. Lor', how pale you look! An' you up from the country, too, miss, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Diana, with a sigh.

"Ah, I've never been in the country; but they talks a lot about it, them as have been there. A cousin o' mine was sent away to one o' them 'omes, 'omes for conval—conval—something or other; and she came back lookin' as if she'd bin a-washing 'erself in coffee. 'Well,' I sez to 'er, playful like, 'you may 'ave got yer 'ealth, Jermima, but I'm blest if you ain't lost your compleckshon!' But there! There ain't anythink the matter with *yours*, miss. It's like ivory. What name, miss, if any letters come?"

Diana had given the name she had resolved on in the train—Mary Kendale—and the girl, remarking, with a nod, that she was christened Geraldine Araminta, but was called Polly for short, drew the clothes round Diana, patted her in a motherly fashion, and left her.

Diana lay still for an hour or two, trying to force her thoughts away from Vane to her own future. To live she must work, and she must find work quickly; for she, who had spent her childhood in poverty, knew that her small stock of money, and the sum which she would get for her jewelry, would soon be exhausted. She could

teach—she knew that; but who would employ her without references? She had her certificate, and that would help her, if she could account for her life since she had gained it. When she went downstairs to the shabby room, that smelt of countless dinners and the cigars that the gentlemen boarders smoked after their evening meal, she found the room empty.

There was a morning paper on one of the chairs, and she took it up and eagerly—if the word is not ill-chosen, seeing that Vane, Vane, came between her and the paper—scanned the advertisements.

There was one by a schoolmistress who needed a teacher of drawing; and Diana read it through twice wistfully; and presently put on her outdoor things and went, by bus, to the address given. As she reached the door, she found a dozen or more women—how alike they all seemed, stamped by the hallmark of genteel poverty, poverty eloquent in their shabby but well-cared-for clothes, by their air of eager anxiety!—standing about the steps; and Diana took her place on the fringe of the group and waited, with head bent. At intervals a maidservant opened the door, an applicant emerged, and the maid beckoned the next. At last, after half a dozen had entered and come out again, the servant called out:

"The situation's filled."

The disappointed ones turned away without a word, and Diana turned with them. As she did so she knocked against a girl who had been standing beside her, and Diana, seeing that she had caused the girl to drop a portfolio she had been carrying, earnestly begged her pardon, and, stooping, picked up the portfolio and held it out to her.

The girl took it, and looked up at Diana with shy, wistful eyes; they were as blue as a child's, and shone sadly in a pale, pretty face; so sadly that Diana said, impulsively:

"I'm afraid a great many of us are disappointed."

"Yes," said the girl, with a sigh which she checked, as if ashamed of it. "Yes. But I think we are most of us

used to it. Did you notice how we turned away, as if we expected it?"

Diana nodded. "Poor things!" she said, involuntarily.

The other girl looked at her curiously, shyly.

"Are you not disappointed?" she said. "But perhaps it does not matter to you as much as it does to some of us?"

"Oh, yes, indeed it does," Diana replied. "I want work very badly. Are those your drawings?"

The girl nodded. "Yes. You have not brought yours?"

Diana started and looked and felt foolish.

"I—I have none. Oh, yes! I can draw, but I thought that they would let me try. It was stupid!"

They had walked on, and the girl now stopped.

"I am going to take a 'bus here," she said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Diana, and she held out her hand.

The girl started slightly, a faint color came to her pale face, and, as if confused by the friendliness of a stranger, she merely touched Diana's hand, and, with an inarticulate murmur, hurried on.

Diana thought of the girl a great deal that day, and for many days after, when she, herself, was growing despairful of getting employment. For she found that in the great city one could get anything and everything but one's daily bread. Day by day she trod the weary, flint-sown path which he and she must tread who seek work in a town where for every place there are a thousand applicants.

She soon had to leave the comparative comfort of the boarding house, and, descending the scale of lodging houses by quick degrees, took refuge in an attic—it was a descent, though she had to climb three flights of stairs—in a dingy house in one of the riverside streets. With some of the money that remained she had bought a typewriter, and by a piece of good fortune had succeeded in getting some employment from one of the institutions which give out copying work.

It was badly paid, for the supply of typewriting does not correspond with the demand, and the market is cruelly overstocked; but, by writing early and late, she earned just enough to keep body and soul together.

The winter was almost upon her, she was insufficiently clad and fed; and, as she had no money to spend on newspapers, and no time to read them, she did not see the agonized appeals which Vane inserted almost daily. Indeed, if she had seen them, she would not have responded. The memory of the past was so great an agony that she tried to kill and bury it, to forget it in the daily, hourly struggle for mere existence.

But for the children—the grimy house was a rabbit warren for them—she would have lost heart altogether and let herself slip into the grave which despair digs; but at her worst and cruelest hours she could find some consolation in nursing a sick child, or feeding, with a share of her own scanty meal, a hungry one.

Desmond March had arranged to meet Garling at the night house near Leicester Square on the second night after the robbery, to share the spoils; and he went down there in a state of excitement and desperation, which he concealed behind his debonair manner and easeful smile.

The appointed time arrived, but his slave and tool did not put in an appearance, and, after waiting until the vile place was upon the point of closing, he went back to his rooms and ate his heart out until the morning paper came. With trembling hands he turned over the pages, but his bloodshot eyes could see no account of a burglary at Glenaskel Castle. What had happened? Had Garling failed? Had he sold his "master" and given him the slip?

As the days passed and Garling did not appear, Desmond came to the conclusion that Garling had betrayed him and escaped, and he began to make stealthy preparations for his own flight. Indeed, he had completed his arrangements and was on the point of leaving England when he saw a paragraph in



"Of course I'll come; delighted!" he said; and he opened the door, and was stepping in when a thin girlish figure paused on the pavement behind him, and a voice he knew so well cried, despairingly, "Desmond!"

one of the society papers. It was a discreet and cautiously worded hint that the engagement between Lord Dalesford and Miss Bourne had been broken off; and that Miss Bourne had left England for the benefit of her health, and was likely to remain abroad for a lengthy period.

Desmond March drew a long breath and clutched the paper spasmodically. Was it true? Was he going to have another chance?

It seemed as if he were to have more than one, for as he was walking down Pall Mall that afternoon, his head more erect than it had been for weeks, a brougham stopped abreast of him, and a woman's voice said:

"Mr. March?"

Desmond started slightly and went up to the brougham. A young woman with a plain, commonplace face and a nervous smile and blush held out her hand.

"You haven't forgotten me, I hope?" she said, with a simper.

She was the daughter and heiress of a late eminent soap boiler; one of the women who had gone down before Desmond March's fascinating face and manner. A little while ago, before Dalesford's engagement, she had almost proposed to Desmond March; but he had failed to respond; the earldom was then apparently near, and he was not down on his luck. But circumstances alter cases; and now as he pressed her hand he assured her that he had not only not forgotten her, but had thought of her every day since she had left London.

"Is that true?" she said, blushing still more redly, and with a smile of gratification widening her mouth. "Then come inside and let me drive you home for tea. I've still got my sister-in-law as watchdog. So you've been thinkin' of me? Really, now!"

"Of course I'll come; delighted!" he said; and he opened the door, and was stepping in, when a thin girlish figure paused on the pavement behind him

and a voice he knew so well cried, despairingly:

"Desmond!"

He heard it, and, with his hand on the door, looked toward her. Lucy waited, her eyes seeking his imploringly. She had not seen him for weeks, since the night he had promised to marry her and go away with her, the night he had taken her poor little savings. Surely he would leave this woman and come to her, would speak to her, at least!

"Who is that? What does she want?" asked Miss Bangs, the eminent soap boiler's daughter, with contemptuous surprise.

Desmond March shrugged his shoulders.

"Begging, I suppose," he drawled; and he took a shilling from his pocket and tossed it toward the white-faced girl with the piteous eyes. Then, as she recoiled with a low, heartbroken cry, he turned and entered the brougham and was driven away.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Can nothing be done, my lord?"

It was Mr. Starkey who put the question, as he sat on the edge of his chair in the earl's room at Wedbury. It was in the afternoon, and the shaded lamp threw its greenish light upon the old man's face and revealed its pallor and the hollows grief and disappointment had dug in it.

He shook his head and drew his thin white hand across his brow with a weary gesture.

"Nothing, I should say," he replied. "I have not seen Vane for weeks, for months. Have you?"

Mr. Starkey gave a low negative.

"I—I have heard of Lord Dalesford," he said, hesitatingly.

"So have I. Who has not?" said the earl, bitterly. "He must be mad; and if he is not already so, will be. No man could lead the life he is leading for long. They tell me—Captain Mortimer told me—that he is terribly changed—the shadow of his former self—and that he looks as if he were going

to——" His voice broke, and he shaded his eyes with his hand. "I was afraid that it would end in this way. We Wrayboroughs take things seriously where our hearts are concerned; you know that, Starkey."

"And it is the awful suspense, uncertainty," murmured Mr. Starkey. "It is that which has told upon Lord Dalesford. I should have thought it impossible for anyone to disappear so completely," he went on, after a pause, "especially so beautiful, so distinguished a young lady as Miss Bourne."

The earl nodded.

"Yes. And God knows every effort to discover her has been made; no stone has been left unturned."

"Mr. Fielding?"

"No; he cannot help us. He has done everything short of employing the police—though I think he has gone even as far as that—but has been as unsuccessful as the rest of us. She may have left the country—no, I agree with you," as Mr. Starkey shook his head. "We should have been able to trace her at one of the ports."

"And Mrs. Burton knows nothing?"

"Nothing. Or, if she does know anything, will not disclose it. She persists in remaining dumb to all our entreaties. She has left Rivermead and gone, no one knows whither. Heaven help us, we seem to be in an *impasse*; and my poor boy—— But I beg your pardon, Starkey; you wanted to see me on business?"

Mr. Starkey nodded. "Yes, my lord. It is about the Sunninglea property. I have some good news——"

"Good news! Is it possible?" murmured the earl, in bitter irony.

"The railway company has come to our terms for the land they want—terms which I myself thought exorbitant—and the syndicate for the promotion of the developing company has made us an offer which exceeds even the sum I intended asking. In fact, the place has proved a small Eldorado for us. It will enable us to clear off the heaviest mortgages at once, and may turn out a perfect gold mine, one of the kind of properties which have en-

riched the Devonshires and the Grosvenors. It is a singular and a curious thing, I mean the fluke, the mysterious way in which we bought back the property."

The earl pondered a moment. "I don't even remember the name of the man who bought and resold it to us," he said, pensively. "By the way, ought he not to have some share in the profit?"

"He is not legally entitled to any, he has no claim on us," replied Mr. Starkey. "And—here is a mystery again—I made some inquiries about him of the solicitor who acted for him. Strange to say, he informed me that it was the only transaction he had done for his client; and that he knows nothing about him or what has become of him."

The earl made a weary little gesture. "You will do what is right, of course," he said. Then, after a pause, he sighed heavily. "The good fortune comes too late, Starkey. If—if—all had gone well, and—and Vane and Diana had married, it would have been a handsome dower for her. As it is—Have you written to Vane?"

"Yes; but I am sorry to say I have received no answer. I called at his rooms, but his man told me that Lord Dalesford would not see me; that he was asleep, and the man dared not wake him. He said that"—he stopped, but the earl signed to him to go on—"that Lord Dalesford saw no one, was not fit—not well enough—"

Mr. Starkey coughed and lowered his eyes.

The earl bit his lip. "He will not answer my letters, or Lady Mabel's," he said, in a low voice. "There is nothing to be done, but—but wait."

"And hope for better days, my lord," said Mr. Starkey.

There came a knock at the door, and Mabel entered, followed by Tubby, the pug. The shadow of the Wrayborough trouble had fallen athwart her, also; and she looked pale and anxious.

"I've brought you your tea, Uncle Edward," she said. "I met Parker outside with it. How do you do, Mr. Starkey?" she added, seeking his eyes eagerly, anxiously; but he shook his

head, and, smothering a sigh, she turned to the earl and poured out his tea, drew a low chair close beside him and sat with her arm resting on his knee. He stretched out his hand and laid it on her head caressingly.

"No; Mr. Starkey has no good news of Diana or of Vane for us, Mabel," he said, for his still quick eyes had caught her inquiring glance.

She looked from one to the other sorrowfully.

"There will be no good news of Vane until we find Diana," she said, in a low voice. "And it is not only because he cannot find her that he—he is so heart-broken, but because he knows that even if he did find her the trouble would remain. She would not come back to us."

Both the men looked at her thoughtfully. Great sorrows are not discussed, and little had been said, though much had been suffered, by the Wrayboroughs through the mysterious disappearance of Diana, and Vane's outbreak of wild despair.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," said the earl. "Why do you say that, Mabel?"

"It wasn't I," she said, with a sudden blush. "It was Bertie. He says that Diana would not have gone away if something terrible had not happened; he says that the cause of her flight was a discovery so awful that she could not tell it, and that while the cause remains she will not appear; he says that if she were to come to Wedbury to-morrow, it would not make things better. Bertie says—"

"Bertie appears to have said a great deal," remarked the earl, dryly, "and I imagine, from the freshness of your quotation, that he has only recently given utterance to his *obiter dictum*. When did you see him last, Mabel?"

"He is in the drawing room with Aunt Selina," replied Mabel, with a fine air of propriety. "He called to ask how you were."

"And the rest of the family, no doubt," said the earl. "He is home for the Christmas vacation, of course, and, equally of course, he spends a

great deal of it with Aunt Selina. Tell him, with my compliments, that if he cares to shoot over the preserves he is more than welcome."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Edward—I mean, he will be very glad, I'm sure," she faltered.

But she did not offer to go, and presently the earl said:

"Are you not going to tell young Selby, Mabel?"

"Oh, he'll wait," she responded, with serene confidence. "Let me give you another cup of tea, dear. Mr. Starkey will have his with Aunt Selina, won't you?"

She re-seated herself, and remained apparently quite content for some minutes, then she rose and left the room demurely; but went down the stairs two steps at a time. Bertie was in the hall, and she beckoned him on to the terrace.

"Uncle Edward's compliments, and you can have the shooting," she said.

Bertie's face lit up. "Hurrah! He's a good sort, the earl, Mabel. Given me the shooting! I—I wish he'd given me something else."

"Men are never satisfied," Mabel remarked to the evening sky. "What is it you want now?"

"The one thing to make me happy for life," said Bertie, drawing nearer to her. "If he'd only give me you, Mabel!"

She tried to meet his ardent gaze with one of astonished indignation, but her eyes fell and her voice faltered as she retorted:

"I'm not given away—with a pound of tea, thank you."

"And I'm not rich enough to buy you," he said, sorrowfully. "I'm very little better than a pauper; and you're disgustingly rich, I know. Oh, I know! But I'm going to the Bar, and I mean to work hard, to succeed——"

"I should think you would," she put in, thoughtfully. "I've heard Vane say that the thing you want most at the Bar is—er—confidence. I should imagine you had plenty of that."

"I wish I had—where you're concerned," he said, with a sigh. "That's just it. If I could feel sure that you—you cared for me just a little—just enough to promise to be my wife if—when—a year or two ahead, when I've felt my feet."

"I've felt them often enough," she murmured. "They're large enough."

"Ah, be serious, Mabel!" he pleaded. "It's fun to you, but it's—it's life or death to me. I—I love you so very much, you see."

"Do you, Bertie?" she said, in a low voice, with a sudden tenderness in her downcast eyes.

He caught her hand and held it in his warm one.

"You know I do!" he asseverated. "I love you with all my heart, and I shall never love anyone else. I know it's like my cheek, but—but—I can't help it. Mabel, give me a word, only a word; just say: 'I'll marry you when you've made your way——'"

She seemed to be melting; then suddenly, as if she had remembered their common sorrow, she drew her hand from his.

"No, no," she said, resolutely, but with a little catch in her voice. "I won't let you make love to me, I won't promise—anything, while we're in such trouble. I can't think how you can be so heartless."

"Heartless! Oh, Mabel, and you know——"

"Wait till Diana comes back to us, till all is running smoothly again between Vane and her; then—then—ah, well, I'll see. But, oh, Bertie, I'm afraid it may be a long while before that good time comes; perhaps never! No, I won't let you kiss me! I can't think of love while we're so unhappy. Oh, Bertie, you're a clever boy—at least, I've heard somebody say so. Why don't you find her? There! There's a bargain for you. Find Diana and bring her back, and I——"

She looked at him with a momentary revelation of her love for him; then, pushing him away, turned and fled.

What Americans Are Thinking

Divorce a Blessing to Women.

ONE of the distinguishing characteristics of modern times is the growth of divorce. A great many people are frightened and think that this is one of the deplorable fruits of the wider freedom granted to women. I believe, on the whole, that a large number of divorces at the present time are altogether to be welcomed. They are almost always in the interest of oppressed women, giving them another opportunity for a free, sweet, wholesome life. There are cases where the divorce laws are abused, but not nearly so many as the frightened ministers of a great many of our churches seem to imagine. Law does not make marriages. The Church does not make marriages. Men and women, if they are ever married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to make a clumsy attempt to protect; all the Church can do is to recognize and try to consecrate a fact which already exists. But if there is no marriage, then it is desecration to keep up the sham. If there are children, that complicates matters; but a great many times the woman is simply released from an intolerable, outrageous existence, and given an opportunity once more to find something sweet and hopeful in the way of love and life.—REV. MINOR J. SAVAGE.

United States Presidents "Elephants" to Railroads.

THERE is a popular idea that the railroads desire to cater to the Federal Administration. As a matter of fact, the real reason is a business one. The railroads do not carry the President of the United States in a special train over the country for fun, for glory, or for advertising purposes, but because the chief executive may not be carried on a regular train, as it would handicap the general operation of the road and work a hardship on the traveling public. No regular train could possibly adhere to its schedule were the President on board. The fact that he was a passenger could not be kept secret, and at every station and crossroads there would be a crowd demanding to see and hear him make a speech. There would be a delay of ten or fifteen minutes at every station, and all the other passengers on the train would be greatly inconvenienced—prevented from keeping business engagements at their destination, or reaching the bedsides of sick relatives or friends. The President's special train inconveniences no one, and the roads would rather go to the expense of running it free than subject the traveling public to the annoyances unavoidable if the President were carried on a regular train.—A. E. LYNCH, General Passenger Agent, Big Four.

The Rich Lose Many Privileges.

THE economic conditions of the last ten years have suddenly produced a portentously numerous class of American beings whose whole strength and wit are completely absorbed in devising the means of spending any reasonable proportion of their income. Their money has torn them away from the ordinary standards of home and civic life, created a new set of conditions for them, and made them its servants. They change their abiding place with the seasons, have no home and have forgotten where they vote. A man buys more villas than he can live in, more clothes than he can wear, and more yachts than he can sail, and then he fills his life with false movements in a nervous attempt to keep the machinery going. One of the saddest features of lives pursued by the wealthy consists in their isolation from humanity. People who maintain steam yachts and dine Frenchfully at night, and flit between Lenox and Newport and Palm Beach and Homburg, are naturally

and automatically driven into the society of the like conditioned and bound there. Their sons attend the same expensive academies, their daughters are polished off at the same élite schools, their sons and daughters meet together, and they intermarry and inter-divorce, and the caste of the great rich emerges. Sound judgment and clear perspective in the motives and movements of human life are seldom found among these people of the caste who drag the golden ball and chain.—BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, President, University of California.

Our Jury System in Part a Failure.

SUCH an institution as trial by jury has no place among an ignorant people, or, indeed, among a people partially educated, contemplating, as it does, the selection of twelve men so deeply impressed with the necessity of punishing the guilty and of guaranteeing justice to innocent defendants that they will decide truly and justly. The result intended is quite impossible, either in the Philippines or in Porto Rico, and in the latter island, where the system is already in vogue, it has proven a failure. It has been almost as much of a failure in the United States, where the population is supposed to possess as great a percentage of intelligent persons as any country in the world. The function of the judge in our courts is limited to that of a moderator at a religious assembly. The law throws the reins on the backs of the jury, and the verdict becomes rather the vote of a town meeting than the sharp, clear decision of the tribunal of justice.—WM. H. TAFT, Secretary of War.

New York is Our Art Center.

NEW YORK CITY is fast becoming the great art center of the world. Music has progressed, during our life, in gigantic strides, and now our art, in some instances, excels that produced on the other side of the water. Those who are not musical nowadays are looked upon as abnormal and entitled to profound sympathy. The art of music receives but scant attention in the public schools, compared with other studies. The field is full of incompetent teachers of music. What a chance there is for the really gifted! Why not establish in this great American center a great conservatory of music? It will be established in time, but what are we to do in the meantime?—GENERAL HORATIO C. KING.

The American People Can Be Awakened.

WHY should Rockefeller make millions of dollars a year when those whom he is squeezing have to think at the end of each week where the next week's bread is coming from? Rockefeller would make only a fair amount of money, the same as other people, if he did not resort to means that are a disgrace to any country. Once you awaken people in America to the dark ways of monopolists you will have the surplus money of the country going into the pockets of the seventy-nine million people in the United States instead of the pockets of one million. Isn't the breaking up of the Equitable Life fabric sufficient proof that the opinions of the masses can destroy the life of trusts and combines?—THOMAS W. LAWSON, Financier.

Carnegie's Ten Million Gift to Aged Professors an Error.

IF the organization of labor is to be so administered that the poor and good workman are to be equally rewarded, the slovenly and the industrious, the skilled and the unskilled, equally encouraged and put on the same level of opportunity and pay, then the individual is sacrificed, many are not in the end benefited, and the principles of free government are undermined. Andrew Carnegie, who recently made a gift of ten million dollars to a fund for aged college professors, would have done more good, more practical good, had he donated that great sum for the benefit of public school teachers—the least appreciated of our educational factors.—DR. HENRY HOPKINS, President, Williams College.



THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR CORKER

No. 5

Dr. Oglethorpe's Suspicions

BY

VINCENT HARPER

EVER since your welcome letter came, Colonel Slaughter has been after me to be sure and relate to you, sir, the story of how the green-eyed monster once came devilishly near cutting short the earthly career of your humble servant, plunging the party at old Dreadnaught Hall into a blood-curdling midnight tragedy, and stirring up a hornet's nest of scandal, sir, that would have kept the gossips of two generations busy and happy. As you are aware, all men are not gifted with a sense of humor. Many of the very best people that I have known—especially the pious—were born with a touch of gout in their funny bones, causing the poor dear creatures to consider a joke an insult. For this reason, as you will remember, I carefully avoid spinning these yarns of the old days if anyone who might stumble upon the tale could possibly take offense. Such a one was poor old Dr. Oglethorpe. But as even the best physician is obliged to admit that he cannot cure himself, the old pepper pot succumbed years ago to a trifling ailment. R. I. P.! As for the lady, she still lives, but God bless her for as pretty a creature as ever drove men mad! If she should happen to read this story, she'll laugh, sir, and feel twenty again, sir, and forgive me—dear old girl!

Well, sir, whenever I had the say, our house parties at the Hall were invariably composed of only such ladies and gentlemen as could reasonably be expected to find life under the same roof

impossible. My old friends are good enough to say that I had reduced house-party inviting to a fine art, and I confess that I was an artist. As such, I realized the value of contrasts. Whatever else people might say about them, our parties were never dull. More frequently they were positively exciting, sometimes they were wildly amusing or perilously near tragic. Once or twice they were extra hazardous, and the occasion now about to be recalled was one of these—Heaven forgive me! Even now I tremble!

As Colonel Slaughter was the master of Dreadnaught, you will understand that occasionally I had to sacrifice my art on the altar of what he fancied was his duty, and invite a lot of mollusks, whose visits possessed at least one merit—they served as a purgatorial expiation for the diabolically good times enjoyed during the preceding visit of some of the elect.

Yielding to the colonel's conscientious scruples—Tom had a way of confusing his fear of his two maiden aunts with his conscience—I had just tolerated a funereal gathering of elderly relations, whose prolonged stay at the Hall had been one long prayer meeting enlivened only by certain nocturnal adventures on the part of Major Monk Shooter and Peter Polk, whom I contrived to keep asleep all day. I give you my word, sir, it was simply awful, and by the law of compensation I felt that we were entitled to a volcanic episode of unusually high pressure after we had managed to

pack off the old ladies with their samplers and reticules and nerves and tatting and consciences. I accordingly set to work looking over my rather exceptional list of possible visitors whom a less courageous master of ceremonies would have hesitated to collect in a house at the same time. Nothing short of certain catastrophe seemed attractive to me just then, but as a number of my choicest specimens of rare birds wrote that they could not come at that time I was beginning to despair of achieving the acme of deviltry for which I yearned, when the colonel announced a piece of unexpected news that gave me precisely the hint that I needed.

"Oh, major," shouted Tom, as I was passing his door that night, "who do you think is married? But, pshaw! you'd never guess—Miss Dixey!"

"Go on, Tom!" I replied, skeptically, but going into his room and sitting on him as he lay in bed. "That little torment isn't married sure 'nough, is she? To whom, in Heaven's name?"

"Guess!" roared Tom, trying to kick me off.

"Guess? Why, good Lord, man, every gentleman in Kentucky has courted her—yes, and she gave every blessed one of us encouragement enough to make all the rest wild."

"But she's done for now, Corker! Come, who do you reckon is the victim!" cried Tom.

"Canter—he was awfully gone on her at the White Sulphur last summer."

"Canter?" yelled Tom, sitting up in bed. "I'll have you understand, sir, that the lady had good taste at least!"

"Pillow, then?" I ventured to suggest.

"Pillow!" bellowed the colonel. "Let me remind you, sir, that the lady has morals."

"It can't surely be Peter Polk—don't tell me it's Peter, Tom!"

"No, sir," thundered the colonel; "it's not Polk! She would have as soon thought of marrying you, Corker, as that devil!"

"Monk Shooter, then?"

"See here, major, the lady is a dis-

tant relation of my family, sir, and she did me the honor to refuse my heart and hand, sir, and I won't have you insult her, sir, no, nor flatter Shooter to my very face, sir! No, sir, it—is—not—Major Monk Shooter!"

I was beginning to lose hope of being able to name the happy dog, and something about the way that Tom—the most ingenuous donkey that ever brayed out all his private affairs in open meeting—something, I say, in the way that Tom was going on about the flirt's irrevocable step gave me an awful queerish feeling, and then a horrible suspicion settled like an ache around my heart. I looked at the colonel. He was evidently nervous and uncommonly secretive. Also, I didn't like his ill-fitting air of mystery. I had it!

"Colonel Thomas Slaughter, sir, of Dreadnaught Hall," I said, with great gravity and a look that terrified the dear fellow, "have you played with my innocent and unsuspecting heart, and foully deceived me? Am I correct, sir, in inferring from your guilty manner that our halcyon days of simple childish innocence here at the Hall are at an end, and that Miss Dixey will presently reign as the puritanical and sour-faced mistress of Dreadnaught and its cringing, browbeaten, henpecked lord? Oh, Tom, Tom, how *could* you?"

I dodged the riding boot just in time, and after a short scuffle we sat down to talk it all over. But for some minutes the colonel refused to tell me who the gentleman was who had finally succeeded in remaining engaged to Miss Dixey long enough to get out a license and fetch the parson. When he did tell me, I like to have died.

"Yes, sir," said the colonel, repeating the staggering announcement slowly, like he enjoyed my dumb amazement immensely, "Miss Lorena Dixey is now Mrs. Fortescue Botts! Corker, ain't it enough to make you doubt your very Bible? Don't ask me, sir, if she was crazy! I reckon she is by this time, if she wasn't when she married that old pickled persimmon! Jupiter Ammon! that antique mummy never smiled in his life! And she—but what's the use of

our talking about it? That little divinity, that ravishing butterfly, sir, that incurable coquette, sir, Miss Lorena, is now Mrs.—Fortescue—Botts—Oglethorpe! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!”

“I’ll give them just about one month to live together—confound the old nutmeg grater! Why, Cæsar’s ghost, I would have married the angel myself to save her from this!”

“So would I! So would every gentleman that ever laid eyes on her! Didn’t we all try hard enough? But, now, shut up, Corker, for the reason I spoke to you about this mad marriage is that we’ve got to have the blushing bride and her old embalmed caretaker here. Yes, sir! Aunt Mildred writes that I must—and, of course, I must. Send for them at once, so that we can get over the agony. And, mind, major, not a man is to be here while that jealous old sawbones and his little cooing wifey are under my roof, for I shan’t deliberately invite murder at the Hall.”

Joy! Even while Tom was still talking to me I had evolved the catastrophe for which I had been vainly cudgeling my brains for over a week. The bridal pair should come—and so should others! Scarcely realizing the extreme peril which my craving for explosives was leading me into, I set in motion the secret wheels which, once started, began inexorably to grind out a situation at which even I would have turned pale had I foreseen it in all of its lurid nakedness. Dr. F. Botts Oglethorpe wrote a ceremonious reply to Tom’s formal invitation, stating that he and “my wife”—Tom and I crunched our teeth when we read that—that they would do themselves the honor of passing a fortnight at Dreadnaught, provided that the colonel selected as the time for their visit “some period between those festive gatherings of young gallants for which the Hall has achieved a certain reputation!” Phew! When Tom read that last stinger to me and looked imploringly and suspiciously at me, I confess that I almost wavered. But it was too late. I had set the spark to the fuse, and I realized that, even if I had tried to do so, I could not have persuaded my fel-

low conspirators to forego the promised eruption of unholy joy.

You see, sir, Dr. Oglethorpe was past forty-five, and a man of morose disposition, and as ugly as a hedgehog, and as jealous as *Othello* after *Iago* had finished his fiendish work. Now, of course, when a man of forty-six marries a shallow, dazzling, teasing, sparkling little flirt of eighteen, he is simply taking unto himself for better and for worse a peck of ready made troubles of all sizes and shapes. That’s only natural. But in addition to all this, Oglethorpe’s jealousy was none of your common or garden sort. Not a bit of it! Will you believe it, sir, we learned afterward that he actually made poor Judge Cutler, his best man, convey a



The doctor and his irresistible little temptation of a wife.

challenge to the bishop who married them, for kissing the bride? What do you think of that, now? Jealous! Great Scott! Oglethorpe resented old General Dixey's suspicious attachment for his own daughter, he did, sir, honestly, and you may depend upon it that he questioned the right of the Almighty to have created any males under the age of eighty! Jealous?—'Pon my honor, sir, that man was jealous of his wife's canary after somebody told him that it was a he! Poor old scarecrow! Every time he looked in a mirror at the wrinkled indictment that he called his face he must have realized that any court on earth would have instantly granted his wife a decree of absolute divorce, with heavy alimony, without any further evidence. But, anyhow, he had captured the woman whom a score of us young swashbucklers had tried madly and hopelessly to win. She had accepted him in a moment of giddy spite against Captain Atterbury, they said, and, of course, when the news spread, everybody knew that there would be the very devil to pay, sooner or later—sooner, in all probability. Personally, I was so convinced that there would indeed be the old Harry to pay, that I determined to meet a first installment during the forthcoming visit of the honeymooners at the Hall. But, as I say, I did not anticipate quite what befell.

Well, sir, the doctor and his irresistible little temptation of a wife had not crossed our threshold before the circus commenced. By some misunderstanding, they arrived on the day before we expected them, and thus it happened that the colonel, the most punctilious and courteous host, sir, that ever prided himself on showing a guest all due politeness, was not at the distant station to welcome them and fetch them to the Hall of his fathers in the old state coach. This in itself was enough to send Oglethorpe off into a conniption fit of injured feelings, and to set him to trying to smell out some ulterior purpose back of the luckless affront, but fancy our consternation—Tom's and mine, sir—when, as we sat smoking on the rear veranda after luncheon, we sud-

denly heard the doctor's strident voice storming at some one in front of the house! The colonel and I looked at each other in stupefaction, but Tom forgot everything in his chagrin at having been placed in a false position as a hospitable host, and he dashed around the house to offer apologies and explanations. I took my time, I confess, following Tom at my leisure, but the storm was still raging when I joined the party on the great portico.

"But, my dear doctor, this young gentleman is the honored son of my good old neighbor, Governor Blackwell, and I am sure there must be some mistake, sir," the colonel was saying to Oglethorpe, while his wife, convulsed with laughter, stood waving mysterious signals to young Percy Blackwell, from the secure shelter of one of the huge pillars, where her irate spouse could not see her. Percy looked like he had been caught making faces at his grandmother.

"It is of no consequence whose son he is," sputtered the doctor, very red in the face and glaring defiantly at poor Percy. "I tell you, Colonel Slaughter, the insolent young rake deliberately followed us for a couple of miles along the highroad, and achieved his malign purpose of attracting the lady's attention by trumping up some excuse of having picked up something that she had dropped."

"But, really, doctor, the young gentleman—" began Mrs. Oglethorpe, peeping out from ambush.

"Silence, madame, if you please!" commanded the old curmudgeon so sternly that I wanted to punch his head for him right then and there—I never could bear a woman's tears!

"Honestly, C'n'l Slaughter," protested Percy, "I didn't do a thing, sir, but pick up the lady's scarf and try to catch up with them so's I could return it. But the faster I rode, the faster they rode, and when I saw that the old gentleman resented my efforts to overtake them, why, I just hollered out to him that I had his daughter's scarf, sir—that is every word I said, sir."

"Daughter, eh?" screamed the doc-



The colonel had a heart-to-heart talk with me.

tor, sizzling and wheeling around the bashful boy like a hawk about to pounce on a brood of chicks. "You hear him, gentlemen; you hear how he seeks to defend his insolent pursuit of my wife?"

"Your wife, sir?" exclaimed the boy, looking with the frankness of seventeen first at the old man and then up at the pretty girl. "Fo' the lan-d's sake! that young lady ain't your wife, is she, sir?"

Poor Tom was in a fix. Between his duty as a host and his natural risibilities, he knew not how to move, so I sailed in and bustled Percy off, and managed somehow to get the newly arrived guests into the house, where we soon forgot Percy and the whole inci-

dent over some of the colonel's rare old Madeira. Lorena pleaded headache and kept her room the balance of that dreary day, and the doctor was charmed with Dreadnaught, especially when he discovered that there were no other guests, except two or three ladies. At dinner neither Tom nor I spoke one word to the deliciously demure little bride, whom we were careful to seat safely between her husband and old Miss Kitty Carew, and the doctor was so pleased with the outlook that he declared that, if the colonel didn't mind, they might extend their visit a week or two longer than they had expected. Poor Tom, blissfully ignorant of the impending developments, urged that they stop all winter, and we all went to bed as happy as babies.

The next day, however, there were rumors of war. Lorena had strolled off into the woods, and the doctor—no doubt suspecting a rendezvous with Percy—set out to spoil the tryst, leaving Tom and me alone to point out to each other how many kinds of an old ass the doctor was, and how many times a pity it was that that charming girl had thrown herself away on him. Sitting together on the porch, we were astonished—Tom was, that is, for I had foreseen some such event—to see none other than Major Monk Shooter riding up the avenue. He dismounted and told his servant to tote his traps up to his old room in the bachelors' wing. Once more poor Tom was in a fix. How could he show anything but delight at the unexpected arrival of a guest? But, then, how could he help knowing that his arrival meant certain catastrophe? His hospitality, of course, won the day, but he shot a look that meant death to me as he ran down the steps with outstretched arms to greet Monk.

"Well, well, well, Shooter, this is an unexpected pleasure!" shouted poor Tom. "You can stop overnight at least?"

"Overnight?" cried Shooter, winking at me over Tom's shoulder. "Why, colonel, I've got an unlooked-for leave of absence of two months, so, of course, I am going to spend the time with you."

"And heartily welcome!" bravely lied the colonel, casting another look at me which meant: "If this is some of your devilry, I'll have you out, you rascal!"

After washing down the dust in his throat, Shooter went up to try to have a nap, for he said that somehow they had sat up quite late the night before over their cards at Mosby Templeton's. Then the colonel and I discussed the feasibility of narrowing the danger zone by keeping Shooter awake all night and asleep all day. We had just come to the conclusion that this might be done, when whom should we see riding up to the house but Peter Polk!

Poor Tom welcomed the second menace to the king's peace cordially, but his feelings toward me grew decidedly suspicious when Peter announced his intention of remaining a fortnight. We got rid of Peter by sending him off to reassure young Percy Blackwell, and urged him to dine at Blackwell Heath and not return until eleven o'clock at the earliest; but just as Tom was beginning to breathe easily again, Canter arrived, announcing that he had a mind to pass the winter with us. Him also we dispatched on some wild-goose chase, when lo! Pillow, as innocent as an angel and as cool as a cucumber, arrived with enough luggage to lead Tom to expect that he would stop under our roof the balance of his natural life. Well, sir, to make a long story short, within two hours no less than eight of the maddest young blades in the State of Kentucky had dropped in quite by accident, to make us visits extending all the way from one week to ninety-nine years!

Then the colonel had a heart-to-heart talk with me, and for a few minutes I really believed that I had at last gone a bit too far. Poor Tom! He foresaw at least eight duels, and possibly half a dozen co-respondents in the divorce suit which he felt was as good as commenced. I labored with him, and succeeded in allaying his more immediate fears by extracting eight promises from as many of our uninvited guests that they would not burst upon the doctor and certain destruction by dining with

us that evening. But, alas! I might have known what to expect. The ladies had assembled in the great drawing room before dinner, and we were waiting for the doctor and Mrs. Oglethorpe, when in marched the eight terrors! They lined up in two columns near the door, and when the doctor with his dimpled darling came in they had to pass between the two rows of extended hands. Lorena was so taken by surprise that she forgot her newly acquired demureness and sang out a cheery word of delight to each of her eight recent lovers—and the war was on!

Believe me, sir, that was an awful dinner. I was careful, of course, to barricade the little temptress between



Old Miss Kitty Carew took Lorena for a long walk.

her husband and fat Mrs. Postlethwaite, but those eight demons kept up a perfect fusillade of compromising remarks. Pillow asked Lorena if she remembered that walk that they had had by moonlight through the woods at the Springs. Shooter took a faded posy from the pocketbook and tossed it over to the doctor, to whom, he said, it now rightfully belonged. Canter waxed poetical, reciting the quatrain he had penned on her sixteenth birthday. Peter Polk warned the nearly frantic doctor that he must be prepared to be the best hated lucky dog on earth, since Mrs. Oglethorpe had been the toast of the whole county for two years. And so it went on. I give you my word, sir, it was something ghastly. Dear little Lorena seemed to begin to make mental comparisons between the witty, handsome, dashing young fellows sitting around that board, and the cadaverous old death's head who plainly indicated his intention to chain her in the dungeon of his insane jealousy and crush her young life by sheer force into the submission which the poor old codger seemed to realize her love would never cause her to offer him.

Before that terrible dinner was half over I knew that my intended fortnight of carefully prearranged situations could never be carried out, for it was evident that the doctor was merely waiting for the feast to be over to tell Tom that they must be off the first thing in the morning. Accordingly, I set my anxious brains to work to develop some acute crisis that very night, not only because I didn't want all my pains to go for nothing, but also because I had a sneaking suspicion that all that Oglethorpe needed was one good lesson—at bottom, I knew him to be a splendid fellow, and it did seem a shame that he should not have his eyes opened to his own absurd jealousy before it was too late. I had contrived to get a few minutes' chat with Lorena, and I knew that she loved him with a love based upon profound reverence for his lofty character and really great powers.

Before the dessert, I had all my plans laid, so I kicked Pillow under the table

when he suggested that Lorena entertain us all after dinner by singing to us, and telegraphed to all the conspirators that the firing must cease until we had had a council of war. Looking to it that Tom should not be present, I steered the eight brigands into the card room just before nine o'clock, and we went into executive session behind closed doors. I had persuaded old Miss Kitty Carew to take Lorena for a long walk through the gardens, instructing her that they must not return to the house before half-past nine—the night was glorious. The other ladies were safe with their embroideries in the red room, Tom and the doctor were chained in the library by a hot debate on philosophy, and the coast was clear for my bold adventure. I gave the details to the eight, but one after another shook his head.

My scheme was simplicity itself. There were two windows in the card room. One was a French window, and opened like a door upon the rear veranda, and the other was a high casement coming down to about four feet from the floor. I had placed Lorena's huge flower hat on a broom, so that its shadow fell on the window shade, just above the sill, and any man standing above the hat would appear in silhouette on the shade, as though he were bending over the sitting lady. A judicious manipulation of the broomstick would give the hat the very toss of the young beauty's proud head. We tried it over and over again, and the observers outside roared with fiendish glee, but still all shook their heads.

"But why," I protested, when they demurred to carrying the ruse into execution, "since you all admit that anyone, above all, that jealous old ogre, would swear that it was she?"

"Because," drawled Pillow, "Oglethorpe is so mighty quick on the trigger, and a pane of glass and a Hollands curtain ain't much protection!"

"Cowards!" I cried, looking scornfully at one after another. "I'll do it myself, although the old doctor doesn't suspect me, and so he may not rise to my bait."

"Oh! won't he?" sneered Canter. "My—stars, man, he'd shoot a squirrel if he caught him looking at Lorena; and, anyhow, you just go out there and see for yourself how deucedly well you've worked your ruse!"

Well, sir, it thus fell to my lot to cure the doctor. Seven of the eight stole out

into the shrubbery, whence they could command an excellent view of the proposed tragedy; and the eighth man—Peter Polk, if I remember correctly—drifted carelessly into the library, while I vigorously rehearsed my pantomime over the nodding and evidently agitated hat. The envoy to the library was to casually inquire where Mrs. Oglethorpe had been keeping herself all the evening, it being rightly supposed that this would at once start her forgetful lord on a search for his erring helpmeet. It was understood that a hint was to be dropped about Lorena having been seen to go back of the house, so that Tom and the anxious husband would be sure

to pass near the fatal window with its compromising shadow picture of lovely woman's frailty and man's baseness.

It worked—beautifully. Poor old Oglethorpe was off like a shot the instant that his wife was mentioned, and presently I heard him and Tom and Polk talking as they walked around the corner of the house. Then my heart stood still, for I heard Oglethorpe give

a suppressed grunt, and then Tom and Peter Polk imploring him not to do something that he was manifestly intent upon doing—shoot me, of course, I thought! I bravely went on with the dumb show, bending gallantly over the agitated hat, and stretching out my hands in gestures of mad entreaty. No

shot rang out upon the startled ear of night, but there was a crash of glass as the doctor, unable to unlock the French window, smashed the frame and came bounding into the room. I had heard him springing up the steps, and had discreetly stuck the broom under the bookcase, laid the hat on the window sill, and was sitting quietly smoking when the maniac burst into the room.

"Why, doctor," I said, laughing, "you gave me an awful start. Did you want anything?"

Tom was delirious with joy, for he fully expected to find me flirting with the little innocent, and he knew what that would have meant. Polk was holding on to

Oglethorpe's coat tails and telling him that it was just as he had said—nothing but the shadow of some lady's hat and of "that idiot Corker going through some of his monkeyshines." For a few seconds the wretched man stood looking wildly about the room, and then the strain gave way, and he looked as if he wanted to call aloud to the heavens that he would never suspect



Bending gallantly over the agitated hat.

that angel again. Then he seemed to remember that the said angel was still unaccounted for, and he was about to start off in pursuit of her once more when she and all the others, alarmed by the sound of the crashing glass, came trooping in. Yes, sir, reserved and icy as he was, Oglethorpe caught his little wife to his heart, and I swear he looked at each of us like he would have begged us to believe that he would never be jealous again, if the great hot tears of chagrin and repentance and generous resolve had not been choking him.

Well, sir, that very night they just made me brew a particular punch that

we never had except on great occasions, and old Oglethorpe was the merriest of the ten men who crept up to bed when the dawn was shaming the night. Yes, sir, and they all stayed out the fortnight, and really the poor old fellow seemed to be testing his new resolution by parceling Lorena out among us all, making one of us walk with her, another talk to her, and all of us sing her praises. They grew to be the happiest couple you ever saw, and although she was left a charming widow when only thirty-five, she never got over her loss, but to this day is proud to be known as Mrs. Fortescue Botts Oglethorpe.



RATHER AMBIGUOUS.

OLDSTAGER—I didn't know that you were playing in "Dora Flora"! What character?

CORA PHEE—Oh, I haven't any—I'm in the sextette, you know!



·HIBERNATING ANIMALS.

TEACHER—To what order do animals that sleep through the winter, belong?

BRIGHT SCHOLAR—Please, teacher, to the Order of Hibernians.



TOO MUCH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

MRS. NOOBRIDE—You said when I became your wife that we'd glide smoothly down life's stream together.

NOOBRIDE—How can we, when your mother is continually putting her oar in?



THERE ALWAYS HAS BEEN.

LAWYER BREEFS—The spiritualists now plead in our courts, practice medicine; in fact, they are entering into all professions.

DOCTOR PILLEM—Yes, my dear fellow, there is a medium in everything.



HANDY WHEN THE AUTO BALKS.

SLIMMAN—I see Fullbacke out motoring with your father almost every day. Has he a pull with him?

MISS NOOFORT—No, I don't think he has much of a pull, but pa says he likes him because he's a young man with some push about him.



"THE MADDING CROWD."

MYRTILLA—Oh! Reggie, will you always love me, alone?

REGINALD—Yes, dear, sure, if your small brothers and sisters and your maternal and paternal relatives will vacate the apartment for a while and give me a chance to do so!



THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

BY Grace Margaret Gould

THE out-of-town girl coming to New York in the early fall finds much to interest her in both persons and things. Of course the persons come first, for they comprise the great and only New York girl returning to town from her summer outing. The infinite variety of surprises which she brings back with her holds the out-of-town girl in admiration and awe.

For the New York girl is always new, and always the latest thing out. She has not been just resting all summer—in fact, her nimble wits never do rest. They are always seeking and finding something as fetching as it is new.

What are some of the things this New York girl brings back to town as the fruits of her summer ingenuity, and, incidentally, for the enlightenment of the out-of-town girl?

She has carried a pet dog under her arms for so many years that she is quite tired of it. Besides, the custom has become so universal that it is a distinction not to carry one. Still, she is fond of a pet, and fonder still of her appearance while carrying one. And so now, of all things, she has adopted the rabbit—the poor, despised and rejected little bunny—and made him the envy of the whole animal kingdom. Sometimes she tucks the bunny under her arm, much as she would her shopping

bag. And then, again, she hides him away amid the fluffy frills of her chiffon muff. Bunny, unlike his mistress, has no fine wardrobe of his own, but no débutante can rival him in his collection of ribbons. When he appears on the street with his mistress, he always has a ribbon of the same hue as her gown tied about his little white neck. His chief charms are, in the eyes of the New York girl, to quote her own words: "He is just too cute for anything, with his little pink eyes, flopping ears, and, best of all, the funny way he munches all the time, just as though he continually wanted to kiss me."

Then, of course, the New York girl has brought back with her a pictorial record of her summer joys and triumphs, and, equally of course, it is unique. No ordinary photographs, bunched together with an elastic, would satisfy her aesthetic taste! The pictures themselves must not only be charming, but they must serve to make her city den more charming also. Thus she hits two birds with one stone—a characteristic of the New York girl.

And how does she do it? Why, she prints the pictures she has taken with her own individual camera on linen or silk, and then uses this material to make a sofa cushion for her den. The pictures which she develops in this way are

only the ones which record some specially happy occasion; and each picture, of course, illustrates a story of which the casual observer can know nothing. A white linen sofa pillow, decorated with blue prints and finished with a blue silk ruffle, makes a very attractive and inexpensive pillow for a girl's den. The photographs also look wonderfully attractive developed on silk.

One New York girl, who is as devoted to photography as she is to the summer man, varied the idea of the photographic pillow in a most original way. Instead of taking snap shots of country scenes, linked with happy associations, she took snap shots of just the heads of the summer men who had contributed good times to her summer vacation days. These pictures she developed on strips of white silk. She then joined the silk bands together with fagotting, and finished the pillow with a gay silk ruffle. The praise of the favored few who have seen this pillow ought to be enough to satisfy any girl who is fond of having the reputation for originating things.

When the New York girl went away

this summer she packed in her trunk a box which she had bought at a toy store for fifty cents, and told not a soul what was in it. But so useful proved the contents of the box she decided to pass the idea on for the benefit of the army of

young women who live in boarding houses and apartment hotels. It's all to do with her laundry! To-day washerwomen may rightly be counted among not only the necessities but the expensive luxuries of the hour. Laundry bills seem always on the upward trend. Since the New York girl's handkerchiefs and hosiery are always of the finest sort, she determined, not long since, to wash her own stockings, handkerchiefs and dainty collars; and to enable her to do so successfully, she bought at a toy shop a child's doll set of washboard, ironing board

and little iron. The washboard was just large enough to fit perfectly in the basin, and the little iron she could heat over her alcohol lamp. In this way she had every facility of doing her washing in the best possible way.

Speaking of dainty collars, and the havoc the average washerwoman plays



Now the New York girl carries a bunny instead of a dog.

with them, here is an idea—also original with the New York girl—which is sure to be of interest to her out-of-town sister. Every woman knows the trials she has experienced in wearing unlined collars. They never will stand up as they should without some sort of a foundation collar or a support, and this generally spoils their effect. The ordinary collar featherbone that has to be cut the desired lengths almost invariably pushes through, and at once becomes a menace to health and comfort. To obviate these difficulties, and at the same time give a proper support to all sheer and transparent collars, put in to practice the following little hint: Cut the number of pieces required to the proper lengths, and cut sections of linen tape for each piece of featherbone, allowing enough to turn in a small bit at each end. Then take the top of a tin box—the top of a talcum powder box is just the thing—and put in it a piece of white sealing wax. Put this on the stove or over an alcohol lamp until the wax is melted, and be very careful that it does not flame, as that leaves a black deposit. Into this melted sealing wax dip both ends of each piece of featherbone, flattening

the wax on it as it is brought out, and then immediately dip it into water, to quickly cool it. Cover the pieces of featherbone thus treated with a strip of linen tape, which should be just wide enough to meet around the featherbone and be whipped together. The pieces of featherbone treated in this way prove

a support for collars that will wash satisfactorily, never push through the collar, nor scratch the neck. In buying the featherbone be sure to get the narrowest uncovered bone. It is less expensive than the silk-covered featherbone, and finer.

The girls who have been cleaning their white lace waists with naphtha will be glad to hear of a better way, as the naphtha is not always satisfactory, leaving, as it does, a more or less unpleasant odor, and frequently not cleaning as it

should. In place of the naphtha, take a cake of castile soap and, with plenty of lukewarm water, make a good suds. Let the waist soak in this soapy water for about an hour. Then wash it, rinsing it well in cold water. Hang it in the sun to dry and let it bleach well. Iron carefully on the wrong side, and the waist will come out as good as new.



How the bachelor girl saves on her laundry bills.

the attention of the out-of-town girl in New York in the early fall? Well, to begin with, she is delighted and interested in the collection of boas and neck frills which the shops are displaying. They have a little way of giving just the right finishing touch to a costume, and never before have they been so attractive and varied as this autumn. The boa to match the gown is quite the fad of the day; and chiffon and flowers, as well as chiffon and foliage, are combined with charming effect. With a brown, early fall frock, the smart New York girl will wear a long boa of brown chiffon, combined with shaded brown roses. There are also boas made of tiny frills of brown taffeta, the frills tumbling over one another in jabot fashion, and each little frill edged with a cording of shaded brown chenille.

In her tour through the shops, the out-of-town girl will quickly discover that chenille is to be very much used in the autumn fashions. Hats of chenille braid are to be the vogue, and many times a chenille neck piece is sold to match the hat. Chenille trimmings are also conspicuously in evidence on the new imported gowns.

Lovely boas of shaded marabout, also pelerines of these lovely, downy feathers, are seen in the shops. They will be worn in all colors, and always to match the gown. Big, flat, marabout muffs are another fascinating accessory of the New York girl's wardrobe.

Odd-looking little headdresses are among the new things which the out-of-town girl quickly spies in the shops. They are certainly new and odd enough to hold any girl's attention. Upon inquiry the out-of-town girl will learn that the headdresses are called opera caps, and that they are designed to be worn both at the opera and the theater. They are really very becoming little affairs. The prettiest are made with a big Alsatian bow of black velvet in front, while at the back they are made of flowers and leaves, shaped to the head to form a flat, little cap. The flowers generally used carry out the color note of the costume; and if one does not care to have the velvet bow

in black, it may be of cloth of gold, or any shade of velvet which the wearer finds becoming. One of New York's most exclusive milliners told an out-of-town girl the other day that she had more orders than she could fill for these unique little opera caps. One which she had just finished for a dark-haired society girl of Fifth Avenue was made of gardenias, with the bow in front of silver gauze, edged with a narrow piping of black velvet. On examining it, the out-of-town girl discovered that the velvet bow was wired, to hold it up properly, and that the little headdress was the simplest thing in the world to make. It is needless to say that the home-made one can be constructed for very little money, and it is equally needless to repeat that the opera caps which the Fifth Avenue milliners are offering for sale are at a price far and away above the out-of-town girl's means.

At this same exclusive millinery shop



The new opera cap.

there were a few imported opera bags for sale which were very tempting to the out-of-town girl. Some were made of silk, and some of velvet, and they were covered with a lattice work of beads and jewels. One of the loveliest of these bags was of white velvet, covered with a lattice work of gilt beads, joined at frequent intervals with amethysts. The frill at the top of the bag was lined with amethyst satin, and a white silk cord was used as the draw-string. The bag was fitted inside with compartments—one for holding the opera glasses, which folded up until they were as flat as a pocketbook; in another compartment reposed a dear little mirror mounted in gold, and set in a frame of amethysts. The bag also contained a *papier poudre* book and a wee fan in amethyst satin, with gold gauze butterflies appliquéd upon it. In showing this exquisite French novelty bag to the out-of-town girl, the milliner displayed with pride the opera cap which she said should be worn when the bag was carried. It was made with an airy-looking gilt and gauze bow, much resembling a butterfly in shape; and the little floral cap was a mass of exquisitely shaded purple violets.

Of course the out-of-town girl, in her wanderings through the shops, lingers long at the glove counter, for at this counter, in the big New York stores, there are always many novelties to be found. Kid gloves with lace insets are among the newest things out. They

come in the long lengths, and are made of both glacé kid and suède. The first lace inset is at the wrist, and there are generally two others above this on the arm portion of the glove. These gloves come high—not only in length, but in price, for the cheapest are fifteen dollars a pair.

At the jewelry counters in the big shops, and at the stores where jewelry is sold exclusively, much coral is being shown. Paris, late in the summer, revived the fad for coral, and, of course, New York is doing likewise. Coral jewelry will be worn all through the fall and winter; and coral, as a color, will be much used as a trimming shade. Many a smart, dark hat will have a rosette of coral velvet to brighten it a bit. Shirt-waist suits of silk, in no matter what dark shade—brown, deep green or dark blue—will have a new touch given them by having the belt finished with a buckle of coral, and by having the shirt-waist fastened with brilliant coral studs or coral buttons. Coral cuff links are also worn, and the hatpin shows a round ball of coral as its top. Coral dog collars will be seen, and also festoon necklets of matched corals. The necklets often show pear-shaped coral dangles, or they are in antique styles, with big pieces of coral set in old gold. Old-fashioned coral brooches showing carved designs, such as birds and clusters of leaves, are among the new fashion novelties in jewelry.



MAKING A LORD OF HIM.

PAUL JONES was told that a British captain, who had been defeated by him, had been knighted. "If I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him," he remarked.



HIS LIFE IS PRECIOUS TO HIM.

MR. FARGORN—Darling, you are all the world to me; you are my life!
MISS WILLIN—Oh, Algy, how you do cling to life!

Ruperta

By Sir William Magnay, Bart.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

The Princess Ruperta, daughter of Duke Theodor of Waldavia, is betrothed to Prince Ludovic, son of the king of a neighboring principality. The young people have never met, and the prince is apparently somewhat of a laggard in love. Baron Rollmar, the duke's chancellor, shrewd and somewhat unscrupulous, takes the matter in hand. The princess, accompanied by her maid of honor, goes to consult a fortune teller, who penetrates her identity and makes a demand for her money and jewels. Ruperta refuses and is attacked by the fortune teller. She screams for help, and the door is broken open to admit a young man who rescues her from her predicament. He gives his name as Lieutenant Ludovic von Bertheim, and he is warmly thanked by Ruperta. On his way home he encounters a man in military dress, flying as if for his life. The fugitive tells Von Bertheim that, in an encounter with swords, he has just run his antagonist through and his life is threatened. Von Bertheim conceals him in his own lodgings, but the next morning he has disappeared, leaving a note of farewell and thanks. He has told Von Bertheim that he is a soldier of fortune, Captain Albrecht von Ompertz. Udo, the baron's son, aspires to the hand of the princess, but receives little encouragement from his father. Ompertz is instructed by Rollmar to watch Ruperta's mysterious lover, whose identity Ompertz does not suspect. Ludovic and Ruperta meet in a little chapel by the lake. Ompertz discovers them, but Ludovic escapes by the window. A moment after a shot rings out. Udo urges his suit on Ruperta, but is repulsed. Ompertz finds out that Ludovic is the lover of the princess and the man he has been instructed to make way with. Of course he decides to do nothing of the sort. Ludovic and Ruperta vow eternal fidelity. To keep Ruperta from her lover the duke decides to send her to the fortress at Krell. News of this is brought to Ludovic, and at the same time he hears that King Josef is dead, and that his cousin, Ferdinand, has seized the throne. Ludovic aids Ruperta to escape, but when some distance away a storm bursts upon the fugitives and the carriage is upset. They press on afoot and soon see, gleaming through the mists, the turrets of a castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE QUARTERS.

THE approach to the castle was by a series of terraces connected by a narrow, zigzag road. It stood on a small plateau formed in the wooded hills which rose with almost perpendicular abruptness behind it. Its aspect was curious enough, but the most astounding thing about it was its position, its unexpectedness, and the contrast with its wild surroundings.

As Ludovic and his companions made their way up the winding road their curiosity grew at every step. And the curiosity was not altogether without apprehension.

"The last thing I looked to find in these wilds," Ompertz observed, with a puzzled look at the gray, silent building. "It is like a fairy tale."

Ludovic was a little anxious, having his responsibility in mind, as to the outcome of the adventure. But such ideas did not seem to trouble Ompertz.

"Our greatest piece of luck," he said, "is that the palace is inhabited. There are plenty of old castles about in these parts, but they have been handed over

long ago to the bats and owls. Now, that lighted window bodes a more comfortable reception than a screech and a flutter."

"No doubt it is a shooting box," Ludovic suggested.

"It can be nothing else," Ompertz agreed. "We may look for a good supper and a night's rest, if not for a carriage."

They had now reached the gateway which led to the entrance door. Here the horses were made fast, and then Ompertz pulled the iron bell handle that hung in the porch. Scarcely had his hand left it when the door was thrown open, sending a blinding flood of brightness into the black night, and disclosing a great square hall hung with trophies and implements of the chase. Two men in quaint liveries stood at the door. As it opened they made way for a third with white hair and beard, who came forward, and, with a bow, motioned the travelers to enter. Ludovic in a few words gave the reason of their seeking shelter. Taking it as a matter of course, the old man listened gravely, and then, ushering them into a room off the hall, asked them to wait there.

"I will at once inform my master of your arrival," he said, deferentially, and so left them.

The four looked at one another in astonishment.

"Well, if this is not an extraordinary place to light upon in the mountains!" Ompertz exclaimed, accepting his good fortune with a laugh.

To Ruperta alone, since her experience was narrowed to one phase of life, did their reception seem short of wonderful.

"Everything now," said Ludovic, "depends upon our host, who he is, and whether he is likely to recognize us. Supposing that he does not, you and I, princess, must pass as brother and sister; Countess Minna and Captain von Ompertz are our friends and traveling companions. Let us hope our incognito may not be suspected."

As he spoke the door was opened by the old steward, who, with a bow—for those were days of ceremonial—ushered their host into the room. A man as singular as was his dwelling. He seemed the very incarnation of power, with his broad chest, massive throat and strongly marked features. His hair and beard were black, his complexion swarthy, but his eyes, curiously, were light blue. He was plainly dressed, but a certain dignity of look and movement gave him an air of distinction. He bowed and greeted the travelers with almost an excess of welcome.

"I should be very sorry to hear of your mishap," he said, "were it not for the pleasure it gives me to be your host to-night."

His voice, Ludovic thought, was the deepest he had ever heard. There was, too, a peculiar sustained vibration in it, like the deep pedal notes of an organ.

"We must consider ourselves fortunate," Ludovic added, after a word of thanks, "to have found a shelter so splendid and unexpected in this place."

Their host laughed, showing in contrast to his black beard a row of dead white teeth. "I do not wonder at your surprise," he said. "But I love a mountain life, its wildness and its sport. At the same time, sense of comfort and

luxury in one's home enhances by contrast one's enjoyment of these surroundings."

"Naturally," Ludovic agreed, his opinion of their singular host still hanging in doubt.

"Many people pretend to love a mountain life," the other continued, "but they make themselves woefully uncomfortable and soon fly back to towns and civilization. I may, perhaps, claim to have the courage of my fancy."

The man's manner was perfect, far more refined than his appearance would have suggested, yet to Ludovic's keen perception there was something about him which made him doubt the depth, the reality, of his frankness.

"My servants have probably told you my name. No? It is Irromar, Count Irromar, and this, my principal place of residence, is called the Schloss Teufelswald."

Ludovic accepted the information with a bow, and some inward congratulation that their identity was not likely



"My servants have probably told you my name."

to be known to this secluded nobleman. Irromar? The name, though, seemed not unfamiliar.

The count's deep voice interrupted his attempt to recall it.

"And now may I know whom I have the honor of entertaining?"

Ludovic gave the name he had assumed during his incognito, presenting Ruperta as his sister, changing Minna's title to simple *Fräulein*, and giving Omperztz alone his actual appellation. During the introduction the count's eyes rested rather longer on Ruperta's face than Ludovic liked, and their expression seemed to have something in it which exceeded greeting; but then that was natural. She was a queen among women, and might have come, no doubt, as a revelation to this mountain dweller.

"We are in haste to push on with our journey," Ludovic said. "If we might beg the loan of a carriage, our horses are still fresh, and——"

The count made a quick gesture of protest. "It is not to be thought of, my dear sir. As to the carriage, why, the whole of my stable would be at your service were I cruel enough to allow you to leave my roof this wild night."

"Nevertheless, I should be glad if you would permit us to continue on our way," Ludovic persisted. "We have lost too much time already."

The count smiled. "Which you will certainly not recover by starting before morning. What, lieutenant," he added, in an easy tone of masterful remonstrance, "it would be nothing less than an outrage to drag these ladies out again into the storm and darkness. They are fatigued enough already, one can see."

Ruperta spoke a word to second Ludovic's urging; but their host would not hear of their departure.

"I am an inexorable host," he laughed. "If you come to my inn, the reckoning I charge is that you make wise use of the hospitality it affords. Now—ah, Gomer," he said, as the old steward entered, "you have come to tell us that supper is ready. Come, my friends; I shall give myself the pleas-

ure of joining you. The wild weather has given me a second appetite."

With a deferential bow, he offered his arm to Ruperta. She hesitatingly took it, and he led her from the room. The masterful peremptoriness of his insistence was so coated with the good humor of a frank hospitality that it could not, without ungraciousness, be withstood, so Ludovic, comforting himself with the reflection that Ruperta and Minna would have a much needed rest, was forced to accept the delay and submit to his host's decree.

The count led the way to a fine square dining hall, where a luxurious supper table had been prepared. The room curiously reflected its owner. In spite of its air of great refinement, there yet seemed flung over it a subtle suggestion of brute strength, almost savagery. Upon the solid oaken floor were strewn rugs made of the skins of bears and wolves. The walls were hung with vivid tapestries, on which were worked flamboyant pictures of war and sport almost brutal in their realism. Antlers and swords, armor and sporting weapons, were the ornaments of the room; it was essentially the dwelling place of a strong, adventurous personality. But there was the touch of scarcely restrained savagery which seemed, to delicate minds at least, to make the tone of the place repulsive; and over all the note of strength; fierce, dominant strength.

The good fare and sparkling wine, after the hardships of the long journey, soon made the travelers take a more cheerful view of the situation, and put them in a frame of mind to accept with thankfulness the shelter, and with resignation the delay which this accident had provided. Even Ruperta began to take a manifest interest in her unusual surroundings, and could join almost animatedly in conversation with her host.

Although he was found keeping his state in that wild spot, the count soon proved that he was far from being exclusively a dweller with nature. He was familiar with many capitals and their society, and was by no means ignorant

of what was going on in the more civilized world beyond his mountain fastness. He happened to mention Rollmar.

"You know the chancellor?" Ludovic asked.

"Not personally; well enough by reputation, though, and we have corresponded, not too amicably, more than once. Yes, we are well known to one another;" the count laughed, grimly. "It is well for one of us, perhaps, that I stand some leagues outside his jurisdiction."

"You would try a fall with him?" Ompertz suggested.

"We should hardly be likely to leave one another in peace. Chancellor Rollmar loves coercion, not to say tyranny, and I—well, I brook no interference with my liberty of will."

There was scarcely need for the statement; the man's determined nature was obvious.

"I am just now amused," he continued, "in watching a little scheme of the old fox's where chance is trying a fall with him. I allude to a matter which must be, at least partially, known to you; the projected marriage between Princess Ruperta and Prince Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein."

"Ah!" Ludovic bent forward with assumed interest, in order to direct the count's notice from Ruperta. "I suppose not even a possible mutual dislike between the parties will avail against Rollmar's intention there."

The count laughed. "No. I must give our friend the chancellor credit for strength of purpose to brush aside such a harmless fly as that. But now he is faced by something more like a difficulty. You have not heard the latest news? No? It is scarcely likely; but I make a point of being well posted. Yes; within the last few days a change came over the situation which may prove an awkward blow to the old schemer. King Josef has died suddenly from an accident."

"So Prince Ludwig is king," Ompertz observed.

With a knowing shake of the head the count drew back his black-fringed

lips in a smile. "Prince Ludwig, as most of the world knows to its great amusement, has run away and hidden himself to escape the bride Rollmar has ready for him. Why is his affair, for report speaks of her as a beauty. However, perhaps he did not consider the sugar sufficient to disguise the medicine. Well, the extraordinary part of the affair is this: Uncle Josef dies. Nephew Ludwig, the Unready, is not to be found, consequently Nephew Ferdinand, the Alert, springs up, and, seizing the opportunity, coolly seats himself upon the vacant throne."

A long, low whistle sounded through the room. Ompertz's lips were pursed; he was staring at Ludovic in bewildered suspicion.

Ludovic understood the whistle and the look, but he felt the soldier's circumspection was, after the first shock, to be trusted.

"This must rather complicate the chancellor's matrimonial plea," he remarked, coolly, to his host.

"Yes, indeed," the count laughed. "And I am curious to see how long it will be before we hear of a transference, by proxy, of the princess' affections."

"To the reigning cousin?"

"Exactly."

"What would the world say of the princess who allows her hand to be transferred so casually?" It was Ruperta who put the question.

The count turned to her with a cynical smile.

"Chancellor Rollmar would probably say, madame, that a princess had no right to her hand or her heart. They are the property of the state, to be disposed of to its best advantage. And this state is represented by Chancellor Rollmar."

"I was not asking for the chancellor's opinion, but for the world's," Ruperta said, coldly.

"The world, dear lady, is too selfish to trouble itself about such matters."

"You speak," said Ludovic to the count, "as though the transference of the princess' hand was inevitable. Putting aside the question of submission to Rollmar's orders, is it certain that

Ferdinand will succeed in keeping the position he has assumed?"

"Possibly not," Irromar answered, carelessly. "Although it is always easier to hold than to oust. Ferdinand seems to have the favor of the people, and the mob counts; even Rollmar acknowledges that. Anyhow I should advise Ludwig to show himself without delay, if, indeed, he is not already a corpse or a hermit."

When supper was over, the princess and Minna were conducted to their sleeping apartments. About these the keynote of barbaric luxury which characterized the rest of the house was entirely absent; the furniture and arrangement of these rooms suggested a woman's supervision, and yet, save a maidservant, they had seen none in the house. However, the travelers were too tired to speculate much on the matter and were soon asleep.

The two men sat with their host for an hour or more, for his talk was so surprisingly full of information and a certain charm of vigorous expression that Ludovic, in spite of his anxiety, was held half fascinated by the man, and time went by unheeded.

"If the curiosity of a stranger may be pardoned," Ludovic said, as the count's contradictory nature increasingly piqued him, "I should tell you that mine is still unsatisfied as to the reason a man like yourself has for living in this strange, wild place. A love of liberty I can understand, but I should have thought this a freedom more suited to an animal than to a man of keen intellect."

A curious look passed over the count's face, a kind of grim justification of himself, it seemed, against Ludovic's criticism. For during that instant the brute rather than the man looked out of the untrustworthy eyes.

"You are criticising," he replied, with something of a feline suavity, "a life, a state of existence, which you have presumably never tried. Because most men who dwell far from cities and civilization are clods and almost animals, is that any reason why a thinking, intelligent human being need

succumb to such surroundings as these, and become a brainless, mechanical dullard, an observer of nothing higher than vegetation and the weather? I flatter myself I give the lie to that suggestion. I love contrast, and the life I have chosen gives it to me in all its strength, all its stimulating charm. And for the rest, we have all, deny it as we may, something of the animal life in us, the lion, let us say, to be complimentary to ourselves, or the eagle. To that side of our nature the rocks, the woods and the wild solitude of the mountains are bound to appeal."

"And the stronger the man," Omperetz observed, "the stronger the animal passion for a wild life."

It was impossible to tell from the count's face whether he resented the pushing of his argument to the personal limit, but Ludovic, watching him curiously, had an idea that the black beard hid an ugly expression just then.

Irromar laughed. "I am content, at any rate, to be judged as I am," he returned, with a sort of careless defiance. "I can keep my wits sharpened here in the mountains as well as my claws and teeth."

"You can, indeed," Ludovic assented, laughingly, careful to smooth over any irritation his companion's tactless observation might have caused. "It is that which, if I may say so, has set me wondering."

The count was quite blandly good-humored now. "Most of us are agreed," he said, "that life is to be enjoyed while we have the power. The great mistake lies in our trying to enjoy it in the same way as though the *summa voluptas* had been arrived at. The wise man is he who refuses to follow the palling pleasure which satisfies, and in the end dissatisfies, the mob, but maps out a course of pleasure for himself. And to do that he must not be afraid of singularity. His method will excite the wonder, more or less respectful, of all but a few who still recognize that his folly is founded on wisdom. The pleasures of life are limited; they may be counted on the fingers; the ways of pursuing them

are practically unlimited. Each generation discovers and adopts new ones; here and there a man anticipates the wisdom of his successors, that is all."

"You seem," Ludovic observed, veiling with a smile a slight feeling of contempt at his host's tone—"you seem to suggest that the most successful pursuit of pleasure is proof of the highest wisdom."

"Is it not?" There was an arrogant confidence in the rejoinder.

"I should be sorry to think so."

The count's smile was irritatingly pleasant. "And yet I wager that in your heart you think so."

"Indeed?"

"I could give my reasons, but forbear to do so. At least I give you credit for self-deception. And, if I might offer a piece of advice as an older man who has seen much of the world, I would suggest that the sooner you recognize the wisdom of setting the world's enjoyment before you in the best light, the less regret will you have to look forward to. The maze of pleasure has so many paths and windings, each delightful enough when you turn into it, but getting more and more dreary as you go on, till it ends in blankness and disgust. A few paths there are which take some trouble to find and are less inviting than the others, but their interest, on the contrary, increases as we follow them."

"I quite agree with you," Ludovic returned, dryly. "It was of such I was thinking. The paths of real pleasure, to which I hardly supposed you meant to allude."

The two men were antagonistic in their natures and both realized it. But each kept outwardly unruffled.

"I intended to be quite comprehensive," Irromar laughed, "and to include all pleasures of every kind. The proportionate values vary with our dispositions. My highest enjoyment may not be, presumably is not, the same as yours. Captain Ompertz, again, will possibly differ from us both."

"Mine," responded the soldier, with bluff humor, "is a good fair fight either single-handed or in company."

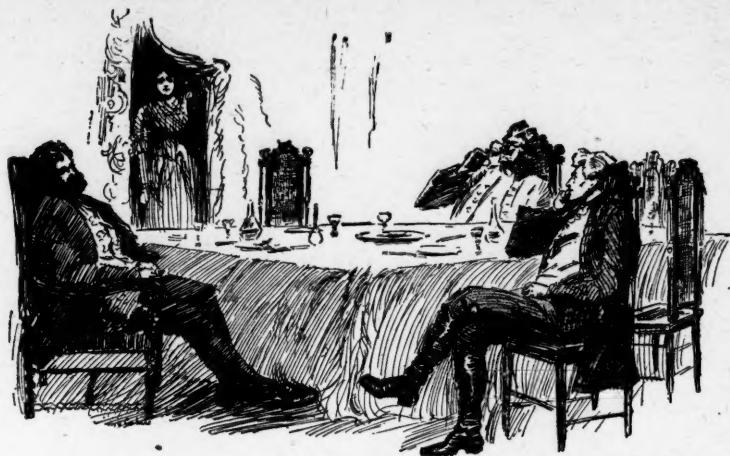
A smile, significant in its suggestion of a readiness to gratify the other's desire, crossed the count's face. "You have seen much fighting, captain?" he inquired, casually.

Ompertz had begun a comprehensive answer when a singular interruption caught Ludovic's attention. The room where they sat was hexagon shaped, its six walls being hung with tapestry of even more racy design than that of the dining hall. Suddenly a portion of the hangings was silently pushed aside; evidently a door had been opened behind it; and in the dark recess thus formed a woman stood. A woman young, beautiful, magnificently dressed, her breast and hair sparkling with diamonds, as was the white hand that held back the portière.

Ludovic, sitting opposite, with his look startled into attention at the unexpected movement, saw all this in the instant that the apparition remained. He saw something more than this—a fearful expression on the woman's face. Beautiful as in repose it could only be, it appeared at that moment distorted into what seemed a blending of all the darker passions. Fear and hate, jealousy, rage, all were there in the parted lips, the glaring eyes, the heaving bosom, the hand trembling on the curtain, and then over and above all a look of terrified despair. It was as a glimpse of hell, beauty marred in the sight by utter hatefulness. Then, scarcely realized, it was gone.

The sharp turn of the count's head to see what his guest was looking at was only in time to catch the movement of the tapestry as it dropped into its place. But, whether he guessed or not, his air of easy entertainment was gone, or at least continued only by an effort. Ludovic soon rose and bade him good-night, finding it in his heart to wish that they were still sheltering in the broken carriage among the rocks and had never stumbled upon a place of refuge which, with all its peculiar luxury, was somehow utterly distasteful to him.

"You will like, perhaps, to make an early start," his host said in parting, "and my men shall be ready to go with



He saw a fearful expression on the woman's face.

you to the place where you left your carriage, although I shall be sorry indeed to part with guests as welcome as unexpected."

He said this in a manner quite charming in its graceful cordiality. In spite of an instinctive dislike, Ludovic could not but be interested in the man whose character gave evidence of being so strangely positive in its many sides.

As Ludovic bade Ompertz good-night, the soldier, unseen by their host, bent on his knee and raised the other's hand to his lips.

"Shall I ever hope for pardon, your majesty?" he murmured.

Ludovic laid his hand kindly on his shoulder. "It is yours in full, my friend."

CHAPTER XIX.

COUNT IRROMAR IN A NEW LIGHT.

Early next morning Ludovic and Ompertz set out to inspect the wrecked carriage. They were accompanied by an officer of the count's household, having under him two men carrying tools for the repair, if possible, of the broken wheel. He was a man of forbidding aspect, toward whom both the travelers felt an instinctive distrust, nor was the

appearance of the two other men any more prepossessing. But there was no time for Ludovic to concern himself with men's characters as indexed by their faces. With a kingdom and his love hanging on the balance of an hour, the speedy resumption of the journey was all that could be thought of.

The storm had passed away; the morning was fresh and fine; scarcely a sign remained of the tempest but its tail of abating wind and scurrying clouds, and on the ground the still trickling rain courses. Seen in the daylight, the castle and its situation seemed yet more extraordinary than by night. Its surroundings were rugged and stern to a degree almost of repulsion; the bluish-black wood stretching away behind it formed a suitably mysterious background; while over all was the intense note of lonely, frowning power.

As they went along the valley, with the striking silence only accentuated by the plashing water, the whispered hush of the wind-swept trees and the occasional cry of a bird, Ludovic tried to get from the count's man some idea of his master's mode of life. But the fellow, without being exactly surly, was not to be drawn, at least on that subject. His replies were significantly curt,

and he would persistently change the conversation by a remark on the scene through which they were passing.

It was not long before they neared the place of the previous night's accident. Ompertz, with a campaigner's faculty of locality, pointed it out to the head man.

"Our carriage lies just over there in the gorge which meets this at an angle yonder. Our shortest way will be to climb the bank here and cut across the high ground."

He had already sprung some way up the ascent when the man called him back. "Better keep along the track here," he said. "The saving in distance is hardly worth the trouble of the climb."

"But it is nothing," Ompertz shouted back. "And it takes us directly to the spot. Time counts for much, and——"

"I tell you you will save nothing in time, captain," the other insisted, somewhat to Ludovic's surprise, for Ompertz's way was easy enough and obviously shorter. "And then there is a steep descent on the other side. Come! Let us not waste time, but keep on by the easier path."

Almost peremptorily he motioned Ludovic forward. "Come, you," he ordered the two workmen. "I think we know the way best, eh, Lukas?"

"Yes, indeed," one of the fellows replied, with a rough laugh. "No time for climbing if his honor is in a hurry."

Surprised almost into suspicion as he was, Ludovic was too impatient to dispute the matter. "Come, captain," he called to Ompertz; "we had better keep down here. We must do as we are bidden, it seems."

Ompertz sprang down in no very amiable mood, but had tact enough to keep his muttered comments to himself.

The head man, whom his subordinates addressed as Gronhartz, now, as they walked on and he had gained his point, became by contrast surprisingly affable. He began to talk almost volubly of the life in the mountains, of sport, of the count's prowess as a hunter, and recounted several remark-

able feats of strength his master had performed. The fellow talked fast, with an evident eagerness to allow no pause in the one-sided conversation. He had certainly said more in the last few minutes than in all the earlier and longer portion of their walk, when, having doubled the rocky angle and turned up the second and steeper gorge, they came in sight of the carriage standing as they had left it, lopsided, with one axle on the ground.

Now a startling thing happened.

As they came to within about fifty paces of the carriage Gronhartz suddenly broke off his talk and stopped, turning back to speak to his two men, who were following a few steps behind. With a mere turn of the head as the man dropped behind, Ludovic hurried on with Ompertz, in natural anxiety to ascertain the extent of the damage. Intent on the broken wheel, Ludovic noticed nothing else till, when within a few yards of the carriage, an exclamation from Ompertz made him look up quickly. Then came the startling whisper:

"There is some one inside!"

A swift glance in response showed Ludovic a movement inside the carriage, but of what he could not make out. Then he turned instinctively to the three men behind him. A slight jutting out of the rocky wall half hid them from where he stood. He made a quick step aside to get them in full view. In the same instant a shot rang out from the carriage, and a bullet touched his shoulder. But for that chance spring to one side it must have gone through him. Then there came a great cry of rage and surprise from Ompertz simultaneously with a second shot, and, before Ludovic had quite realized what was happening, his companion had rushed to the carriage, fired his pistol through the window, and then, whipping out his sword, commenced a furious onslaught upon the half-visible occupants.

"Treachery! Damnable treachery!" he shouted. "Look to yourself, sire. Shoot those other dogs down. I can manage these fellows."

Already at his warning the three men who had accompanied them were rushing forward, the leader with a drawn sword, the others with short cutlasses. For a moment Ludovic was in doubt whether their rush was to be against him or to oppose what might be some mountain desperadoes who had attacked them from the carriage.

But in a moment he was undeceived. As the three came upon him there was no mistaking their intention. He gave one glance back to where Ompertz was slashing and thrusting through the carriage window, springing backward and forward with what, but for the action's deadly seriousness, would have been antics comical in their intensity. He just had time to see a hand come through the window on the further side, then the door opened, and a ruffianly looking fellow stumbled out with drawn sword.

The situation was critical. The reason of the treacherous attack might be a mystery; at all events, it was real enough. The three were now closing upon Ludovic; the fourth, who had come out of the carriage, was dodging Ompertz and making to join them. Ludovic saw that another moment's hesitation might mean death. At least one man's life was in his hand, for he had his pistol. He leveled it at the chief, the man called Gronhartz, and shot him through the heart. Seeing him fall, the two with him slackened their pace and wavered. But encouraged by a shout by the man from the carriage, who was now rushing with uplifted sword upon Ludovic, they came on again, and for a moment he was in extreme peril.

But Ompertz, whose alertness had been checked by a fall on the slippery, uneven ground, was now at hand, coming up just as Ludovic found himself beset by two assailants in front and one behind. Could Ompertz get to him in time, before the three weapons should make their simultaneous thrusts? If not, it seemed that Ludovic must fall.

The blades were now within a few feet of him as he stood desperately swinging his own sword round, and Ompertz was yet some yards away. With a furious cry, like a wild animal's,

the soldier rushed madly to the rescue. His great shout gained him a second or two, as the man, the most dangerous of the three, who was threatening Ludovic from behind, half turned, and so had to check his rush. Then, seeing Ompertz was not quite so near as he had imagined, he went on again, and, coming to close quarters, let drive at Ludovic.

By almost miraculous good fortune the king's sword was sweeping round that way, and just caught and beat aside the deadly thrust. There was no time for a second in the same direction; the ruffian's sword was now needed to meet that of Ompertz. When it came to a fair fight, man to man, he was no match for the soldier either in courage or skill. Ompertz knew that, with the odds still against them, no time was to be wasted in pretty fighting.

Rapidly, with a furious onslaught, he drove his man back upon the shelving wall of the ravine, with the result that the fellow stumbled backward, and before he could recover himself the unerring sword passed through him, and he went down with a groan as Ompertz sprang to the king's assistance.

Barely in time. For the slope which had just been fatal to one of their enemies, was likewise placing Ludovic in great peril. With two men attacking him he was forced to keep his back to the rocky wall, and in consequence could not spring backward to avoid the furious double thrusts which were made at him. His two assailants were fighting desperately, more for their own skins now than for murder.

When they saw their intended victim joined by Ompertz, his face like that of an enraged lion, his sword red with the blood of the man who lay a few paces away, where in his death agony he had rolled, such assassins' courage as they had completely failed them; the certainty of their design's failure seemed to paralyze their arms, and before Ludovic had time to command his forbearance, Ompertz had run them both through, and they were writhing on the ground.

"Speak, you dog!" the soldier cried,



As the three came upon him there was no mistaking their intention.

holding his point to the throat of the one who seemed to have the more life in him. "Who set you on to this devil's work, the count?"

"The count, curse him!" the fellow ejaculated, with a hideous grimace, and then lay still, with the look stamped on his face.

Ompertz turned away with all a soldier's indifference, mingled with disgust.

"A narrow escape, sire," he laughed, grimly respectful. "I thank Heaven I was here to help your highness out of the trap."

"I shall not forget your services if ever fate gives me the power to reward them," Ludovic replied, grasping the soldier's hand. "I wish, though, you had not been so quick with those last two fellows. When we got the advantage their deaths were not necessary."

"Pardon me, sire," Ompertz insisted, deferentially, "it never pays to let a snake go when you have him under your heel. Mercy is thrown away upon such reptiles as those. Worse, it breeds danger, and we have, I fancy, enough to face as it is."

"That is true enough," Ludovic agreed, with a troubled look. "I seem

to have fallen now into a very vortex of difficulty and danger. Still, I may be thankful that luck has so far been on my side, and that Heaven has sent you, my friend, to help me."

They went to the carriage. Inside, lying back in the seat which Ruperta had occupied on their long drive, with a ghastly grin on his ashen face, was a dead man.

"I gave that fellow no chance to take a second aim at your highness," Ompertz observed, grimly. "It was a pretty trap, and I hope we may be well out of it."

The carriage was now to be no more thought of, so taking from it such of their belongings as might be useful, as well as a spare pistol of the dead man's, they made their way from the place of bloodshed.

"What I cannot understand," Ludovic remarked, as they went cautiously down the gorge, "is the count's motive in this attempt."

"A precious scoundrel!" Ompertz ejaculated. "I only hope I may have a chance of getting even with him, and we have left the princess there in his devilish hands."

"That is what troubles me more than

anything else," Ludovic replied, seriously. "I cannot understand it. Even as it is, I almost incline to doubt whether the count was the real instigator of this outrage. It is too preposterous."

"I had no liking for the man last night," Ompertz observed.

"Nor had I. Still, what possible harm can we have done him that he should have conceived this vile attempt against us? To murder in cold blood!"

Their return through the valley was without further incident. As they drew near the castle they saw the lounging figure of the count on one of the lower terraces. He was alone save for the company of a great wolfhound, with which he was carelessly playing.

"Let him not see us too soon," Ludovic said, and, keeping on the inner side of the path, they approached the flight of terraces from the side. By this means they came upon their host somewhat suddenly at a distance of not more than twenty paces. The dog looked round sharply with a low growl of suspicion, and his master followed the look, expectantly it seemed, although when he saw his two guests he showed no sign of surprise or discomfiture. On the contrary, there was a pleasant smile on his face as he went forward to greet them.

"So, my friends! You have found your carriage, I hope, not past repair. And my men are doing for you all that may be necessary, yes?"

The man's coolness was almost staggering. For a moment Ludovic stared at him astounded, and scarcely believing such hypocrisy possible. Then he replied:

"Your men, Count Irromar, have certainly tried to do all that was necessary to prevent our ever journeying again in that carriage or any other."

The count looked mystified. "I do not understand you, lieutenant."

"I think you do," returned Ludovic. "The men whom you were kind enough to send with us have just, in conjunction with two other ruffians who lay in wait in our carriage, made a dastardly attempt on our lives."

The count had preserved his look of mystified inquiry till the last words changed it to one of serious, then smiling, incredulity. "Lieutenant, surely you have prepared a little jest for our breakfast table."

"I fancy," Ompertz, toward whom the count had glanced in half-amused inquiry, put in with bluff impatience, "those five sportsmen who are now lying in the gorge yonder will miss both the jest and the breakfast."

As though failing still to obtain a satisfactory explanation; the count looked back to Ludovic.

"I am still in the dark. If this is not a jest, will you, sir, kindly tell me what has happened?"

"I have already told you," Ludovic returned, sternly. "It is for me to ask you, Count Irromar, whether this abominable attempt was made at your instigation?"

The count gave a shrug of impatient contempt. "My instigation?" he echoed, with a show of restrained indignation. "If I understand aright, you come to me with an extraordinary tale of having been attacked by five men, three of them my servants; and you return to the house which has received you, you must allow, with every token of hospitality, and accuse me, your host, of being the author of this unheard-of outrage. Really, my lieutenant, I hope my ideas of hospitality differ vastly from yours."

"They do," Ludovic retorted, dryly. "For I can scarcely believe that these men acted of their own accord."

"Such things have happened," Irromar rejoined, suavely, "whether they have taken place to-day or not. I do my best to keep order in my household, but can hardly be held morally responsible for the acts of my servants."

He was so confident, so incredulous, and withal so politely unruffled, that Ludovic found himself doubting whether the attempt, after all, should be laid to his charge. Then the woman's face which he had seen the night before rose in his mind, and his mistrust returned in fuller force.

"That the outrage could have been

planned without your knowledge, count," he said, resolutely, "is inconceivable."

Irromar smiled indulgently. "I cannot be answerable, either, for the workings of your imagination," he replied, with irritating demur. "Do I understand you or your friend to say that the five men you speak of have been killed?"

Ludovic nodded assent. "Luckily. It was our lives or theirs."

The count looked grave. "I hope you may be able to justify such an extreme measure," he said. "Even in these wilds we do not hold life so cheap as you military gentlemen seem to suppose. But I should like to think that this is all a pleasant little fiction on your part."

His indifference was growing more and more exasperating. "I am quite ready to justify what I and my friend have been forced to do in this business," Ludovic returned, sternly. "The atrocious attack upon us can never be explained away, and I am at a loss even to guess its motive. But as it seems quite useless to expect sympathy from you in the matter, we will ask you to let us resume our journey without further delay, and to send word to the ladies that we are ready and await them here."

There was a deepening of the curious look in the count's eyes.

"The ladies?" he repeated, in a tone of bland surprise. "Surely they have been with you? They left the castle, I understand, about half an hour since, and followed you down the valley."

Ludovic's face darkened as the scheme of treachery grew more apparent.

"It is impossible," he objected. "In that case we must have met them. You have been misinformed. May I ask you to let the ladies know that we are waiting to start?"

The count seemed to lose patience. "The ladies are no longer under my roof, I tell you," he insisted. "If you think they have missed their way, I will send out a party to seek them."

Ompertz stood at Ludovic's shoulder. "He is lying," he whispered.

"I think, count," Ludovic said, "that you are mistaken. The ladies are still within the castle."

Suddenly the count's face changed, as, somehow, although the actuality was in a greater degree, Ludovic had had an intuition that it could change. Its expression of urbane if cynical strength became one of furious rage, which seemed to blaze forth from every feature. Yet, curiously, for the moment, the outburst was confined to his looks; his speech did not rise above a concentrated but restrained indignation.

"You think? You give me the lie, Herr Lieutenant? I am wondering what will be your next insult to the man who has sheltered and fed you. I tell you the ladies of your party have left my roof. If you choose to doubt me, you may search the castle, but at your peril."

"At our peril, then," Ludovic replied, resolutely, "if it must be. I fear we must seek them within doors, since——"

"Since you do not choose to believe my word!" the count roared, letting loose his rage now with a vengeance. "You give me the lie!" he continued, furiously. "You come here, wretched whipster, begging my hospitality, which I give you in full measure, and you repay it by insult, by worse, according to your own words, by killing my men; bringing me a story such as no one would credit. You must be mad. By Heaven, if I find that what you have told me be true I will have vengeance! The blood of my servants shall not be shed for nothing by wandering madmen. I will kill you as a dangerous pest, so look to yourselves, yes, both of you, my lieutenant and captain!"

Nothing could exceed the acrimonious fury of this tirade. The polished man of the world, the self-indulgent sportsman with his suave, cynical philosophy was transformed into a raging animal, snarling upon his spring. The dark face now black with temper, the eyes bloodshot, the great white teeth significantly shown, all made the face a picture of vicious rage not to be forgotten.

For a moment Ludovic stood non-

plused, hardly knowing how to take the situation. That the count had some evil scheme in his mind was certain; how it was to be met by two men with nothing but their courage to back them was not quite so plain. One awkward feature of the situation was the plausibility behind which the count had taken his stand. The position he had assumed had in it certainly less of improbability than the story Ludovic had to tell. Anyhow, in that wild region might was right. The count's intention to pick a quarrel and so get rid of them was manifest; to argue further or try to convince him would be sheer waste of time. And yet the crisis was so desperate that something had to be done.

As Ludovic paused, hesitating as to the course he should take, Ompertz took a step sturdily forward and confronted the raging count with no sign of flinching or perplexity.

"As to madmen," he said, bluffly, "you will soon find, count, on which side the madness lies. At least, we are not fools, and I know not what object you may have in trying to make us such. We are not afraid of you or your threats, and that we can fight against odds your ravine yonder bears witness more eloquently than a whole day's boasting."

The count, who, during this speech, had eyed Ompertz with a deadly hatred remarkable for its very unreasonable-ness, now laughed scornfully.

"You are a fine fellow," he cried, "to afford asylum to. A precious pair of adventurers, I doubt not. I am tired of you, you sicken me with your mad tales and your brag. You can fight, you say? Good; then fight!"

With the word he put a silver whistle to his lips and blew a shrill call. Before the summons ceased to sound men began to make their appearance from all parts of the castle and its approaches. Men of determined, if ruffianly, aspect, most of them in the dress of foresters, all bearing on the left arm the badge of the house they served, and all armed with hunting cutlasses. They came hurrying down the terraces in a business-like manner, and as at a

sign from the count they formed up in double line on the platform next above that where he stood, Ludovic told himself that a more truculent array of ruffians he had never set eyes on, or even imagined could exist.

It took not many seconds for them to assemble, and, during the operation, the count watched them with a set, grim smile. Then he turned to his late guests. The rage had gone from his face now—perhaps it had never been more than skin deep—it had given place to a vicious suavity which was, if anything, more repulsive than the coarser token of his disposition.

"These"—he waved his hand toward them—"are but a small part of the force with which I protect myself and my property in these wilds. These are but the number who were within call. No man has ever yet defied me with impunity, and there seems no reason"—here he smiled with evil sarcasm—"why you should succeed where others have failed. But as you have eaten my bread I will be somewhat punctilious in observing the laws of hospitality, without inquiring too curiously how far you may have disregarded them. Walter!" he called to a man who, standing a little in advance, seemed in command of the posse of retainers. When this fellow, no exception to the general repulsiveness, had come down, the count proceeded: "I give you, Lieutenant von Bertheim and Captain von Ompertz, one hour from now to get clear of my territory. If, after that hour, you are found on it, you shall die the death of dogs. You hear? Those are my orders. I have no more to say. I listen to no word. Go!"

He turned abruptly and walked quickly up the ascent. His two guests were left standing there with the officer grimly watching them.

CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE ALLY.

"We cannot play the lion here; we must play the fox."

Ludovic had touched Ompertz on

the arm as the soldier stood defiantly eying the captain of the count's body-guard, and they had turned away down the slope.

"We can do nothing against that force as we are, and it is madness to think of it. All we can attempt is to set our wits against the count's."

"A damnable villain!" Ompertz exclaimed, setting his teeth wrathfully.

"Yes; we have walked into a hideous trap. Worse, we have taken that divine girl into it with us."

"May I be hanged if I understand it," Ompertz observed, in a mystified tone.

"I think I do," Ludovic returned, gloomily.

"You believe the ladies have not left the castle?"

"I am sure of it." He turned and looked toward the point where the great square tower was just visible above the ravine, and stamped his foot in impotent desperation. "And I have been calling fate my friend," he exclaimed, bitterly. "Of all the hideous tricks she has ever played man, surely this is the most crushing. To lose everything at one stroke by the hand of a brute in human form such as that. To be helpless here, our very lives not worth an hour's purchase, and the princess—ah, why did we not let those five fellows kill us just now and end this misery worse than death?"

"For my part, I am just as pleased they did not," Ompertz said, dryly; "and it is some satisfaction to know that if we have but an hour or two to live, we have accounted for five out of as scurvy a company of scoundrels as ever it has been my luck to encounter. Now, sire, if, as our law is short enough to make time of some account, I may speak under pardon, we have two courses more or less open to us. To run away or stay and do our best to rescue the ladies. I need hardly ask which, even with a kingdom at stake, your highness chooses."

The sharp gust of despondency which had swept over Ludovic had soon passed away. "No need, truly," he replied. "If we have but one thing

more to do in this world it must be to find the princess and Countess Minna and get them out of the clutches of this execrable villain. It is a desperate venture and our lives will, almost surely, pay forfeit for the attempt; but it must be made."

Ompertz had become thoughtful. "It is a poor chance," he said, at length, "so desperate that I doubt whether your highness be justified in taking it. Hear me out, sire"—for Ludovic had, by an impatient gesture, imposed silence upon him; "I am far from counseling a policy of cowardice. This rescue cries out to be accomplished; it is the one thing under heaven to-day which can brook no disregard. But the means, sire? Are you right in almost surely throwing your life away in a forlorn hope? Will you hear my simple plan? That the Princess Ruperta is held a prisoner in the castle of this rascally count has but to be known abroad and her rescue is but the question of a regiment's march hither, nay of a word from our late acquaintance, Chancellor Rollmar. Her kidnaper is ignorant of her identity; he little knows what he is doing."

"I doubt whether, did he know it, the matter would not be made worse," Ludovic said. "I seem now to have heard of this Count Irromar as one who has spent his life in defying all law, national and moral, and has long been at issue with the government to which he should owe allegiance. An outlaw, a very brigand, or I am much mistaken, and his conduct corroborates my suspicion. That we, of all people, should have put our necks under his heel!"

"It is like enough," Ompertz replied, composedly. "But that the rightful and, I trust, soon reigning king of one state and the princess of another should remain in such a situation is monstrous, inconceivable. Now, sire, my plan is this. Let me stay here alone, using what poor strength and wit I have to find out and free the princess, while your highness hurries posthaste back to Rollmar. There can be nothing to fear from him now; this peril will be

paramount over every other consideration."

Ludovic took a short turn, thinking over the project. "No," he said, at length. "I cannot do it. Your suggestion is praiseworthy enough, my good friend, but I cannot leave Princess Ruperta."

"Not even when your departure would mean her speedy release," the soldier urged; "your staying here, your own death and her condemnation to the lengthened horror which from that villain she is certain to be exposed?"

"I cannot go," Ludovic cried, in desperation. "How can I leave her like this without even an attempt at rescue?"

"If the princess," Ompertz said, resolutely, "can hear one word from the world outside these walls, she shall know the truth; if not, you may as well be bringing help as staying here to no purpose."

But still the idea of leaving was so repugnant to Ludovic that he would not agree. He proposed to send Ompertz on the errand, but the soldier sturdily refused to leave the king in the midst of that deadly peril. For it was certain enough that the count's was no idle threat. It needed no more than the argument of that morning's attack to put his intention beyond a doubt.

At length, after a discussion which lasted till the sands of their hour's grace had run out, it was determined that they should, at any risk, make a thorough examination of the castle and its approaches and try what chance there might be of holding communication with the princess. To leave that unattempted was impossible, and should their scrutiny promise no success, Ludovic would lose no further time in hurrying off to the nearest place where help could be obtained.

With this settled plan, they set themselves to return to the castle, avoiding any spies or guards who might be on the watch for them. Ompertz, however, was shrewdly of opinion that the count would regard the idea of their return, at least alone, as too improbable for the need of taking any

great precautions, although he might, no doubt, anticipate the bringing of an armed force against him later, when time allowed.

But with their lives already forfeit they had to proceed warily. They were at issue with a man shrewd, determined and probably as cunning as he was cruel. They decided to make their way to the wooded height above the castle, whence they could reconnoiter it from the rear. The climb was tedious enough to their impatient spirits, since it was necessary for safety to approach it by an indirect way. But at length they reached a point of observation several hundred feet above the castle, which lay immediately beneath.

On the way they had met no signs of any human beings, and had begun to hope that the place might, after all, not be so jealously guarded as they feared. The castle below them stood gray and massive, silent, with no indication of the active, organized life the watchers knew well it contained. They could see now it was a building of considerable size; much greater, in fact, than the front suggested. It ran back at various points into the rock, which had either by nature or by art been excavated in such a manner that it and the building seemed dovetailed into each other, the stone projections, natural and constructed, alternating in a strange architectural fashion.

"A rare prison house our friend the count has built for his chance guests," Ompertz observed, grimly, as with a soldier's eye he took in the stronghold. "'Tis well placed, too, strategically, since it commands this raking height which is its strength rather than, as one might at the first glance suppose, its weak point. Even artillery would be wasted here unless the devil himself guided the flight of the shot, and he would be more likely to fight on the side of his disciple within."

Cautiously now they began the descent of the mountain side, taking good care that the sharpest observation from the castle should not detect them. Every few minutes they would pause

and reconnoiter shrewdly. The whole place was still as death.

At length Ludovic and his companion got down to the castle's turrets, unmolested so far. Proceeding now with the greatest circumspection, since every foot they descended increased their peril, they lowered themselves little by little, till they found themselves in face of a wall of smooth rock pierced about the center by a small doorway, which was approached by a short flight of rough steps. This wall evidently formed the outer side of one of the wedges or dovetails which ran in alternate fashion in and out of the rock.

Whispering to Ludovic to watch his keenest, Ompertz crept forward, then up the steps, and examined the little door. Evidently nothing was gained by that, for he turned away presently with a shake of the head. Ludovic stole down and joined him and they explored further. The various ramifications at the back of the castle seemed to be joined by tunnels cut through the rock. These tunnels were not straight, but zigzag.

"This is hopeless," Ludovic said, despairingly, at length, when they had crept for some time through the turnings of the rocky fastness. "It seems sheer folly, in a place like this, to expect that we can light upon Ruperta's prison. There may be chambers running far into the rock, of which we from the outside can know nothing."

"It is a fairly impregnable dwelling place," Ompertz assented, dryly. "With accommodation such as this establishment affords, the man would be a fool if he cannot keep his prisons snug away from observation."

To continue in their present position was too perilous. With discovery threatening them every moment, to attempt a leisurely examination of the building was madness. They had noted a winding path with rough steps which seemed to lead up into the woods above.

"Let us go up here and make one more survey," Ludovic said.

The ascent was fortunately screened from observation by a rocky wall on each side. They lost no time in climb-

ing it, and soon found themselves among the trees, high above the castle. They crept along well within the fringe of the trees till they could look down upon a courtyard formed in a triangular opening in the rock and having for its base a wall of the castle.

That the place was well manned was obvious; in the teeth of such a garrison, to hope to get at the prisoners was out of the question. Even Ompertz was without hope.

"There might be a chance at night of finding out something as to their situation," he said, dubiously. "But I would not give a kreutzer for it. This is a hard nut, and we shall break our teeth before we crack it."

"You are right, my friend," replied Ludovic; "and I repent now that we have wasted these hours in this vain spying. Hateful as it is to me to turn my back on this brigand's den while Ruperta is there, I will lose no more time in bringing those who shall force it. Though, Heaven knows, I seem poor and powerless enough now."

"I will see your highness on your way," Ompertz said, "and then return to my post here."

They turned, and had ascended but a few paces through the wood, when by a common impulse they stopped. A figure stood before them, its presence made known so suddenly that they could not have told whence it had sprung. The figure of a woman.

With the first glance of surprise, Ludovic saw that it was she of whom he had caught that painful glimpse in the doorway the night before. But her face was now no more contorted by passion; save for an expression of troubled purpose, it was calm enough for its striking beauty to be fully seen.

For a few moments she and the two men stood confronted in the silence of surprise and doubt. Then she spoke.

"You are seeking some one?"

"Yes," Ludovic answered.

"The ladies who came hither with you last night?" she pursued.

"Yes," he said. "We have been unaccountably separated from them."

She gave a low, harsh laugh. "Un-



A figure stood before them.

accountably! You do not know your late host, then. It would have been, indeed, strange if you had been allowed to leave this place together."

"Then," said he, "my worst fears are true. The ladies have been kidnapped and are imprisoned in the castle."

With a scornful smile she bowed her head in assent. "And you think, in your simplicity, to get them out. You, who would be killed like a couple of troublesome wasps if you were seen prowling about here."

"Better that prospect, madame, than be the cowards to run away."

She gave a little start of interest at his speech, looking at him steadfastly with a half sigh of regret. "True; I do not blame you; no woman could. Only I warn you that any hopes you may have of rescue are worse than vain. You would know that if you knew Count Irromar."

"I am sorry to hear it," Ludovic replied, simply.

"Yes. What are two men, however brave, however careless of their lives, against Irromar's gang of assassins, against his secret chambers, his locks and bars?"

"I have in me the bold hope," Ludovic said, shrewdly, "that you, madame, are willing to help us, since we seek nothing wrong."

She laughed curiously. "You find me a likely traitor?"

Ludovic made a protesting gesture. "I thought not so. Treachery is no name for help in this cause."

"And yet," she rejoined, speaking through her clinched teeth, "it is above all others the right word for my help. But if I am a traitor, it is that I have been driven to it. And a traitor's doom is, perhaps, the most grateful form of death I have now hourly to expect." She was speaking more to herself than to them. "Yes; I will help you," she continued, suddenly rousing herself. "At least, I will let you into the castle and show you where Karl Irromar keeps his fair prisoners. Do not blame me if you find your deaths in place of your ladies."

"You will help us, then?" Ludovic said.

"Yes," she answered. "But not now. It must be to-night. Be here at the top of this path half an hour after nightfall, that is, if reflection allows you to keep your foolhardy intention."

"It can only strengthen it," he replied.

She gave a smile of curiosity. "I think I understand," she murmured.

"You have surprised me into forgetting how grateful I should be," Ludovic said, with gallant earnestness, taking the hand she held toward him and raising it to his lips.

But she gave a sudden little shudder. "No, no!" she cried, snatching back her hand. Then she turned away and went quickly down the steep path.

TO BE CONTINUED.



The Latest Fashions for Limited Incomes

THE night breeze now as it sweeps in from the sea brings with it a tinge of autumn, and so, too, the new styles and fabrics are beginning to arrive. It is a happy bit of news for the woman with a limited income that the modes for the new season cover such a wide range.

Variety is the keynote. Abrupt changes in the styles are not as much in evidence as one expected.

Sleeves are still full at the shoulder and the upper portion. Skirts are a trifle wider at the hem, and the fitted type of bodice is perhaps more pronounced than it was. But there is no immediate danger of the American woman being threatened with the balloon sleeve or the dreaded, ridiculous hoop skirt. The full skirts, of course, require some support to make them stand out at the bottom as they should, but whatever device is used for this purpose it will be practical and not conspicuous.

Many of the petticoats worn beneath the wide circular skirts will be stiffened with featherbone, and there are new materials on the market to be used as interlinings for skirts which are pliable and light in weight, and yet keep the fabric which they support from falling in about the feet.

For everyday wear, severely plain costumes will be worn. The round length skirt will be used whether the frock is a shirt-waist suit or a skirt and coat tailor costume. Picturesque effects will be introduced for gowns for

formal occasions, such as calling, reception, theater and at-home evening wear.

Directoire and Empire coats are among the fashionable styles, and the skirts worn with these coats trail on the ground.

The circular skirt will be much worn, and many skirts will show gathers at the sides and the back, but will have the front breadth plain.

The separate coat is to have a decided vogue this fall and winter. It will be made of kersey, covert cloth, velveteen and velvet.

Many of the best style costumes will be trimmed with self material, though, on the other hand, a number of the cloth costumes will show insets of velvet.

Materials of a lustrous surface are those most in favor. Much Henrietta cloth and cashmere will be worn. The soft French serges are fashionable, and so, also, is Venetian cloth.

Now that the velveteens are made so that the dye does not crock, this fabric is particularly high in favor.

The gowns are all to be planned to suit the particular occasion for which they are needed, and the colors are also chosen with this end in view. Green, especially hunters' green, is close to the head of the list of the fashionable fall colors. Maltese gray is a good, sensible shade which is also the mode. Mahogany and copper tints will be worn, the prune and dahlia shades and Fuchsia, apricot and wheat in combination with darker tints.



No. 5102—Tucked Blouse with Yoke. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5103—Nine-gored Tucked Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

EVERYDAY COSTUMES FOR EARLY AUTUMN

THE summer girl returning to town after her vacation will find a new frock ready to slip on in a hurry a necessity of the moment. Both of the costumes illustrated on this page and the opposite page will be found good style frocks for the first days of the early autumn, and for later in the fall, for that matter, too. The simple costume shown in the illustration Nos. 5102 and 5103 would look well made up in one of the soft and glossy mohairs.

The blouse, which buttons in the back, may have the yoke of a different fabric, and in a contrasting color, if preferred; and silk braid the same color as the gown may be used for the trimming. The full nine-gored skirt is cut in the convenient walking length, and is shaped to fit snugly over the hips.

The Eton costume Nos. 5098 and 5099 is adapted for a young girl. One of the French serges is a good material to choose for the little Eton and tucked skirt.



No. 5098—Misses' Eton Jacket. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

No. 5099—Misses' Tucked Skirt with Gathered Flounce. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

SMART STYLES FOR FALL COATS

WOMEN who have for the past three or four years taken endless comfort and delight in their coat suits do not accept kindly Fashion's decree that these costumes must divide honors with the separate coat. While the suits are always stylish and comfortable, their successors—the new separate coats—are marvels of the tailors' art. Then, too, they come in such a



No. 5109—Three-quarter Coat, perforated for shorter length. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.



No. 5094—Fancy Plaited Eton. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

variety of styles and shapes that she would, indeed, be difficult to please who could not find at least one coat that would prove becoming as well as fashionable. It has been said, and truly, too, that any kind of a coat which suits the figure is stylish this season, and a view of the first imported models verifies this statement.

For the tailor-made woman, there are the three-quarter coats, fitted faultlessly and displaying to splendid advantage the lines and curves of her well-rounded figure. These garments are serviceable for general wear, and may be lined if more warmth is desired. Illustration No. 5109 shows a three-quarter coat shaped with backs, side backs, underarm gores and darted fronts, the many seams providing a perfect fit. The sleeves are the favorite leg-of-mutton ones; full at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists. Velvet collar and cuffs are sometimes used on these coats, but machine stitching and buttons give a truly tailored touch.



5104

No. 5104—Loose Fitting Eton Jacket. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

Frivolous "Frock and Frills" jackets or plaited Etons, like sketch No. 5094, are not nearly such useless affairs as they appear. Indeed, when properly made and lined, they afford ample warmth and protection to make them comfortable wraps quite far into the fall. Then, too, they have a jaunty appearance all their own, and are well liked by slender women. This particular Eton is made with yoke and sleeves cut in one. The plaited front and back portions are attached to the yoke. The broad collar can be of self fabric, edged with fancy braid, cut out velvet medallions or lace.

Three-piece suits have become an established mode, and will remain in vogue during the autumn months. A jaunty little coat for this style of costume is shown in design No. 5104. It is one of the many variations of the ever popular Eton. Smart in the extreme, but simple to make, this Eton should recommend itself to the home dressmaker. The coat is shaped with fronts and back, and finished at the neck with a round rollover collar. The sleeves are in one piece, and can be

made to flare, or gathered at the lower edges into narrow bands, to which are attached flaring cuffs. If the waist worn beneath has elbow puff sleeves, the latter style is preferable.

Loose coats are graceful and comfortable, two most desirable attributes for outside garments. Woolen materials with a high luster, such as broadcloth, Henrietta and ladies' cloth, are used quite as much for these coats as silks. Sketch No. 5051 shows a garment suitable for a separate wrap. The coat fronts and back are laid in plaits that are stitched to position. Full sleeves are shirred and completed with flaring cuffs that match the rolling collar in shaping.



5051

No. 5051—Loose Plaited Coat. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

FASHIONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS



5069

No. 5069—Child's Dress. To be made with or without lining and yoke collar. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes.

JUST a casual glance over the wardrobes of the younger members of the family will show that the summer vacation at seashore or mountains has played havoc with the frocks so carefully selected and made only a few months ago. There is seldom a dress which will do service for even a few weeks at school, and mothers find that the first week or two in town must be spent in fitting out the little folks for school. There is no time for elaborate hand sewing, and very little for the working out of original designs. Patterns must be purchased, and the simple designs have first choice. The first idea seems to be that the dress must be finished as quickly and easily as possible. In the selection of materials for school frocks, wool crash, canvas and serge are all well recommended. Occasionally a child will tire of plain colors, and then stylish plaids, stripes or mixtures may be used for variety. There is much in these fancy goods to make them desirable, as little or no trimming will be required on such frocks. Narrow mohair braids make an attractive finish for skirt hems, edges of berthas, cuffs and

yokes, while wool laces, dyed to match the dress, are frequently employed because they are far more durable than other trimmings.

Blouse or shirt-waist suits worn by young girls afford an opportunity for variety in the everyday frock. A suit similar to the one shown in illustration No. 5055, may be made of marine blue cheviot, with collar, cuffs and belt of velvet or silk. In addition to the suit blouse, there could be one of plaid or check silk or woolen material, in which blue ought to be the prevailing color. These blouses are very becoming and easily made. The material on the shoulders is laid in plaits and gathered at the belt. The sleeves are moderately full bishop models, with narrow wrist bands. The mode is adaptable not alone to the entire costume, but also for separate blouses, which may be used with suspender skirts. The skirt in this



5055

No. 5055—Girl's Blouse with plaited skirt. To be made together or separately. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.

dress is straight, and arranged in flat side plaits at the belt, providing a smart flare at the hem.

White batiste is used for the dainty dress No. 5069, with broderie Anglaise yoke and frills. Tiny tots should be kept in white as long as possible, so when it becomes too cool to wear wash fabrics, there are always the inexpensive wool challie, cashmere, poplin, albatross and nun's veiling from which to select. A careful laundress will clean these frocks in just the same manner as the ordinary wash dresses, and if simply made, they are not at all extravagant. This special design may be used with or without a lining, but it is always best to line dresses intended for cool weather wear. The body portion, which is full back and front, is attached to the lining at a yoke depth, and blouses at the belt. The yoke is finished with a frill, and bishop sleeves terminate in narrow bands. The skirt is straight, simply gathered and completed with a deep hem.



4946

No. 4946—Girl's Dress. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.



5059

No. 5059—Boy's Suit. Pattern cut for 2 and 4 year sizes.

A particularly attractive and novel yoke effect is shown in sketch No. 4946. The tab extensions on the yoke are new and afford an opportunity for using buttons, medallions or other trimming. The deep cuffs with elbow puff sleeves are very pretty for young girls. The effect of a double skirt is produced in this model. The skirt, of circular shaping, is laid in two deep tucks, and may be shirred or gathered at the belt.

There was never a season when boys' clothes were such a source of pleasure to the artistic mother. The styles are varied, and permit of so many individual touches, that the clever needlewoman need not mourn over the fact that she has "only boys" to sew for. In the early spring one of the novelties was a boy's Russian suit of black and white shepherd's plaid, with pipings and belt of red, black or white. These bid fair to become more fashionable than ever, and are especially becoming to little men. Sketch No. 5059 shows a suit appropriate not only for plain, but fancy, materials. The new cotton cheviot and mercerized madras are so heavy that they may be safely used in place of woollens, and have the advantage of be-



No. 5092—Girl's Dress.
Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and
12 year sizes.

ing washable. The suit illustrated may be given a truly military air by using gold buttons and applying chevrons on front and sleeve. The suit consists of trousers and blouse. The trousers are made in genuine knickerbocker style, full at the knees and open at the sides. The blouse has center front and center back portions, which are arranged over the sides, and the underfaced edges make the effect of tucks. The sleeves are fitted at the wrists with tucks and gathered on the shoulders. The belt may be of self fabric or leather.

Dresses cut with "Dutch" necks and three-quarter sleeves, to be worn with guimpes of lace or broderie Anglaise, are miniature reproductions of those designed for grown folks. Two materials may be cleverly combined in model No. 5092. Here it is made of golden brown wool canvas, with cream-colored ladies' cloth and large pearl buttons. Velvet or silk may be substituted for the cloth, and frequently the necessity for buying such trimming will be obviated by going through the family scrap drawer, which will provide sufficient material for this purpose. The dress is made with a frill waist gathered at upper and lower edges

and joined to a square yoke at the neck. The sleeves are full and finished with cuffs. A straight-gathered skirt is attached to the circular yoke, and closes at the back.

Dressy frocks for dancing school are made of white China silk, trimmed with yards and yards of lace. The more ruffles and frills on these dresses the prettier they look. As an example, see sketch No. 5066. What could be more girlish than this dainty dress? It can be made high or low neck, with full berth ruffle and short puff sleeves. The skirt is straight, with a full-gathered flounce joined to the lower edge.

The waist consists of full front and back portions, and is arranged over the lower edge of the yoke, which serves as a stay. Dresses in this style may also be made of soft woolen fabrics, such as albatross, nun's veiling, voile or cashmere, and worn with guimpes of silk or lace. They make as effective and stylish appearance as anyone could wish.



No. 5066—Girl's Dress. To be made with high or low neck. Pattern cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14 year sizes.

A FASHIONABLE PLAITED COSTUME



No. 4848—Box Plaited Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 21-inch material, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27-inch material or $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material, with three-eighths of a yard of all-over lace.

No. 5041—Eight-gored Skirt with straps over seams. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 10 yards 27-inch material, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 52-inch material.

THE CONTINUED VOGUE OF SHIRT-WAIST SUITS

SHIRT-WAIST suits for fall are presented in such a bewildering assortment of styles and fabrics that there can be no doubt as to their continuance in feminine favor. Assured of fashion's stamp on these comfortable costumes, the woman with a limited purse may now start to select the material and model for her fall shirt-waist suit.

It is a source of much amusement to the average professional dressmaker to hear the amateur say, "It is only a shirt-waist suit," in a tone that would imply she thought it the simplest thing in the world to attempt and execute. As a matter of fact, the truly smart suit is much more difficult to handle than the fancy dress, in which the defects of the draped waist or full skirt are not so easily detected. The sleeves prove more tedious than any other part of the waist. Fullness on the shoulders of new sleeves may stand up in a manner that is almost grotesque, but this is easily remedied by putting an extra row of gathers—or sometimes two rows—at the shoulders that will hold the material in position. It is well to adjust the shirt-waist on the lining and tack it permanently to position, having it smooth at the back and under the arms, with a slight blouse in front. Girdles of leather or silk may be used with shirt-waist suits, but when made of the dress fabrics, they do not break the continuity of line, and detract from the height. The simplest girdles to make are composed of one bias strip of material eight or ten inches wide—soft ribbon will do just as well for this purpose. These girdles have three sets of plain or tuck-shirrings at the back, one in the center and one at either side. These are two inches apart at the top and one inch apart at the lower edge. Each set of shirrings is fastened securely to a strip of featherbone mounted on the inside of the girdle. The front ends may be slipped through any style belt buckle, drawn in closely to fit the figure and securely tacked to the buckle, or gathered finely at each side into about

an inch space and finished with a large coat hook and eye. When completed without a buckle, the right edge of the girdle should have a narrow heading that will cover the hook and eye.

The skirts are made with wide hems, usually machine stitched. As there is no lining in these skirts, and they clear the ground well, the petticoats worn beneath should receive particular attention. If taffeta is considered a luxury for this purpose, silk-finished percaline will do just as well, and probably outwear three taffeta skirts. Some petticoats that accompany mohair shirt-waist suits have percaline-gored upper portions, and are completed with plaitings of the mohair.

Costumes developed in mohair are so beautifully tailored and finished in such smart style, that it is a difficult matter to distinguish the difference between them and the outdoor blouse suit costume. Take as an example, the shirt-waist suit Nos. 5017 and 5034. Here we have a gown fashioned in deep raspberry-red mohair, with bands of trimming embroidered with raspberries and their leaves. Small "jewels" of the same shade are applied on the straps, which finish the plaited portions of the gores. The waist includes a fitted foundation, which should be used in all fall shirt-waists and carefully boned, in order to produce the smartness of fit and adjustment required in all the season's shirt-waists. The back of this model is tucked from shoulder to waist line, but the fronts to a yoke depth only. The closing is made invisibly at the center. The sleeves are new ones, tucked above the cuffs and full at the shoulders. The skirt carries out the costume effect admirably. It is cut in nine gores, and laid in groups of three backward-turning tuck plaits, that are stitched from the upper edges to the straps. Below that point they are only pressed to position and provide fullness at the hem that is essential in all modish skirts. The closing is made at the back under two inverted plaits.



No. 5017—Blouse or Shirt-waist. To be made with or without the fitted lining. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5034—Nine-gored Walking Skirt, having three tuck plaits on back edges of front and side gores. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measures.

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No. 5107—Nine-gored Side-plaited Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27-inch material, 5 yards 44-inch material, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 52-inch material.

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The silk petticoat this autumn either matches exactly in color the frock with which it is worn, or is in some tint of the same shade. It is no longer a fad to have the underskirt in some striking contrasting color. When it is not possible to have a number of silk petticoats in one's wardrobe, the mohair skirt with different sets of adjustable flounces is to be recommended. The flounces are of silk and are very full, and consist either of one deep flounce accordion plaited or a number of rather stiff little ruffles.

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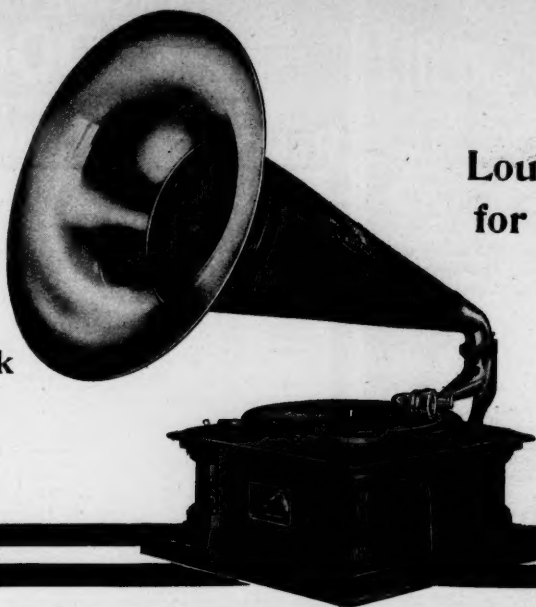
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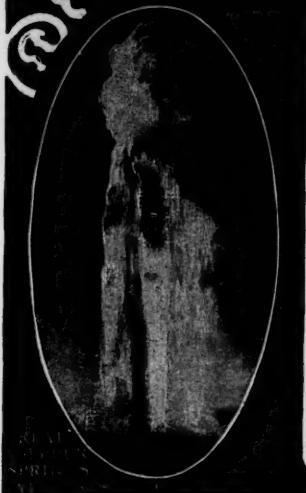
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and the most unique business proposition that the man who shaves himself has ever faced. One of the many reasons for its success is because it has thoroughly, convincingly, and scientifically solved the shaving problem and is fast eradicating the barber habit with its expense and discomfort. The **Gillette Safety Razor** is different mechanically from any razor made, and is technically superior, as hundreds of thousands of **Gillette** shavers will gladly attest.

Let the **Gillette** theory convince you as it has others.

No matter how tender your face or how wiry your beard, the **Gillette Safety Razor** will give a clean, even, and velvety shave without fear of cutting or irritating the skin.

The **Gillette Safety Razor** costs complete \$5.00. Sold everywhere at this price — is beautifully finished, triple silver plated, comes in a compact little velvet-lined case.

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